# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W Magazine
Founded A° D! Franklin

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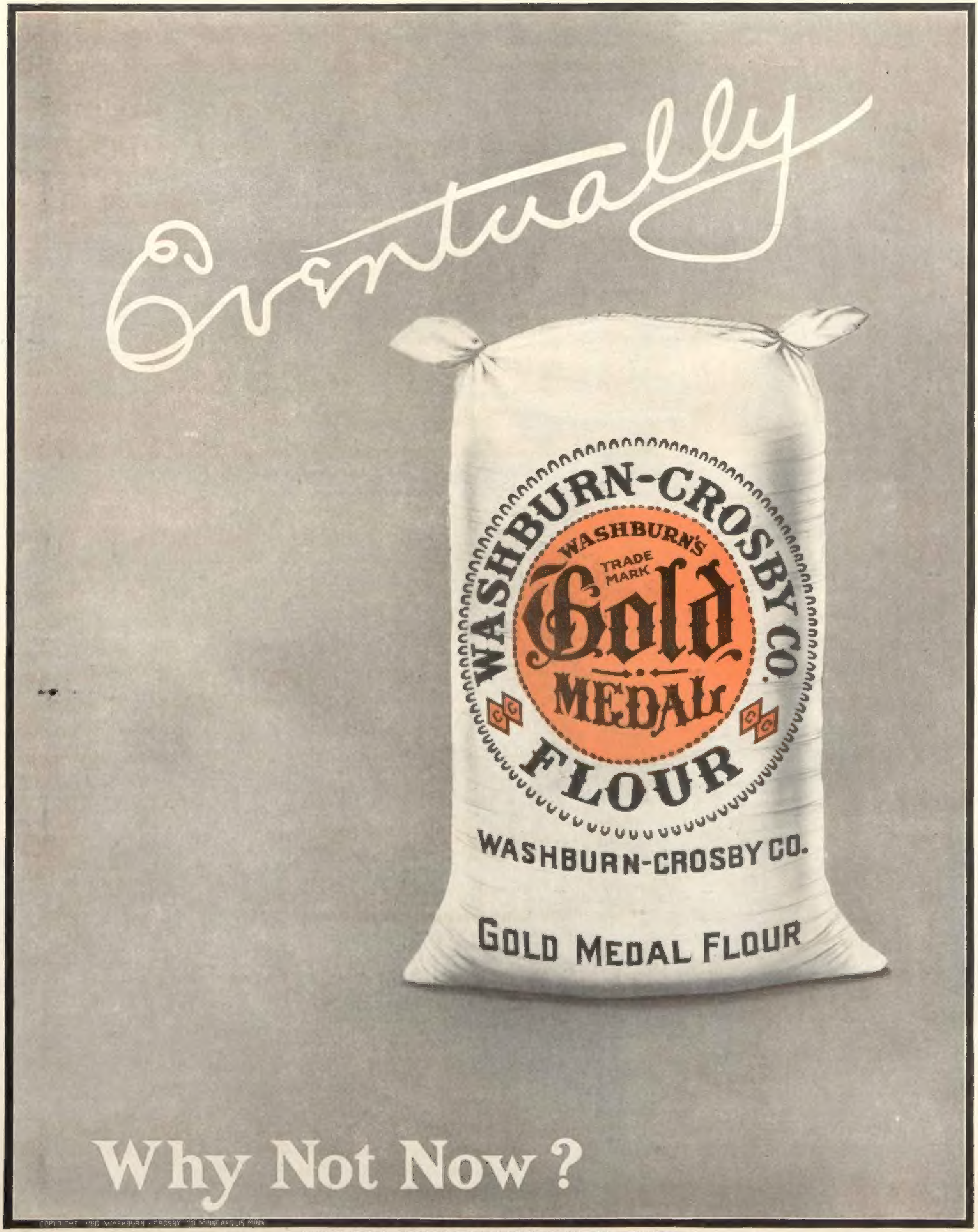
CLARENCE F UNDERWOOD

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY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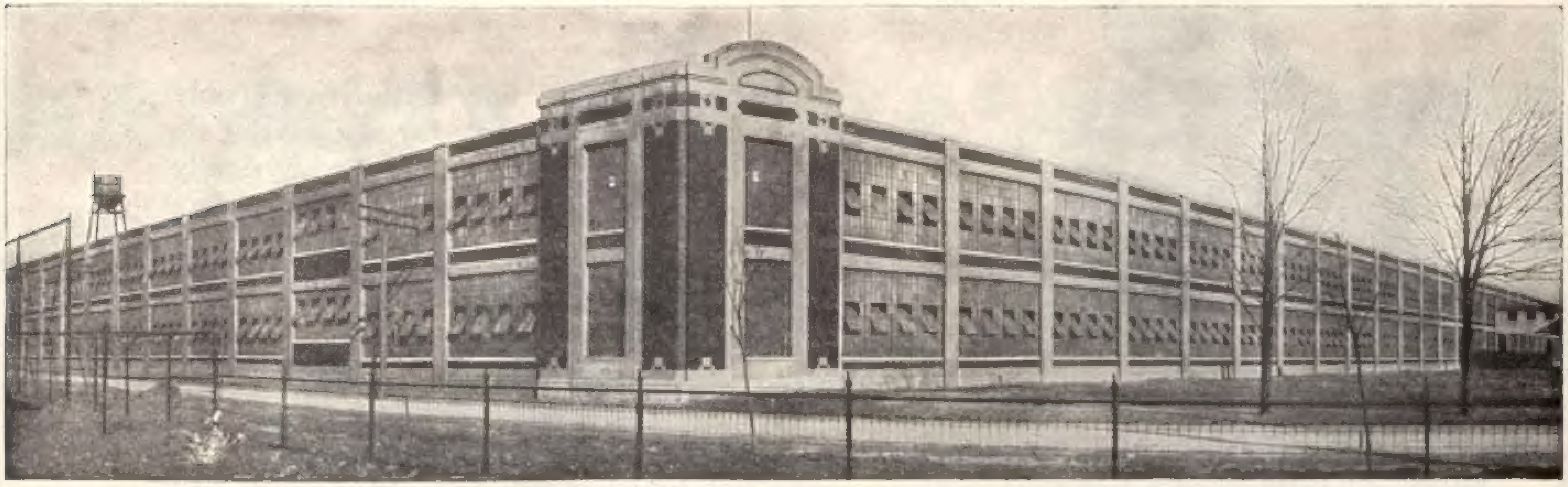
Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices Minneapolis, Minn.

# This picture shows how the walls of factories may be made all windows—flooding the interior with invigorating daylight and fresh air—quickening labor efficiency.



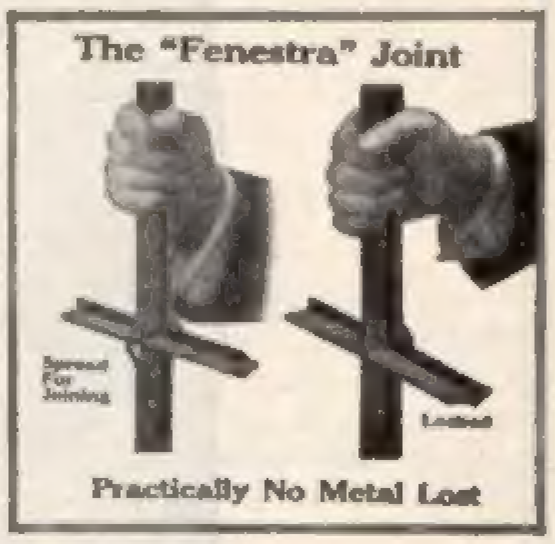
*The New "Fenestra" Fitted Plant of The Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.*

"DETROIT-FENESTRA" Windows mean 25% more daylight and fresh air as required for factories than is possible with any other form of construction. They command a small premium in price over wooden windows, but do not require constant outlay for renewals and repairs. They are dividend-payers, cost-reducers and fire-retarders. They lessen maintenance charges and artificial light bills, and when considered from a practical business standpoint, are never discarded in favor of wooden sash.

Note the small illustration of the "Fenestra" Joint. This is the keynote of the strength of "Fenestra" construction. The *solid* rolled steel bars from which "Fenestra" is made are joined and permanently locked by this means with practically no loss of metal at point of intersection to weaken and allow vibration.

*The Strength of "Fenestra" illustrated*

**Detroit-Fenestra**
PATENTED
**"Daylight for Factories"**



The "Fenestra" Joint

Practically No Metal Lost

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**"The warm, or hot, bath is the only cleansing one; and, for my part, I do not see how anybody can be physically clean who does not take at least one such bath, *with soap,* every day."**

Frederic M. Lawrence, M. D., in Hampton's Magazine.

Please note the words "with soap."

Please note, too, that they are italicized in Dr. Lawrence's article.

Take a cold bath, before breakfast, by all means—if you are in good physical condition. But do not lose sight of the fact that it is not possible for anyone to be physically clean who does not take at least one warm bath, *with soap,* every day.

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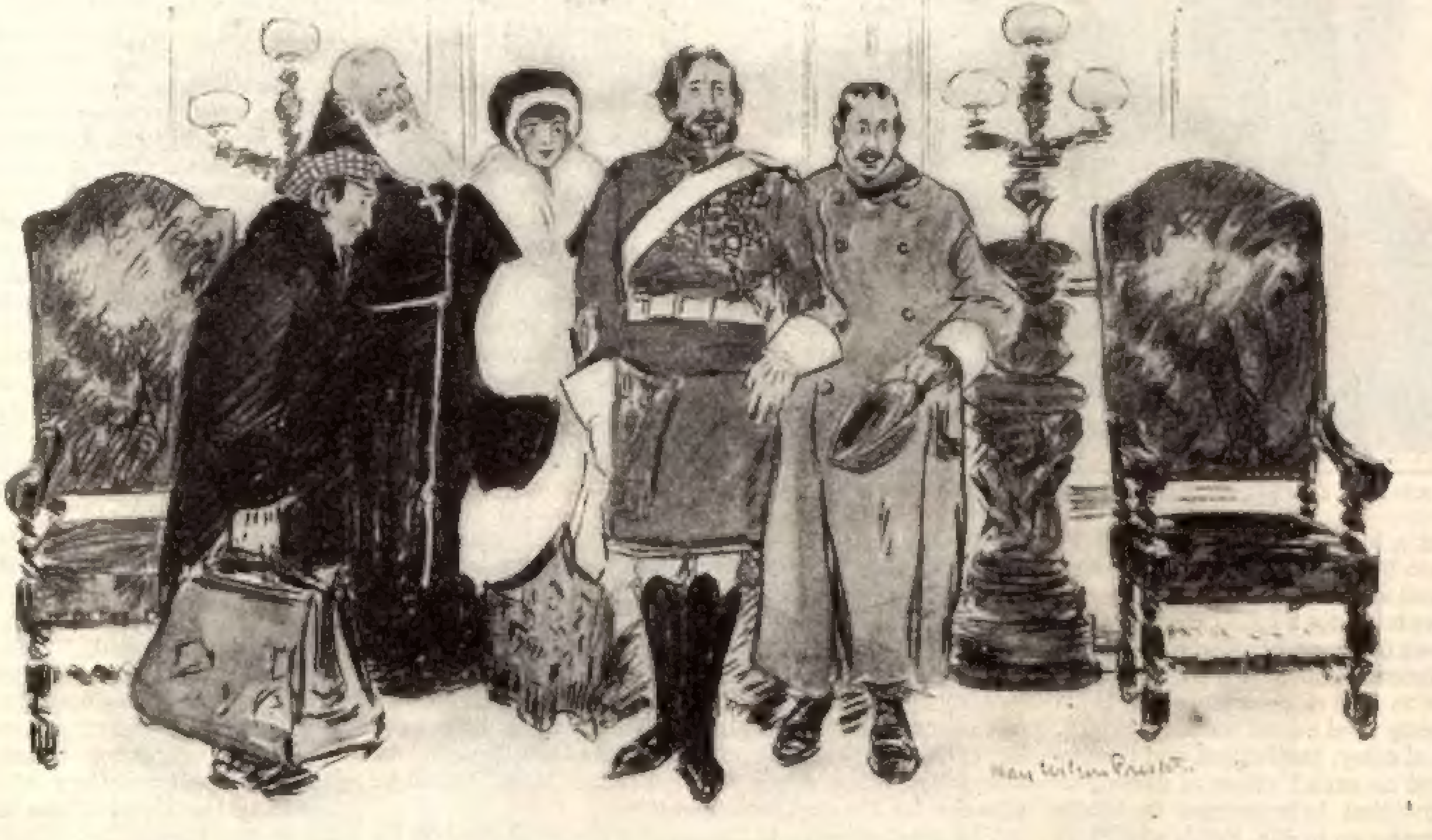
# MR. POTTLE'S PASSENGERS

## By Albert Lee

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT WAS raining hard and the wind whistled mournfully through the trees, invisible in the blackness of the night, when Mr. Potiphar Pottle's acetylene lights—which for the past two miles had grown fainter and fainter—gave one last b-z-z-z-t, flared up spitefully and went completely out. Mr. Pottle threw out his clutch, clapped on the brakes and felt his wheels settle down sluggishly beneath him into the deep ooze of the heavy road. Then he lay back in his seat with a sigh of resignation and watched the drizzle soak phantomlike through the faint halos of his oil lamps. These gave just about enough illumination for him to see his own hood—barely sufficient light to warn any passing wayfarer of his presence; but there was little chance of any wayfarer passing. Mr. Pottle considered his predicament for a few moments; then he considered his passengers and his cargo; and then he burst into a loud and derisive laugh. This was the vent of his humor upon Fate. Here he was, somewhere between Danbury, Connecticut, and Mount Kisco, New York, on a lonely byroad over which he had never traveled before and of the ultimate destination of which he was by no means certain. Darkness had fallen nearly two hours ago. The weather conditions have been faintly suggested.


"I Want to Present You to His Royal Highness Prince Dara Nasir Jahandar, Rajah of Punjoudh and Heir Apparent to the Throne of His Majesty the Maharajah Muhamad Bahadur, of Punjoudh"

On his left sat a young woman whose name he did not know and whose face he had never seen. Behind them, in the tonneau, sat three: an Indian rajah in the most gorgeous of oriental raiment, who kept constantly offering Mr. Pottle an increasing number of lacs of rupees to "go faster and reach the city before night." Next to him huddled one who might at first have been taken for a child, so small was he, had it not been for a mature, keen, eaglelike face, with brilliant eyes, broad forehead and almost abnormal ears. The third passenger was a priest of the Greek Church, fat, with a patriarchal beard falling low upon his heaving chest, where swung an enameled cross from a gold chain. At almost regular intervals the holy man called upon his Maker in some language unfamiliar to Mr. Pottle, but which Mr. Pottle thought must be Russian. All but the priest were warmly bundled in furs. To the latter Mr. Pottle had given a lap robe which the priest hugged tightly about his shoulders.

So much for the passengers. As for the cargo, this consisted of a bulging valise which struggled for space in the tonneau with the three men's knees; while on the trunkrack behind was strapped a heavy tarpaulin-covered box containing some wild animal, which the rajah had said was a young tiger. This beast emitted continuous low growls, and now and then it hurled out into the night a diabolical scream.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Pottle should burst into a loud and derisive laugh. To that, Fate had entitled him; but Fate had not finished with Mr. Pottle yet.

Scarcely had the echo of his derision been drowned in one of those jungle shrieks, to which Mr. Pottle had now become almost indifferent, when the young woman at his side, seemingly without fear that he had suddenly gone mad, touched his arm gently and pointed to a dim spot of light which seemed to bob up and down in the road some distance ahead of them. Mr. Pottle realized at once that this must be a man with a lantern and he immediately tooted his horn vigorously and rhythmically—he tooted until he was certain that the light was moving in his own direction.

The lantern-bearer came to within a few yards of the automobile and, perceiving it, stopped. Mr. Pottle, buttoning his raincoat tightly about his neck, climbed out of the car and made his way awkwardly through the mud toward the stranger. He proved to be a hawkbeaked old farmer, with a chuggy tuft of gray beard from which the rain dripped dismally down upon his chest.

"Good evening," began Mr. Pottle, who obviously had no sense of humor whatever.

"Evenin'," replied the old man in a high, cracked voice; and, grinning: "I guess ye must o' bruk down!"

"No," returned Mr. Pottle pleasantly; "just my lights out."

"Bad night out?" he drawled. "You bet! No night fer no picnic in a autymobeel! So you've bruk down, eh?"

"No!" roared Mr. Pottle. "I have not broken down. I'm stuck for light."

"Stuck fer the night, eh?" squeaked the old man; and he would have said more if Mr. Pottle had not bellowed:

"No!!"

"I'm a bit deef," he said; and after a pause he shook his head thoughtfully and repeated: "So you've bruk down."

Mr. Pottle was pondering whether a jury would acquit him of homicide if the aged citizen were found dead in the road next day, when of a sudden the night was pierced by one of the tiger's most hideous shrieks. Even Mr. Pottle jumped slightly; but the old farmer merely grinned and remarked:

"Got a baby in the autymobeel, eh? Ain't much of a night to take babies out in." He nodded sagaciously, spraying Mr. Pottle with raindrops from his beard.

Mr. Pottle now felt the situation to be hopeless and he would have snarled at Fate again if he had not been so thoroughly cowed by circumstances. As a forlorn hope, however, he placed his lips close to the old man's ear and halloed:

"Where—does—this—road—go—to?"

The vibrations of his desperate tones must have reached the senile intellect.

"Where d'ye want to go to?" was the reply.

"To the nearest town," bellowed Mr. Pottle.

"There ain't none," grinned the old man; "and s'long's you've bruk down ——"

But Mr. Pottle did not wait to hear the rest. He ran back to the car as fast as the heavy mud would allow him, climbed into his seat, threw in his gears, cut out his muffler and, with a great roar and snort, started the machine directly at the old man. The farmer, doubtless never having been attacked in this way before, was too dazed to move and would surely have been run down if Mr. Pottle had not halted within a few feet of him. He then got out and again addressed the native:

"Now, you confounded old idiot ——"

"I thought ye said ye was bruk down," interrupted the native.

Mr. Pottle roared through his bracketed hands:

"I'll give you two dollars to walk ahead of the car with your lantern and lead me to the nearest house—provided it is not a deaf-and-dumb institution or a lunatic asylum!"

"'Bout two miles," answered the old man, whose sense of hearing seemed to be awakened at the suggestion of financial emolument. Without further parley he tramped off in the direction he had come.

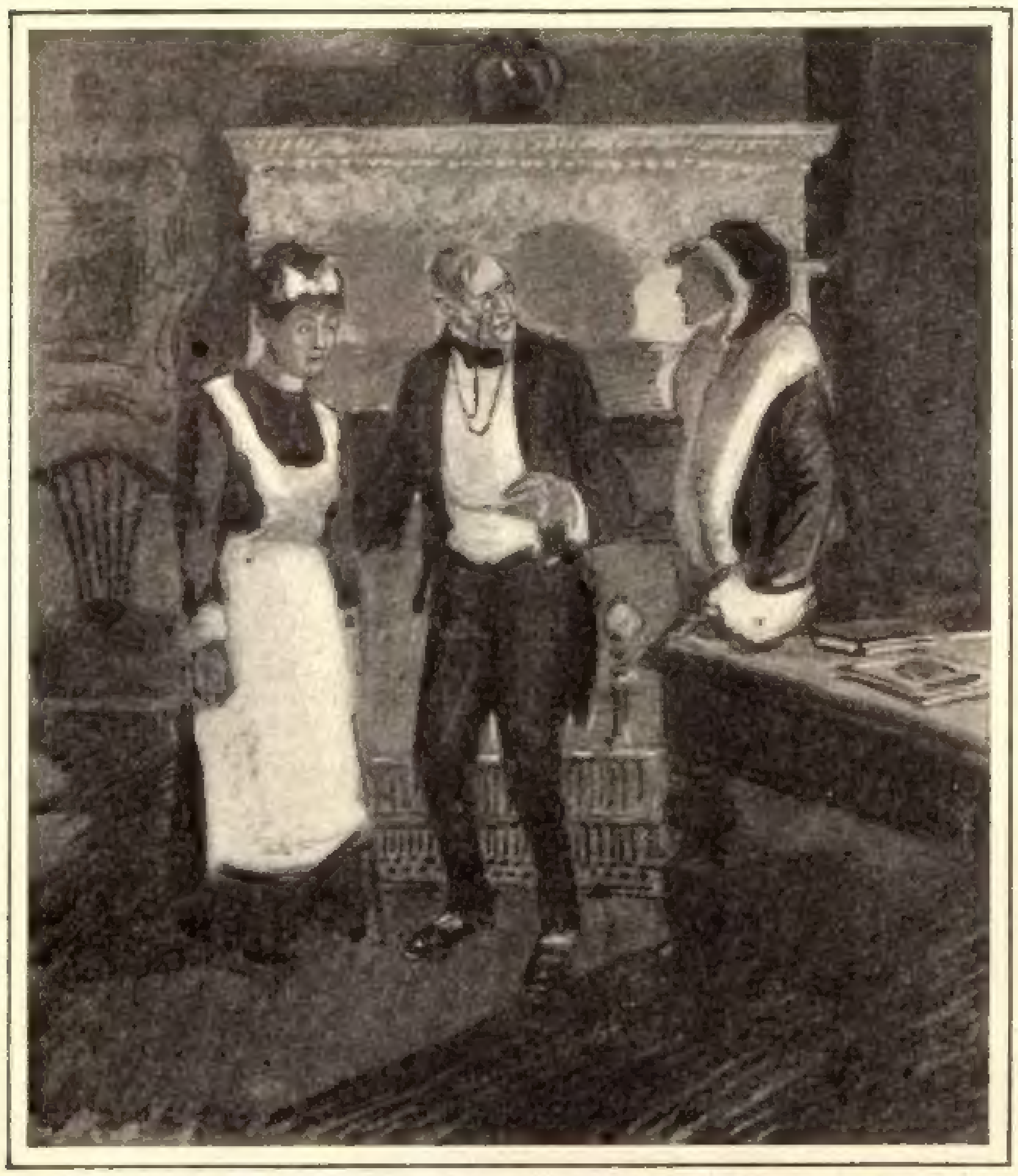
Meanwhile the tiger had been making night hideous; and surely, thought Mr. Pottle, if there had been any human being within two miles he must, even on such a night as this, have come to investigate so gruesome a clamor.

The automobile followed slowly along behind the old man, whose lantern, like a will o' the wisp, guided Mr. Pottle through the many turns and twists of the treacherous road. At the end of about fifteen or twenty minutes the farmer stopped and allowed the car to overtake him.

"Here ye are," he said.

"This is not two miles!" shouted Mr. Pottle.

"Ye turn to the left just beyond the tree, then go about a mile 'n' a half. Ye'd have passed that road sure ef I hadn't showed it to yer. Kept straight on and ye'd have landed in the old reservoy."—"Cheerful thought!" mused Mr. Pottle.—"This 'ere road don't lead nowhere. Take that one. First turn to y'r left and y're all right!"



"Oh, Sir, You Are So Kind! I Do Feel the Need of a Mirror and a Maid!"

Mr. Pottle handed out a bill, shouted "Good night!" and moved on slowly into the blackness. When he had passed the tree he observed an indentation in the scenery, which he would never have taken for a road. He hesitated, turned slowly into the lesser darkness, bumped over a rock, saw that, in fact, the fences seemed to run that way, glimpsed two posts—one on each side—and passing these rolled on to a hard, perfectly level macadamized highway.

During all this period of delay, trepidation and dismay his passengers had uttered no sound, either of despair or encouragement; and now that hope seemed to kindle again, and a great joy sprang up in Mr. Pottle's heart at the sound of the hard crunching beneath his wheels, his companions remained equally undemonstrative.

Either the rain had ceased or the tall trees, which now shut in the road on each side and met overhead, offered full protection from wind and wet. The automobile rolled easily along at as great a speed as Mr. Pottle dared permit himself in the unfamiliar darkness. The road wound its way among thick woods, through occasional clearings, over little stone bridges and finally crept over a slight elevation from which suddenly appeared the lights of a house apparently about a quarter of a mile distant. The way seemed fairly direct, and Mr. Pottle let his foot play gayly with the throttle.

In a few minutes he pulled up in front of a large white-pillared mansion and tooted insistently. Surely such a pretentious residence must harbor intelligent people and obviously a stable or garage—a telephone for help too.

## II

MR. POTTLE again climbed out of the car and proceeded to pound vigorously upon the front door, where hung a bronze knocker of unusual design. Almost immediately the door was opened by a matronly maid-servant. Beyond her, in the great hall, stood a fussy-looking old gentleman in evening clothes. He was of medium height, with thin white hair, smooth-shaven face and of a highly distinguished and intellectual appearance. He leaned on a gold-headed cane and, at sight of Mr. Pottle, beckoned to him impatiently, as one of authority, saying sharply:

"Come in! Come in, sir, and close that door!"

"I sincerely beg your pardon, sir," began Mr. Pottle as he edged about, seeking some spot where he might stand without dripping all over the rugs and carpets like a wet umbrella.

"Did you walk here, sir?" inquired the old gentleman curtly, before Mr. Pottle could proceed any further with his explanation.

"No, sir; I came in my automobile."

"In your what?" cried the old gentleman, growing suddenly red in the face. "In your automobile! Don't you know that automobiles are not allowed here, sir? Don't you know that they are forbidden? Don't you know that I have given my men orders to shoot at sight at any one of these vehicles of hell, sir? Can't the roads of my own property be safe for animals and children to walk on? Cannot my own park be free from the threat of these Juggernauts and the foul fumes of your putrid gases?"

"My dear sir," began Mr. Pottle in an endeavor to pacify the old gentleman, who seemed about to have a fit of apoplexy.

"Don't you 'dear sir' me——"

"But I was lost in the night, in the darkness, in the storm!" shouted Mr. Pottle, determined on justifying himself.

"I don't care if you were," snapped the other. "You have no business to get lost here. Anybody else with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

Now it has been stated that Mr. Pottle had no sense of humor. Neither had he any tact, or he would have evaded that last question. He would have evaded it or he would have replied in a more general or less direct manner. But Mr. Pottle had neither humor nor tact. He said:

"I have with me an Indian rajah, a Russian countess, a priest of the Greek Church and a Bengal tiger."

Ever since his schooldays the words "Bengal" and "tiger" had been intimately associated with one another in the zoölogy of Mr. Pottle. He did not really know if his cargo was from Bengal or not, but he thought the association of the words "Bengal" and "tiger" would be effective for the occasion—and it was.

The old gentleman in the evening clothes leaned on his cane a trifle and fixed Mr. Pottle with a keen and close scrutiny. Then he walked slowly into the library, beckoning to the maid to follow him. He wrote something rapidly on a piece of paper and bade her attend to the matter at once. Returning to Mr. Pottle, he said sternly:

"Young man, with your rajahs and your tigers, you are either a lunatic or a mountebank! Yet, if there is a woman in your party you may ask her to come in out of the storm. As to you personally, sir, I have taken means which will convince you that not with impunity does one jest with John Dellenbaugh in his own house!"

Pounding his cane upon the floor, Mr. Dellenbaugh turned on his heel and walked into the library.

Fortunately, or possibly unfortunately, for Mr. Pottle, the tiger at this critical juncture gave vent to one of his most soul-stirring yowls, a fiendish shriek that echoed and reëchoed through the tall trees that surrounded the house, and even caused the glassware to rattle in the dining room.

"That's the tiger," ventured Mr. Pottle meekly, waving his hand in the direction of the sound; but Mr. Dellenbaugh, a trifle paler than before, merely shook his cane savagely at his visitor and took a seat in a chair from which he could obtain an unobstructed view of the front door.

Mr. Pottle bowed and went out again into the night. After a brief interval he returned with his companions.

First, there entered a lady, tall, erect, clad in heavy furs, her face wholly protected and concealed by veils and a fur hood. Following her came a man even taller than she, likewise swathed in rich, ample skins and wearing on his head a close-fitting leather cap or helmet, such as is favored by football players. This he removed upon entering the doorway and disclosed to Mr. Dellenbaugh the dark, exquisitely chiseled features, black, straight hair and high forehead of the high-caste men of his race. Behind him struggled a short—extremely short—little man, also smothered in furs, carrying a large valise; and next came a great, stout, white-bearded veteran in black robes, with a tall black hat peculiarly belled at the top, gripping about his shoulders a very wet blanket. Mr. Pottle entered behind these and closed the door. Mr. Dellenbaugh was apparently too much surprised to rise to welcome his guests; and as the tall stranger stepped slightly forward, as if to speak, Mr. Pottle made his way into the center of the group and addressed their host:

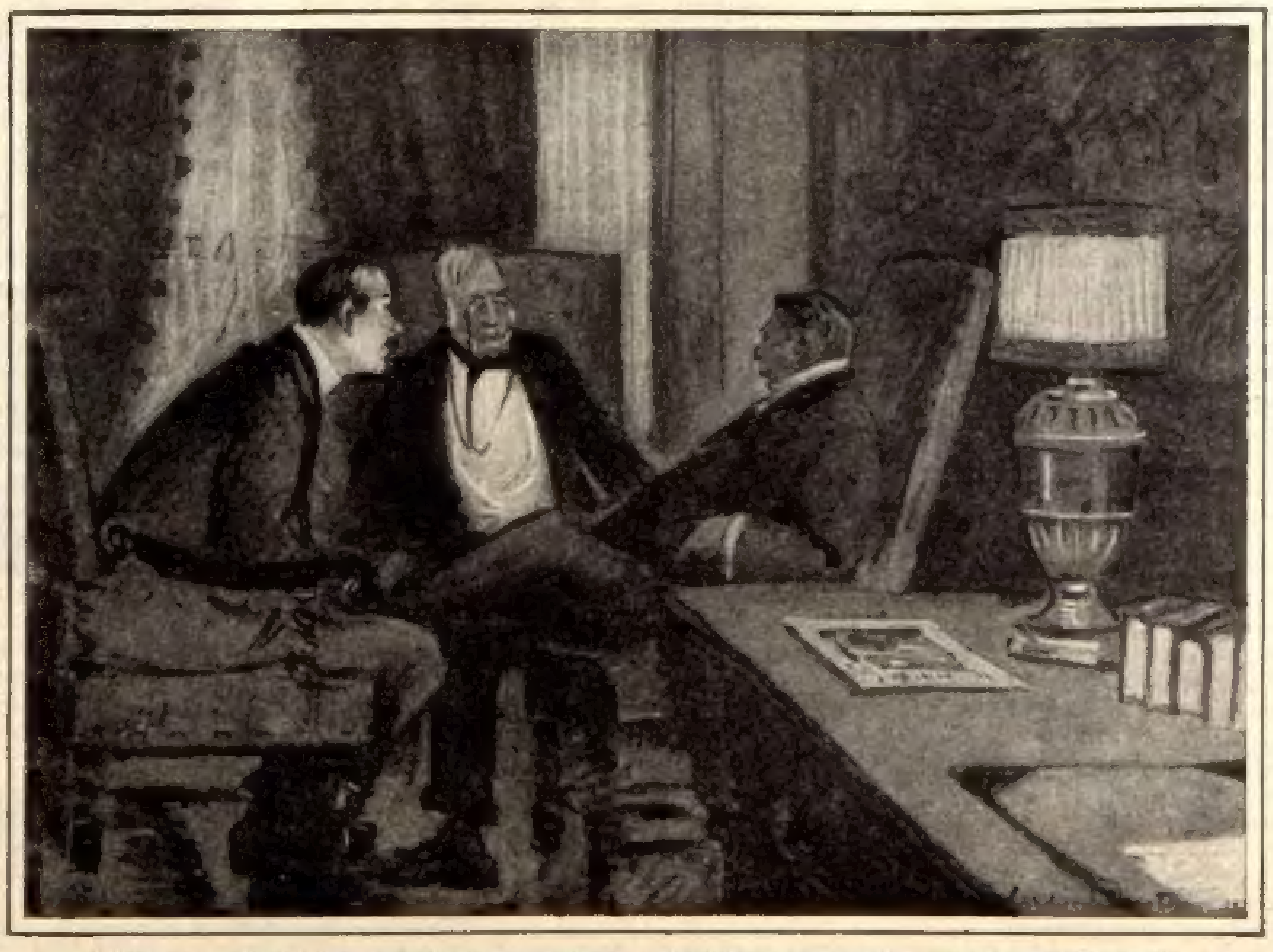
"I want to present you, Mr. Delano——"

"Dellenbaugh, sir! Dellenbaugh!" exclaimed the old gentleman fiercely, rising with some effort—"Dellenbaugh!—baw!—baw!!"

"Dellenbaugh," repeated Mr. Pottle mechanically. "I want to present you to His Royal Highness Prince Dara Nazir Jahandar, Rajah of Punjoudh and heir apparent to the throne of His Majesty the Maharajah Muhamad Bahadur, of Punjoudh." He had secured all this information and the rest in the brief interval of assisting his passengers out of the automobile.

"Let me also present you to the Countess Sonia Vaniatowsky, daughter of Count Stanislaus Vaniatowsky, Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Czar of Russia to the Court of the Maharajah at Tajpore. Let me present to you Mr. Winslow, formerly of Covington, Kentucky, now of Tajpore, India, and the Right Reverend Father Alexis Didonovitch, pastor of the Church of Saint Catherine, at Gradizsk, in the Government of Poltava, Russia. And I am, sir, your obedient servant, Potiphar Pottle, of New York!"—this with a considerable flourish.

Mr. Dellenbaugh was far too dazed to do more than nod a sort of silent greeting at the recital of each title. As Mr. Pottle spoke the name of the rajah, the latter cast off his fur coat and stood in the broad hallway, brilliant in the long scarlet-and-gold coat of his rank, many decorations glistening on his breast, a jeweled dagger hanging from his belt. He bowed deeply and with oriental dignity to his aged host. As Mr. Pottle spoke the lady's name she had just succeeded in removing her veils, and she smiled upon Mr. Dellenbaugh with such beauty as the old gentleman had never seen before. Mr. Winslow had grunted from under his overload of garments, "Good evening, sir," and the Greek priest, dropping his dripping blanket to the floor, raised his hands as if he were blessing the assemblage. The rajah held out his hand.



"I Was Just Asking This Gentleman to Explain the Rather Peculiar Circumstances of This Visit"

"I cannot tell you how sincerely we regret imposing ourselves upon you in this manner," he began, speaking in perfect English; "nor can I offer you any too humble an apology for such trespass. You will be generous enough, I know, to forgive us blameless wanderers, to tell us where we are and help us, perhaps, to hasten on our way?"

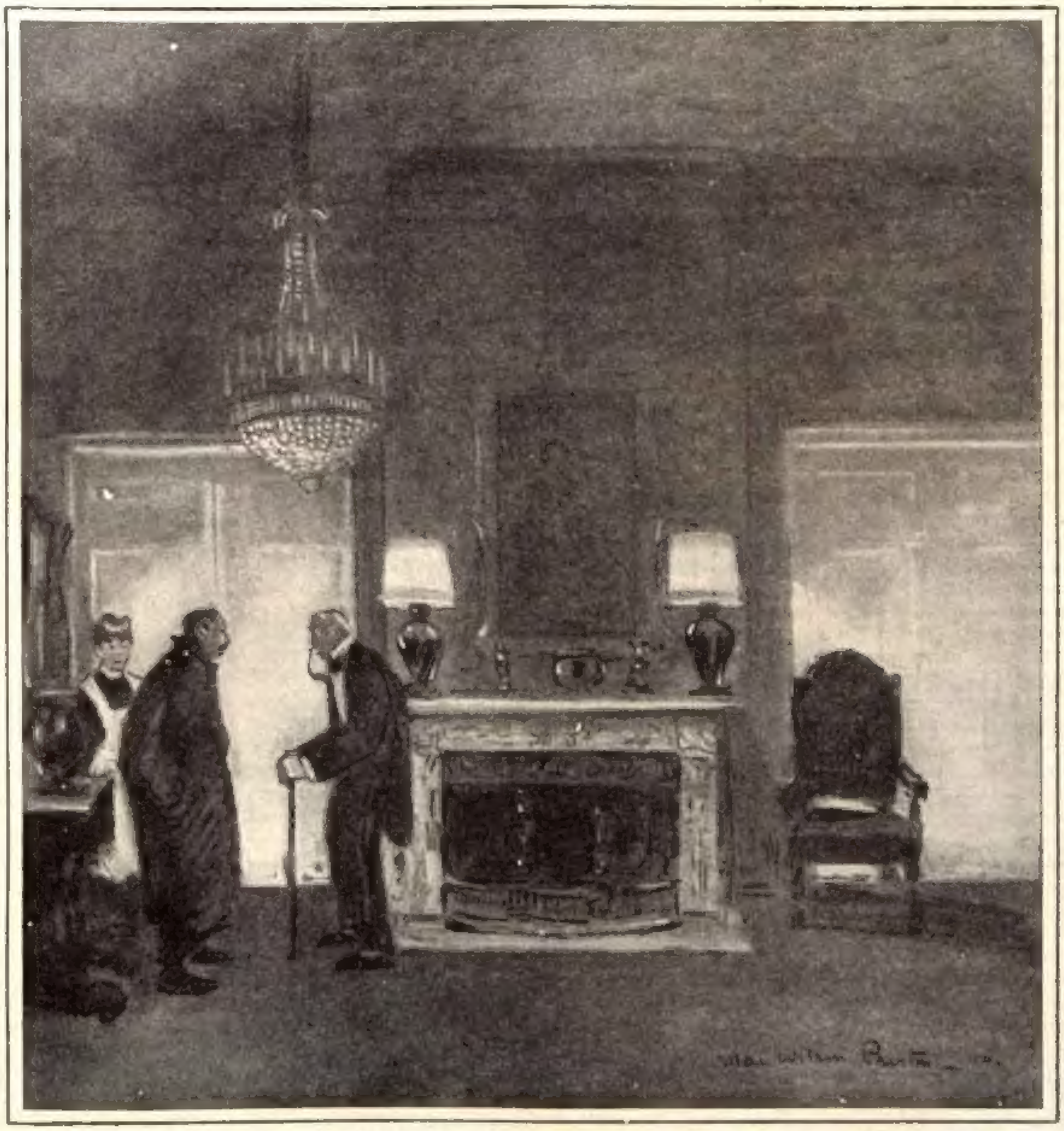
Mr. Dellenbaugh grasped the hand of the rajah very much as one might who is in a trance, and muttered some phrases that nobody heard or understood; but, suddenly recovering himself, he touched a button on the wall and turning with a welcoming and pleasant smile toward the young woman he said:

"You must all pardon an old man for such apparent churlishness, for such tardy hospitality—especially of you, madam, I entreat forgiveness. Matilda," as the servant appeared, "conduct this lady to the east chamber; then show these gentlemen to rooms that they may relieve themselves of the stains of travel. If it pleases you, Countess, we shall be ready to sit at table—shall I say in ——" The rise of his intonation left the sentence for her to end.

"In fifteen minutes!" laughed the young woman vivaciously, speaking with the most charming foreign accent. "Oh, sir, you are so kind! I do feel the need of a mirror and a maid! I have seen neither since we left India yesterday afternoon!"

She nodded to the men, turned and ran gayly up the broad staircase without waiting for Matilda to show her the way. Mr. Pottle thought he had never seen so beautiful and charming a woman.

"Will you be so kind, Winslow," said the rajah, turning to the little man, "as to carry the valise?"—and he led the others in the wake of the countess. Mr. Pottle was about to follow, but his host touched him lightly on the arm and asked him to step with him into the library.



*"I Have With Me an Indian Rajah, a Russian Countess, a Priest of the Greek Church and a Bengal Tiger"*

### III

MR. DELLENBAUGH appeared still to be much overcome by the evening's events. It was some moments before he addressed Mr. Pottle. Then he looked him straight in the eye with an expression almost of suppliance.

"Young man," he began, "when you first came into my house I took you for an impudent jester. I am an old man. I have lived in this house, in this county, a great many years. I have had much experience in the world—in travel, in association, in, I might say, adventure; but of this, tonight, I can make nothing. From the pinnacle of my years I call upon you not to sport with me, but to tell me the truth. What does all this mean—a rajah, a countess and a Greek priest?"

"So help me, Mr. Dellenbaugh," stammered Mr. Pottle in deep embarrassment, "I might ask you the same question. I don't know! But they look to me like the real thing—don't they to you? Especially in the light. That's the first good look I've had at them!—and I thought she could not speak English!"

"But, Mr. Pottle ——"

"Quite right, sir, quite right; and I'll tell you all I know. The rajah held me up on the road just at dusk, about three hours ago. He begged me first and then offered me all sorts of money to take his party to New York, which I was trying to do when I got lost and fetched up here."

Just here heavy footsteps were heard outside, the front door was thrown open and a heavily built man entered without the ceremony of knocking.

"Hello, Jim!" exclaimed Mr. Dellenbaugh. "You did not waste much time getting round, did you?"

"I gathered from what Matilda said," answered the newcomer, "that you wanted me."

"I did, then," smiled Mr. Dellenbaugh, shaking his friend by the hand. "Mr. Pottle, this is Mr. Withers, the sheriff of Putnam County."

"Howdy?" said the sheriff briefly, and turning to Mr. Dellenbaugh: "Funny thing, but I couldn't get that horse of mine to come up to the front of the house. Had to send Tom around to the stable with him. Had to get out at the turn of the drive and walk in."

"Oh," volunteered Mr. Pottle cheerfully, "I know why. There's a tiger in that automobile out there. Horse smelt him."

Mr. Withers folded his hands beneath the tails of his long coat and looked lingeringly at Mr. Pottle, as if he were sizing up his weight and caliber. Apparently reassured, he winked slyly at Mr. Dellenbaugh.

"I suppose you wanted me to come over and invite this gentleman to take a little buggy ride to Carmel, eh?"

Before Mr. Dellenbaugh could reply, the tiger, having been perfidiously silent for some considerable time, again identified himself with existing conditions by letting out a screech that would have carried conviction to any sheriff in the state.

"That's him!" was all Mr. Pottle had to say, waving his arm nonchalantly in the direction of the great outside world; and Mr. Dellenbaugh whispered to Mr. Withers: "I believe he is telling the truth."

The sheriff of Putnam County ventured no observation, but frowned even more severely upon Mr. Pottle. Mr. Dellenbaugh then beckoned them both to the most secluded corner of the library and spoke in very low tones, his hands resting on an arm of each of his visitors.

"Jim," he began, "I was just asking this gentleman to explain the rather peculiar circumstances of this visit. He has four companions upstairs—one a lady. Mr. Pottle, won't you tell us now as fully as you can what you know about these people?"

"It won't take me long, sir," Mr. Pottle began earnestly. "I was on my way from Danbury to New York in my machine. I went up there on business yesterday. I am in the hat business—Pottle & Rosenstein, jobbers in hats, on Greenwich Street. You may know. A kind friend told me of a short-cut by which I could avoid the bad roads through the new reservoir construction around Carmel. At just about dusk, in a sort of wooded gully, I came up to a man in a fur coat standing in the middle of the road. He held up his hand and I stopped, conjecturing that he was a fellow motorist in distress. He was so bundled up and begoggled that I could not tell what he looked like, but as soon as he spoke I took him to be an Englishman. He said: 'Can you tell me where I am?' I said: 'I wish I knew; I'm lost myself.' He laughed quietly, as if it struck him as being funny that I should really believe I did not know where I was. 'You can tell me what country I'm in,' he said. I told him he was in Westchester County. Then he smiled again and asked where that was; and I told him it was in the state of New York, near the Connecticut line. 'Then I am in North America,' he said, as if he had thought all along he was in America, but was not quite sure. 'What is the nearest city?' 'New York,' said I, kind of annoyed at this foolish sort of questioning after I had already told him where we were. 'There are four of us,' he went on, 'and our machine is destroyed. Will you be so good as to help us? Will you take us to New York?' 'Had an accident?' I asked, looking along the road for another car. 'Yes,' he replied; 'we have traveled a long distance and our power gave out; and when I tried to make a landing a gust of wind blew me into those woods, my gas caught fire and the entire machine was burned.' He pointed to the left, where I could see a thin film of smoke hanging above the trees in the fading glow of the sunset. But I could not quite understand how the wind could have blown him into those trees, for there had not been any gale yet, although the storm was just about coming up from the northeast. His whole talk had been so queer that I got out of my car and walked with him into the brush, but it was now so dark that I could distinguish nothing but a heap of smouldering ashes. Near by was a lady sitting on a log beside a very fat man, and the two were watching a little fellow in furs who was packing into a suitcase such instruments as he had apparently been able to save from the wreck. Nobody seemed hurt."

"What make of car was it?" asked Mr. Withers, whose interest seemed aroused.

"That's the strange part of it," replied Mr. Pottle, wiping his brow. "It was not an automobile at all. I asked him. He said it was an airship. The wrecked thing was so mussed up in the smoking bushes that I could not see it very well."

"And so ——" urged Mr. Dellenbaugh.

"Why, seeing there was a lady there, I said that as I was going to New York myself I could take them along; and I made up my mind to try to make White Plains in time for them to catch an evening express to the city. They all piled into the car and by that time it was quite dark and the storm came up quickly. Then, as I have already told you, I got lost and my lights gave out—and here I am!"

"But the tiger?" asked Mr. Dellenbaugh insistently.

"Well, I don't know much about the tiger," proceeded Mr. Pottle, "except that when I agreed to take the people the man said he had a box that must go along too; and he and the little chap dragged a case about the size of a trunk out from the bushes, while some animal inside of it kept up a continuous howling and roaring. The box was covered with tarpaulin and was well roped. The man said the animal was a young tiger and he assured me that it could not get out as the box was very strongly made. At first I refused to load the beast on my machine, but the lady—who, of course, understood what I said, although I did not know it—talked and gesticulated to the man, and he apparently assured her that everything would be all right; for he explained to me then that the tiger had had nothing to eat since the day before and that it would be cruel to leave the animal to die of starvation in its prison. He said, too, that he did not feel that I would care to assume the responsibility of opening the cage to let the animal out, particularly as there was a lady in the party and the beast might choose to eat her first; and anyhow, if we did turn the tiger loose, and he did not stop to eat any of us, he would prey on sheep and cattle of the neighboring farms and I would be responsible. So what could I say? It was

(Continued on Page 37)

# BUFFALO JIM

## By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IT MAY come as a shock to many to learn that we have in cowland a considerable number of full-blooded men who have never made it a practice to step outside the door a moment of a morning and shoot a fellow citizen before breakfast. They are well-grown, two-fisted men, also, and work very hard seven days in the week, and whenever they go to town they get drunk; but in the main they are law-abiding and steal calves only for their employers.

There was Buffalo Jim. He was a cowboy. That happened to be his profession, but in every other respect Buffalo was a normal individual—no better than you or I and assuredly no worse. But Mrs. Tracey thought he was much worse—or pretended to—and a few other things besides. That was why Mrs. Floyd, a week after it was all over, insisted that Buffalo go with her to the Tracey home in Hope Cañon before he went on his way.

"I'll tell her to her face what I think," she snapped.

"I ain't much of a fighter, ma'am. You'd better go alone and have it out. Mrs. Tracey, she's got me scared off the map right now."

"You'll come too!" Mrs. Floyd assured him, pulling on her gauntlets.

This is what Mrs. Floyd said, sitting her horse in front of the Tracey gate, her erstwhile friend being on the veranda:

"I've heard the stories you've been spreading about me, Tracey."

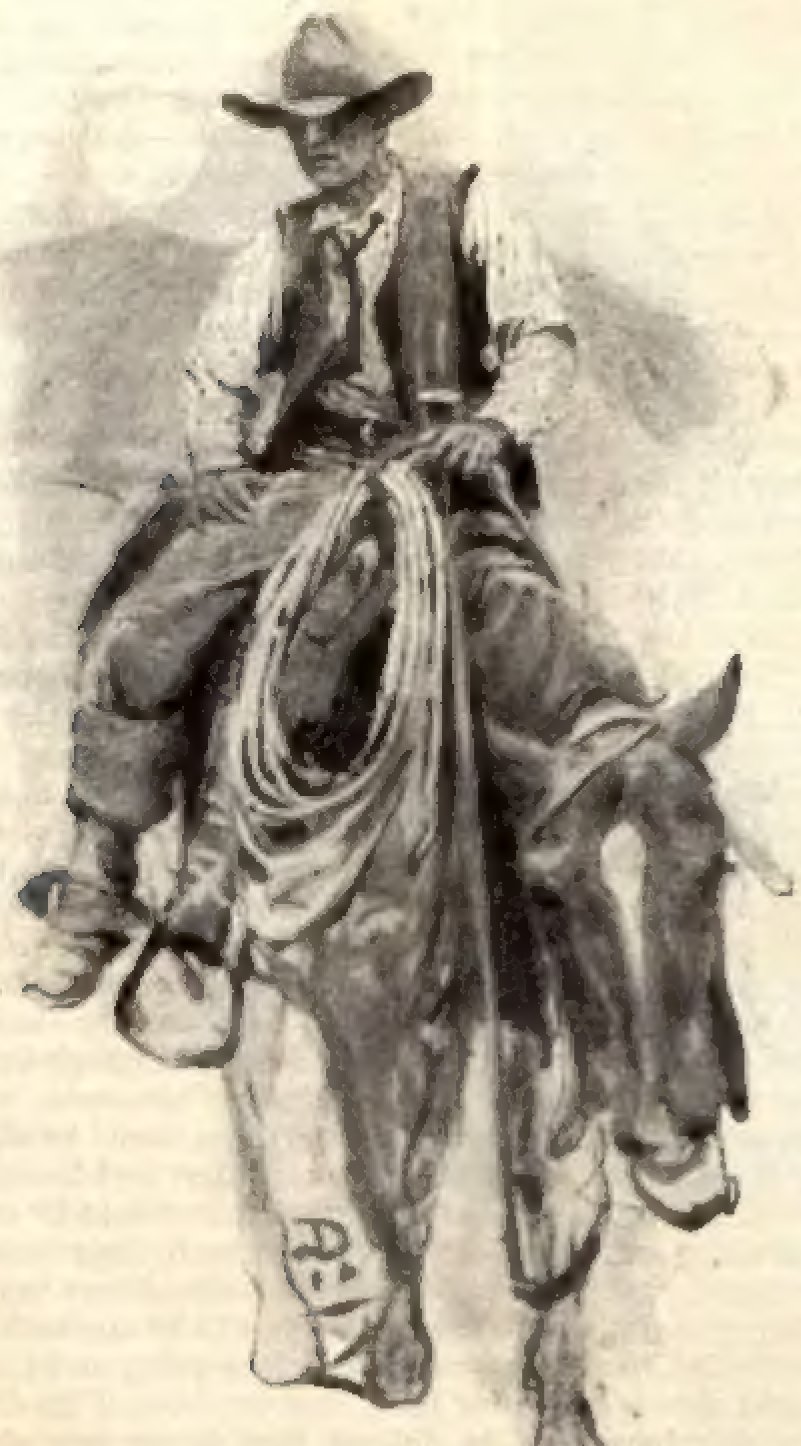
"Stories? Gracious, I never mentioned your name! Do you reckon I've got nothing better to talk about? What's got into you, Sally?"

"Don't lie!" Mrs. Floyd returned, her voice rising. "You know what I mean. And I've brought Mr. Shortredge with me to hear it too. You keep your mouth shut about me—do you hear? If you don't I'll shut it for you. I'm right glad and proud to know Buffalo Jim—he's a friend of my husband too—and—and ——"

She had much more to impart, having rehearsed it mentally on the way over in order to be sure of herself; but here rage and tears choked speech. Perhaps it was as well; finical people may even find something to deplore in what she did say. Mrs. Tracey replied, tucking her chin into her neck, that she was very, very glad to hear it; but, for herself, she must confess complete inability to discover any grounds for pride in Mr. Shortredge's acquaintance. Upon which she slammed the door.

"Now, I wonder if that lady meant something!" he said.

That was forever the way. People either swore by Buffalo or they hated him with a bitter hate, which was to his liking: a man's virtues must be negative if he makes no enemies. I know the governor of a state who will froth at the mouth at simple mention of Jim's name and it is on record that Shortredge has been reluctantly obliged to choke three gentlemen into insensibility who desired to do the same by him; but I know, too, one woman who loves him devotedly.



"Ideas Don't Get Much of a Hold on Me. There Ain't Nothing to Grip"

Here is the story of Buffalo's stay among us—merely the facts; not the tale Mrs. Tracey spread. Let those of her sex judge Mrs. Floyd who themselves have never erred a hair's breadth; and the case will never come to trial for lack of a jury.

We were loading a train with cattle—ones and twos, graded stuff and some bulls—when Shortredge first appeared. It is my belief that he was stealing a ride on the bumpers of an eastbound freight that passed, and he dropped off when he perceived us shipping.

Forty yearlings had been manhandled and pushed into a car, and one old bull was added which would eventually visit Eastern parts in cans. Perhaps some suspicion of this entered his bovine brain, for he turned round to walk out. They yelled and prodded at his neck and ribs with poles, but he shook his head in settled determination and started down the chute. If he gained the crowding-pen, where more yearlings and another bull waited, there would be a fight and a lot of unpleasantness and long delay. The boss danced up and down and howled execrations at him.

"Bar the chute! Bar the chute!" he yelled from the top of the corral fence.

Ere the poles could be thrust in, a seedy individual dropped directly in front of the giant Hereford and began to lash him furiously over the face with a rope.

"Come out of there! You'll get killed. Come out!" shrieked the boss.

The bull bellowed with rage, but the stinging pain of the blows forced his head up. Blood trickled down his nose and there were livid wales above the eyes. One lurch forward and this man would be crushed, but the rope cut fiercely and without pause, and the bull began to back slowly. The stranger did not let up, but drove him into the car with savage zest. We were able to prod that bull into moving anywhere. He did not horn the steers any more and was wondrously tractable.

"What the Sam Hill are you anyway?" the boss demanded, straddling the chute. "A circus or a town cowboy?"

"I reckon you're cleverer than me," Shortredge answered modestly. "You sure are a joker."

He clambered out on to the platform and threw the borrowed rope to Reb. We saw that he was tall and big of bone; and his shoulders had an indolent droop. Although he could not have been over twenty-five, his hair was plentifully flecked with gray.

Presently Redshirt, who was keeping tally of the cattle going through the chute, lost count and admitted frankly that he could not say whether there were thirty-seven or forty in the car. He tried to appear grave in confessing this, but was unable to repress a snicker. Everything would have gone smoothly, he contended, had he not chanced to recall a story Hi Miller had told him the previous night.

"If that feller could count up to fifty," the stranger remarked in an aside to the buyer, "he would be back in Texas still, ateaching school."

"Hello, Buf'lo!" the other exclaimed. "Where did you drop from? Want a job? Seventy a month?"

"Eighty."

"No, sir; seventy."

"Eighty. I got a lot of unfinished business down the line unless."

"Have it your own way. Eighty it is. Fly at it."

Shortredge replaced Redshirt and sat on a board with his legs dangling, staring at everything but the plunging steers. Yet he never once failed to tally.

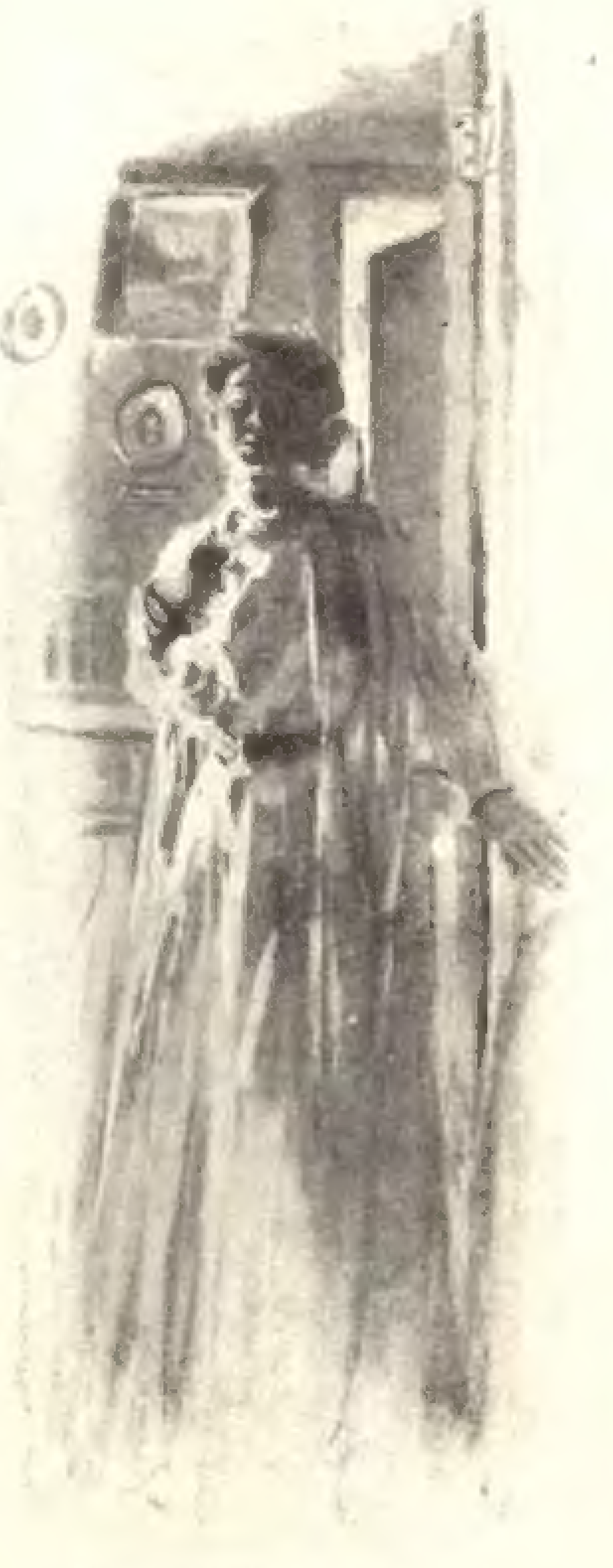
The boss' wife rode up to the corral with Mrs. Tracey.

"Who's them there ladies?" Buffalo whispered to a cowboy who wielded a prodpole.

"The pretty one's Mrs. Floyd. I can't rightly see the other. Oh, yes. Shore. She's a widow woman—owns a flock of mines away up in them mountains."

"The pretty one's who I meant," Jim said tranquilly.

We sealed the door of the last car and a brakeman waved to the engineer to pull forward. The buyer grabbed Jim by the shoulder and jabbered instructions into his ear. Then he caught the caboose rail as it sped by and Buffalo informed the amazed Floyd that he had been commissioned to receive the other herds when gathered.



"You've Got to Go Tomorrow, Remember."

"And he don't even know your name? Oh, he does? Still, that's rushing it. Glad to do business with you. I want you to be acquainted with my wife. Shake hands with Mr. Shortredge, Sally."

Mrs. Floyd came down the platform eagerly, striding like a man. She was wearing a divided skirt, very useful-looking spurs on her high-heeled boots and a man's felt hat. All the cowboys eyed her; she was only twenty-two and had an amazingly trim figure. With that bright, meaningless smile of polite welcome on her face with which a woman greets her husband's masculine acquaintances—she has another greeting for his lady friends—Mrs. Floyd drew off a glove and put out her hand.

"Jim Shortredge—Jim!" she squealed.

And with that she was pumping the big fellow's arms up and down, her cheeks red with excitement.

"Why, it's little Sally!"

"I take it you two know each other," her husband ventured.

"Do we? Why, we were raised together, Tom. Jim was one of my best beaus. Weren't you, Jim?"

"Ain't got over it yet," said Jim easily.

The widow put in a reminder that she was on earth by a furtive pull at Mrs. Floyd's sleeve. Jim said "Pleased to meet you, ma'am" very correctly and shook hands. After the handshake he looked at Mrs. Tracey again, with a new interest.

"Let's go home. Reb, give Shortredge your horse and double up with one of the boys. I'm sure getting hungry," the boss declared.

Mrs. Tracey paired off with Floyd and took especial pains to ride well in advance. There would have been nothing in this maneuver but for the way she did it.

"What does she mean by that?" Sally cried hotly.

"Who? What?"

"The way she went off there. I don't understand Madeline. She made me feel almost—oh, almost guilty."

"I reckon this lady knows her way about, ma'am?"

"She's awfully nice and bright, Jim. Really she is. When we're alone I love her. But when men are around—I reckon Madeline's beyond me. Yet she never does anything that ——"

"Sure," said Jim in his soft bass—and he grinned at her. "It ain't what she does, but what she don't do. That smile she smothers now ——"

"Have you noticed that too? Tom did, very first thing. He doesn't like her."

Shortredge asked her of her marriage and how it came about. It was five years since he had seen her, wasn't it? As they rode she studied him without disguise and remarked that the gray in his hair was an improvement—she trusted it resulted from piety. Of course Jim said that he suspected that to be the cause and they both laughed over the worn-out jest. He was dressed very poorly and his boots were down at the heels and worn through the soles, but she did not appear to notice it and he suffered no confusion therefrom. Twice she caught his glance roving from the figure riding far in front to her own profile.

"What're you thinking about?" she demanded.

"Nothing much. Ideas don't get much of a hold on me. There ain't nothing to grip."

"I know. I can see it in your face. It's mean of you, Jim. Just because he's forty and—and—well, he's the truest and best ——"

"Hold on there. Pull up!" he laughed. "Sure," he added soberly; "I'll bet he's got a kind heart."

She glared at him for an instant. Then they both burst into laughter and she shook her horse into a lope.

"You're just the same old Jim. Nothing'll ever sober you," she shouted over her shoulder. "Remember—I'm a married woman, Jim Shortredge."

"I won't forget it if you don't, ma'am," he answered amiably, upon which she gave him a horribly stern look and giggled.

It is well to admit here and now that the boss would have fared badly in this decade had he been dependent on his looks, for he was well over the twoscore mark in years and rambled widely in his build. In the first place, his shoulders were too broad for his height, and his jaw and mouth were entirely too wide. Moreover, his legs had the liveliest scorn one for the other. The boss always compelled interest and respect, it is true: but so does a bulldog. Yet he owned the Anvil Range and all the cattle thereon; he had the prettiest wife in the country and there were those who said she adored him; and he had a son and heir two years old. Reb assured Jim that Floyd had started as a cowboy and the intelligence made Buffalo give thought to the inscrutable workings of Fate.

It was seven miles from the shipping pens to the ranch; another seven to the Tracey home; so the widow stayed to supper, though it meant enduring Floyd's cold scrutiny for an hour of chat. The boss was civil to her in a heavy, formal way, eying her covertly when he was persuaded she could not see him. However, there was a full moon and it would fall to Buffalo Jim to take her home. She was a persevering woman.

Floyd presented himself to his wife on the second day and opened up in his usual blunt style: "Sally, better be decent to that fellow Shortredge. Will you?"

"Why, sure, Tom. What's got into your head now?"

"Some of this last bunch of cattle are awful poor stuff. Where the tarnation Reb picked up these brindles and swaybacks and old hipped longhorns beats me. Buf'lo will cut 'em all back. He'll just go through that herd like a prairie fire. Keep him in good humor, Sally, will you? Is it a go?"

"Tom, you're awful. Do you think I'll help you to cheat Mr. Horne by flirting with Jim? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom Floyd."

"Who asked you to flirt? I've seen you mighty handy with them eyes on other fellows without being asked," he retorted good-humoredly.

"Oh, what a fib, Tom! I won't. Remember, I won't."

But, being a good wife, she did; and with an earnestness of purpose that spoke well for her obedience to marriage vows.

Autumn was rattling the dry bones of summer and they rode together every day. The keen southwest wind swirled the dead grass and leaves about their horses, which pulled and fretted to the tang of it. He would listen to her chatter by the hour, watching the pink in her cheeks. Buffalo was very good-humored indeed. He had imported what is known as a "hand-me-down" suit at the cost of a week's pay and he took a pardonable pride therein, for the tailors who made it expressly stated in their advertising that they catered to gentlemen of refined tastes. Also, he had obtained a pair of whole boots.

Often he spent hours with little Tommy, fashioning him ridiculous playthings with a knife and tumbling on the ground for the baby's delectation. And Sally gloated over Mrs. Tracey, who scarcely saw Buffalo at all—and looked not an hour over eighteen.

Twice she brought Buffalo up short.

"Now, Jim, none of that. I won't listen."

Yet she must have seen what was growing in him during those two weeks of companionship, for an average woman can sense it a mile off; and Mrs. Floyd was clever. But she would not give ear to her own doubts.

"That woman won't get him anyhow," she said, standing with hands on hips in front of a mirror. She could not resist giving the slim, round figure an approving smile.

One day, as they sat on the veranda, Buffalo put up a forefinger languidly and touched a stray curl. She dashed his hand away and grew crimson.

"It's just as black and silky as ever," he commented.

"Perhaps. But you keep your hands off! Do you hear?" Then she added: "There's no gray in it, anyhow."

Just for whom this was meant will ever remain a profound mystery. Both Jim and Mrs. Tracey had gray in their hair. She was demonstrative with Floyd that night, hanging over the back of his chair with her hands locked under his chin and her face snuggling against the top of his head. That gentleman blew clouds of smoke and it is to be feared he grinned. These manifestations of devotion had become frequent of late, but it should not be inferred that because Buffalo was a spectator they were done for his benefit. That could not be, for he took them with extraordinary placidity. If he was harassed he stifled all expression of it grandly.

The boss was much away from home. Sometimes he was in the south buying stock cattle; again, he went north and east to sell of his herds. Sally told Jim that he left her alone too much. Buffalo muttered something unintelligible and lighted a cigarette.

"What did you say?" she asked sharply.

"When a feller is getting old and ain't got long to live ——" he began.

"You quit that talk right now. I won't stand for it."

It was the first time she had ever been really angry at any of his sallies concerning Floyd and it put them at once on a different footing. The old, safe frankness of raillery was gone.

Alas! that Jim could draw the line so sharply between business and the courtesies of leisure hours. A trail herd arrived. They plied him with strong drink and he partook sociably, but without noticeable impairment of his faculties; and he cut the herd ruthlessly to a remnant, until the boss grew dizzy figuring his losses and loped away from the roundup with instructions to be notified when the fool was done.

"I'm working for Horne," Buffalo explained cheerfully. "Did you think I couldn't tell a two-year-old from a three, Floyd?"

Mrs. Tracey dropped in at the Floyd headquarters twice on matters relating to a recipe for a cake and certain patterns, and then asked her friend and Buffalo Jim over to dinner. She invited Floyd too, but it was done so perfunctorily that Sally felt the stab and was furious. However, she went. The widow always suggested by her manner that there was a secret understanding among them and Mrs. Floyd had trouble with her temper during the meal. Mrs. Tracey excused herself for a few minutes afterward and left them alone in the sitting room; when she had to pass through later, on her way upstairs, she hurried, as though intruding, and said: "Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"The cat!" Mrs. Floyd cried, stamping her foot.

"There wasn't no call for her to say that," Jim put in.

"Of course there wasn't, booby. That doesn't make it any better. It makes it worse."

Two days later: "Now guess what?"

"I done quit guessing," Buffalo replied.

"That Tracey woman tried to tell me this morning that my Tom was too friendly with one of those Baptismo girls."

"Pshaw!" Buffalo ejaculated. "Pshaw!" Then he asked in some wonderment: "What does she want to go and tell them lies for? What good does it do?"

"You don't see?"

"I reckon I'm dull."

"Oh, you great baby!" she gurgled delightedly.

Buffalo was disturbed by this display of malignity. Such weapons were beyond his knowledge and he felt hotly uncomfortable when Sally intimated that they might expect Mrs. Tracey to be talking of them next—if, indeed, she had not done so already. She was for going to Hope Cañon without delay to bestow a tongue-lashing on the widow.

"What's the use?" the cowboy objected. "It can't hurt nobody. They all know you. Let her be. What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?"

That was no way to speak of a lady, but Mrs. Floyd jumped from her chair and cried, "Goody!" being greatly consoled by the reference. Just before the evening meal she put on a pink gown for which Buffalo had professed admiration and parted her hair in the middle. Had there been a woman within five miles she would not have done this, but Jim liked it that way. So also did her husband, for that matter.

"As if I'd get jealous of Tom!" she murmured. "Huh! You won't get Jim that way, my lady."

I have said that they rode together every day. Sometimes Floyd watched the two meditatively—his instructions were being carried out to a surety and Buffalo was kept good-natured. But he was a silent man and opposed no objection. As for Sally, she found ready justification in a dozen reasons a woman would appreciate at once, but which are beyond a male person's intelligence.

Jim helped her down from her horse late one afternoon, though she needed no help. And he held her for just the fraction of a second. She stiffened with an injured air, but she did not reprove him. On another occasion, after staring helplessly at her for a full quarter of an hour while she purposely said as little as possible and toyed with the lace of her handkerchief, her head on one side that he might get the benefit of her profile—suddenly he seized her in his arms and tried to kiss her. He did, in fact, obtain the merest peck at the tip of her ear.

"You darn fool!" she burst out, tearing loose.

Then she saw the look in his face—and her anger and her courage vanished. She went hastily indoors and huddled in a chair in a dark corner. There she sat until called to supper, striving to fix recent happenings in proper sequence.

She beckoned Jim on to the veranda after putting the baby to bed. Her manner was oddly timid.

"Jim, you've got to go away tomorrow."

"Why? I can't, Sally. There's three thousand head more ——"

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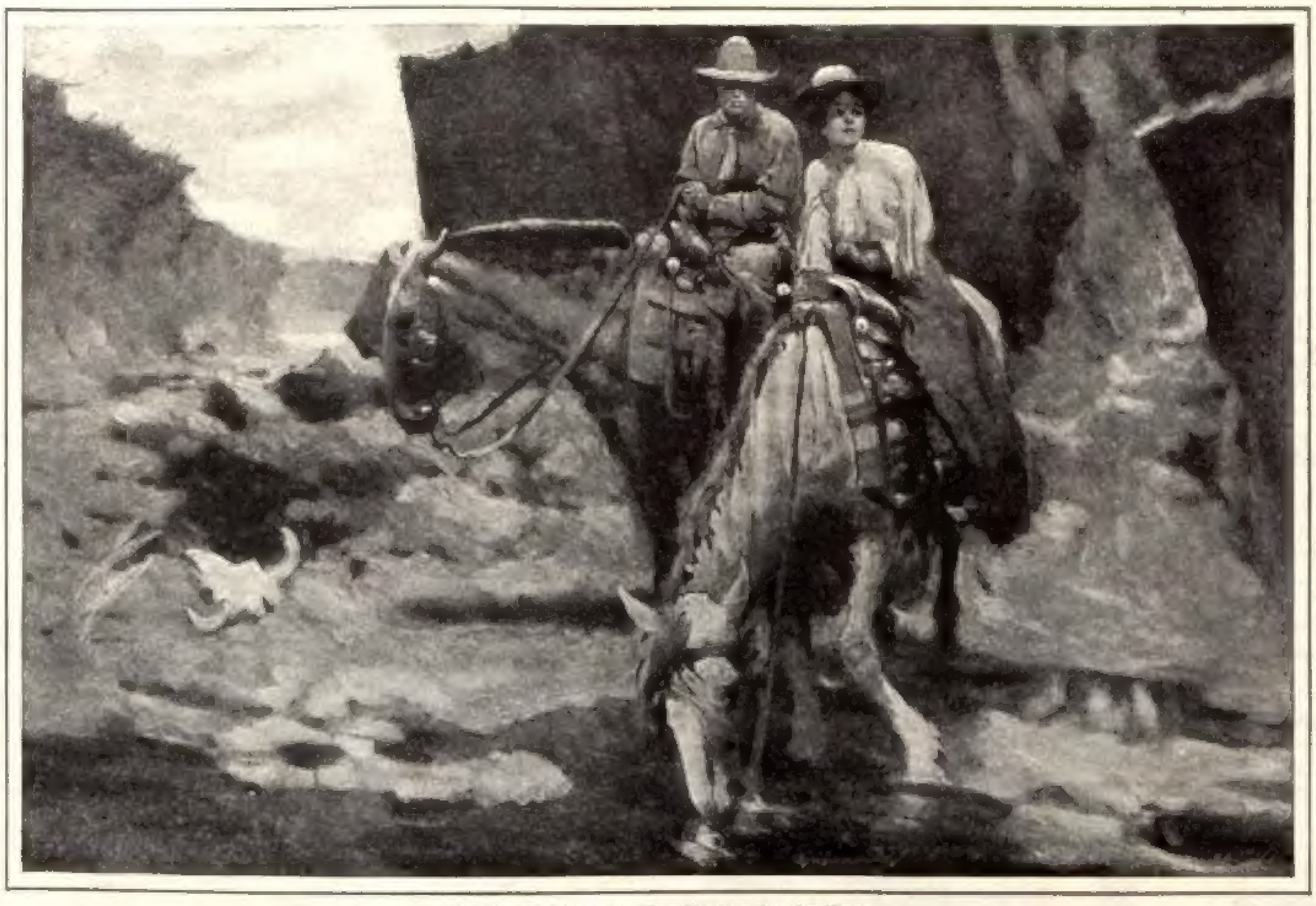

*He Would Listen to Her Chatter by the Hour*

# Making Over the Public Schools

## Education With Its Overalls On—By Henry M. Hyde

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHEN, prior to two years ago, Johnny Jones left the grammar school in Cincinnati and got a job as an apprentice in a factory, that was the end of him so far as outside education went. Of course the evening schools were open, but John was tired when his day's work in the shop was over. He was only a boy anyway, and he insisted—who shall dispute him?—that he needed the evening hours for rest and fun.

Cincinnati is happy in that its manufacturers are liberal and broad-minded and the directors of its public schools farsighted and able. Between them they arranged an experiment that has already proved successful. It was based on the proposition that, when society lets Johnny Jones stop school and go to work in a modern shop at fourteen years of age and leaves him there without further training or support, everyone concerned is making a mistake.

The board of education furnished a building and teachers. The manufacturers furnished the pupils by releasing Johnny from the bench half a day a week on full pay. John unquestioningly went back to school for that period, because if he didn't go his wages were docked. Once he got there he found, strangely enough, that he enjoyed it. Instead of wasting time on books that didn't interest him in the least, he was set to reading blueprints—the working plans that he had seen the foremen in the shops explaining to their men; and he practiced freehand drawing—the universal sign language of the shops. When that hour was over he took up the subject of shop science—just why a percentage of tin is put in the brass castings, the necessity of exact measurements in making standardized fittings, the reason for and the principles behind a score of things that puzzled him in his daily work.

Mathematics, which he never could get through his head when it was put in terms of $x$, $y$ and $z$, becomes as plain as daylight when the teachers talk about the gauges and rules and jigs that are used in the shop where he works. From the new industrial standpoint even history and geography are interesting; and John, beginning to get an idea of the importance of his own work in the world, pricks up his ears when the subject of the duties of a citizen is introduced.

The school ran for forty-eight weeks and for eight hours a day. Two hundred and fifty machine-shop apprentices were in regular attendance. Every week the teachers visited the shops, found out how John was getting along and on just what subjects he seemed most to need further instruction. At the end of the year the foremen under whom the boys were working reported that the amount of work turned out—instead of being less on account of the half day's absence from the bench—had actually increased in quantity and improved in quality because of the greater intelligence and the better spirit that the boys brought to their tasks. The first year's experiment cost the board of education three thousand dollars, or fifteen dollars for each pupil.

As a result of this experience, and with the hearty coöperation of the local manufacturers, the board has now secured legislation that compels boys who go to work to continue, also, going to school for eight hours a week in the daytime until they reach the age of sixteen. They have set aside fifteen thousand dollars for the support of these continuation schools for the coming year and will offer courses and accommodations for at least one thousand pupils. Nor are the girls to be neglected. An experimental school is to be opened for the industrial training of young salesgirls working in the big department stores. Certain firms have already agreed to send two hundred of their employees on the same terms and conditions as the boys who attended last year.

### Chances for Engineering Students

JUST by way of pointing out that Cincinnati is not entitled to all the credit for instituting continuation schools, it may be stated in passing that the compulsory education laws in force in the city of Munich, Germany, provide that every boy who goes to work must attend such a school for eight hours a week until he reaches the age of eighteen years. Already schools for special training in no less than fifty-two different trades have been established; and, under the law, a new school must be opened whenever twenty or more workers in any trade apply for it. All this is done at public expense.

In Cincinnati originated another great experiment in making education real and vital, which now seems to be gradually spreading all over the country. It began with the engineering courses in the University of Cincinnati. A student desiring, for instance, to become a railroad engineer, a structural steel, concrete or contracting engineer, is required to sign a contract, binding himself to take a course of six years as opposed to the five-year course offered by the best technical schools elsewhere. This contract is signed, also, by the dean of the engineering school and by the officers of a railroad or other corporation engaged in the line of business to which the student wishes to devote himself. The contract provides that the student shall work alternate weeks in the classrooms of the University and in the shops of the firm that signs his contract. The school year in these courses lasts for eleven months as opposed to eight in the ordinary school or college.

Before signing the contract the student works in the shops during the months of the summer vacation preceding his Freshman year, so that he may have a clear idea of the task he is undertaking.

The class in each division of engineering is divided into two sections. While one half is studying in the classrooms the other is working in the shops. Under this arrangement both the classroom and shopwork are carried steadily on without stoppage or loss. These coöperative courses have now been in operation for more than three years. The first advantage they offer is that each student has an immediate chance to put his classroom theories to a practical test under actual working conditions; and by regular conferences between shop superintendents and college professors the classwork can at any time be adjusted to meet special needs indicated by the shop practice. In these courses, also, the students are enabled to earn enough money to pay a large share of their expenses. The contract provides for an increasing rate to be paid to the students as they gain in knowledge and experience, a price varying from ten to twenty-one cents an hour. Best of all from the standpoint of the student, he is not turned out at the end of his course to begin at the bottom, for he has already made his place in the actual working world.

From the standpoint of the teacher, the University is relieved from the great expense of fitting up shops, which under the best circumstances cannot hope to maintain real working conditions; and the teacher himself will surely become a better teacher because of his intimate relations with the members of his profession in practice.

The coöperative courses have so far proved a tremendous success. Last year there were over two thousand applications from young men who wished to enter them. The shop superintendents have found

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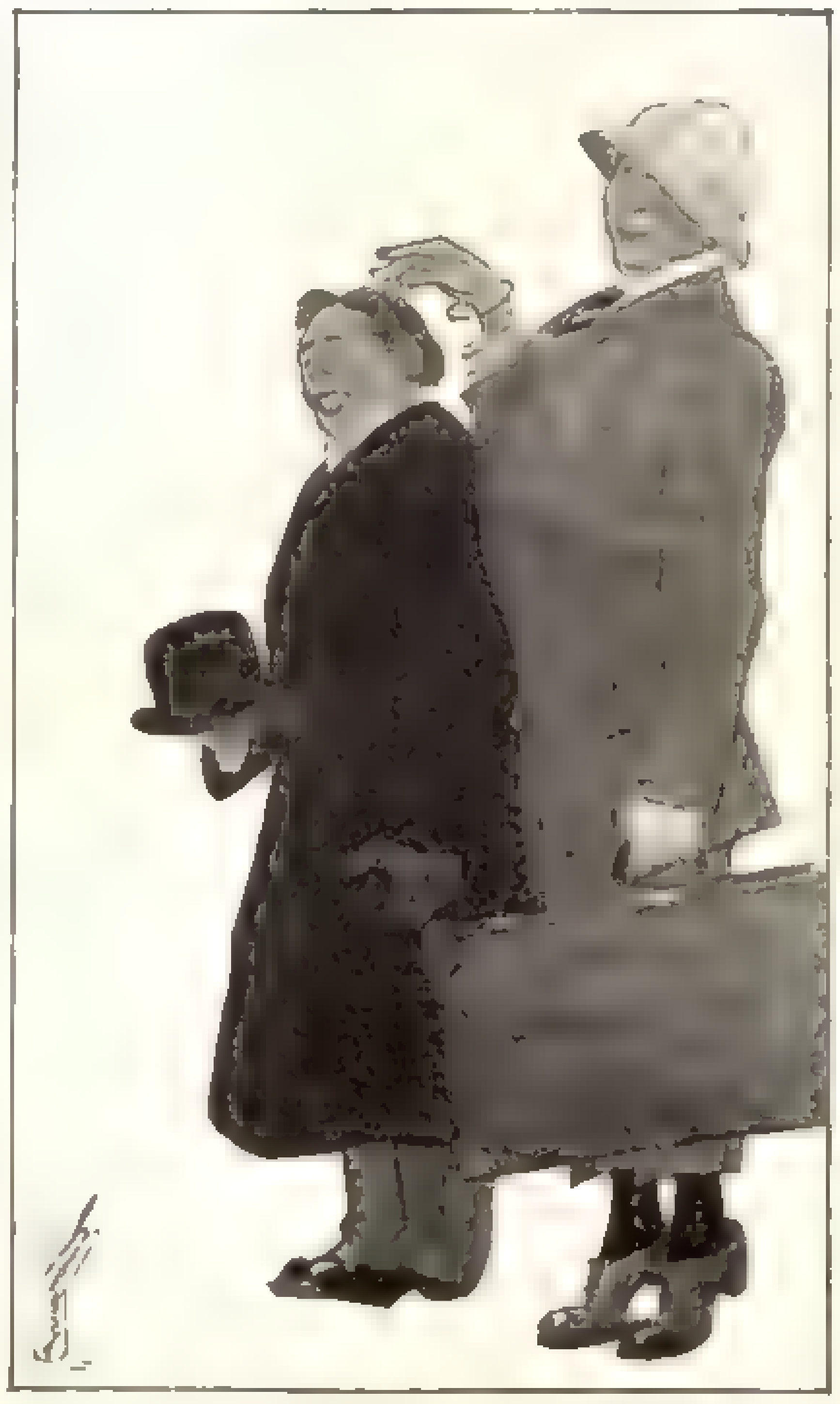
# THE GREEK DOUBLE CROSS

## Sorting Out the Smiths at Siwash—By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



So Bashful That His Voice Blushed When He Used It

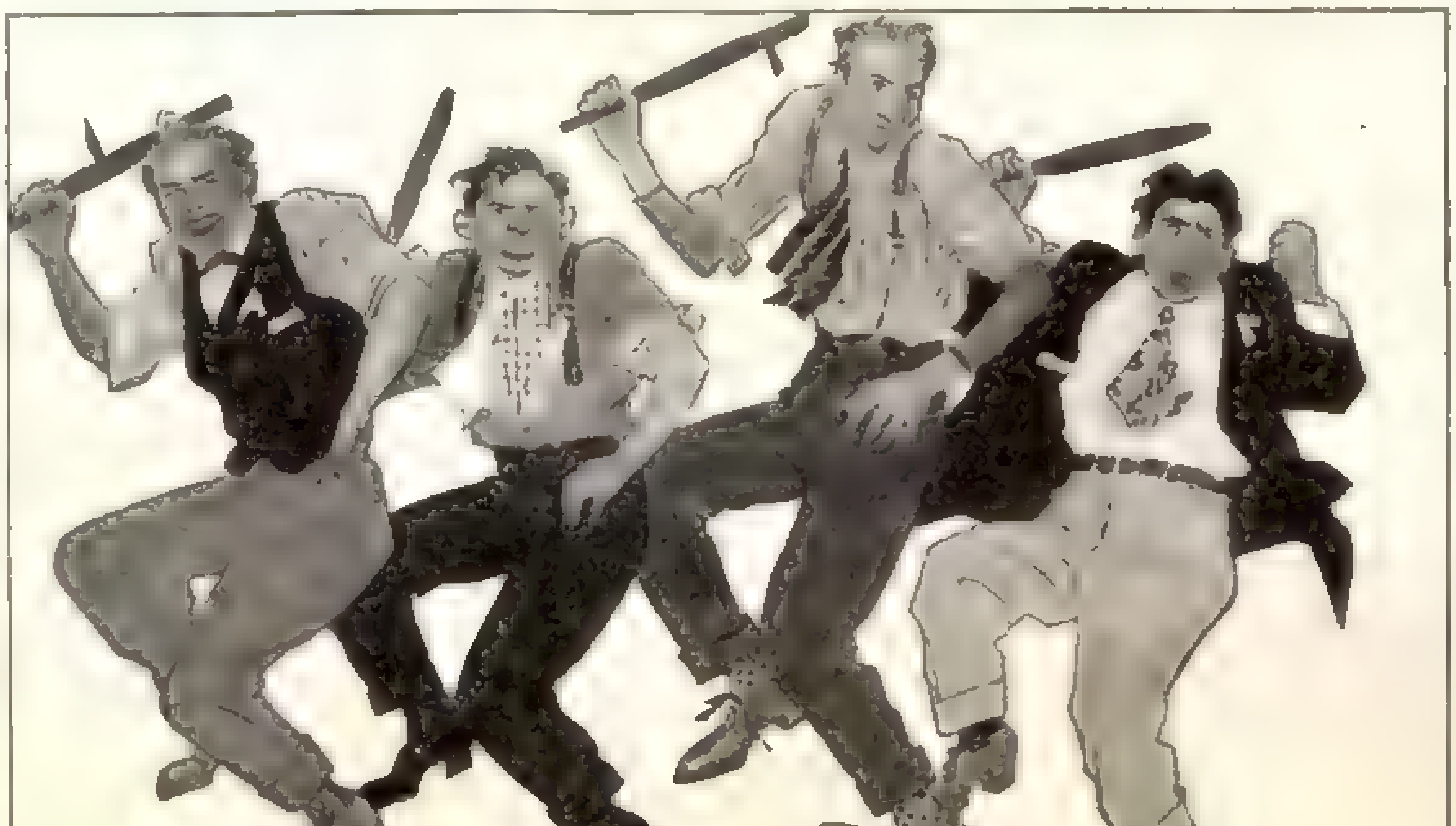
SUFFERING bear-cats! Say! excuse me while I take a long rest, Jim. I need it. I've just read a piece of information in this letter that makes me tired all over.

What is it? Oh, just another variety of competition smothered with a gentlemanly agreement—that's all; another bright-eyed little trust formed and another readjustment of affairs on a business basis. We old fellows needn't break our necks to get back to Siwash and the frat this fall, they write me. Of course they'll be delighted to see us and all that; but there's no burning need for us and we needn't jump any jobs to report in time to put the brands on the Freshmen and rescue them from the noisome Alfalfa Delts and Sigh Whoops—because there isn't going to be any rescuing this fall.

They've had an agreement at Siwash. They're going to approach the poor dumb Freshies under strict rules. No parties. No dinners at the houses. No abductions. No big, tall talk about pledging tonight or staggering through a twilight life to a frowzy-headed and unimportant old age in some bum bunch. All done away with. Everything nice and orderly. Freshman arrives. You take his name and address. Call on him, attended by referees. Maintain a general temperature of not more than sixty-five when you meet him on the campus. Buy him one ten-cent cigar during the fall and introduce him to one girl—age, complexion and hypnotic power to be carefully regulated by the rushing committee. Then you send him a little engraved invitation to amalgamate with you; and when he answers, per the self-addressed envelope inclosed, you are to love him like a brother for the next three and a half years. Gee! how that makes me ache!

Think of it! And at old Siwash too!—Siwash, where we never considered a pledge safe until we had him tied up in a back room, with our colors on him and a guard around the house! That settles me. I've always yearned to go back and cavort over the campus in the fall when college opened; but not for me no more! Why, if I went back there and got into the rushing game, first thing I knew they'd have me run up before a pan-Hellenic council, charged with giving an eligible Freshman more than two fingers when I shook hands with him; and I'd be ridden out of town on a rail for rushing in an undignified manner.

Rushing? What's rushing? Oh, yes; I forgot that you never participated in that delicious form of insanity known as a fall term in college. Rushing is a cross between proposing to a girl and abducting a coyote. Rushing a man for a frat is trying to make him believe that to belong to it is joy and inspiration, and to belong to any other means misery and an early tomb; that all the best men in college either belong to your frat or couldn't get in; that you're the best fellows on earth, and that you're crazy to have him, and that he is a coming Senator; that you can't live without him; that the other gang can't appreciate him; that you never ask men twice; that you don't care much for him anyway, and that you are just as likely as not to withdraw the spike any minute if you should happen to get tired of the cut of his trousers; that your crowd can make him class president and the other crowds can make him fine mausoleums; that you love him like real brothers and that he has already bound himself in honor to pledge—and that if he doesn't he will regret it all his life; and, besides, you will punch his head if he doesn't put on the colors. That's rushing for you.



"'Oh, You've Got to be an Eta Bita Pie
Or You Won't Get a Scarehead When You Die!'"

What's my crowd? Why, the Eta Bita Pie, of course. Couldn't you tell that from my skyscraper brow? We Eta Bitas are so much better than any other frat that we break down and cry now and then when we think of the poor chaps who can't belong to us. We're bigger, grander, nobler and tighter about the chest than any other gang. We've turned out more Senators, Congressmen, Supreme Justices, near-Presidents, captains of industry, foreign ambassadors and football captains than any two of them. We own more frat houses, win more college elections, know more about neckties and girls, wear louder vests and put more cross-hatch effects on our neophytes than any three of them. We're so immeasurably ahead of everything with a Greek-letter name that every Freshman of taste and discrimination turns down everything else and waits until we crook our little finger at him. Of course, sometimes we make a mistake and ask some fellow that isn't a man of taste and discrimination; he proves it by going into some other frat; and that, of course, keeps all the men of poor judgment out of our gang and puts them in the others. Regular automatic dispensation of Providence, isn't it?

It's been a long time since I had a chance to gather with the brethren back at Siwash and agree with them how glorious we are, but this note brings it all back. My! how I'd like this minute to go back about ten years and cluster around our big grate fire, which used to make the Felta Kaps so crazy with envy. Those were the good old days when we came back to college in the fall, looked over the haycrop in the Freshman class, picked out the likeliest seed repositories, and then proceeded to carve them out from the clutches of a round dozen rival frats, each one crazy to get a spike into every new student who looked as if he might be president of the Senior class and an authority on cotillons some day. No namby-pamby, drop-three-and-carry-one crochet effects about our rushing those days! We just stood up on our hind legs and scrapped it out. For concentrated, triple-distilled, double-X excitement the first three weeks of college, with every frat breaking its collective neck to get a habeas corpus on the same six or eight men, had a suffragette tea party in the House of Parliament beaten down to a dove-coo.

There's nothing that made us love a Freshman so hard as to have about six other frats after him. I've seen women buy hats the same way. They've got to beat some other woman to a hat before they can really appreciate it. And when we could swat half a dozen rival frats over the heart by waltzing a good-looking young chap down the walk to chapel with our colors on his coat, and could watch them turning green and purple and clawing for air—well, I guess it beat getting elected to Congress or marrying an heiress-apparent for pure, unadulterated, unspeckled joy!

Competition was getting mighty scarce in the country even then. There were understandings between railroad magnates and beef kings and biscuit makers—and even the ministers had a scale of wedding fees. But competition had a happy home on our campus. About the best we had been able to do had been to agree not to burn down each other's frat houses while we were haltering the Freshmen. I've seen nine frats, with a total of one hundred and fifty members, sitting up nights for a week at a time working out plans to despoil each other of a runty little fellow in a pancake hat, whose only accomplishment was playing the piano with his feet. One frat wanted him and that started the others. Of course we'd have got along better if we'd put the whole Freshman class in cold storage until we could have found out who the good men were and who the spoiled fruit might be. We were just as likely to fall in love with a suit of clothes as with a future class orator.

We took in one man once because he bought a pair of patent-leather tan shoes in his Junior year. We argued that, if he had the nerve to wear the things to his Y. M. C. A. meetings, there must be some originality in him after all—and we took a chance. We won. But it's a risky business. Once five frats rushed a fellow for a month because of the beautiful clothes he wore—and just after the victorious bunch had initiated him a clothing house came down on the young man and took the whole outfit. You can't always tell at first sight. But then, I don't know but that college fraternities exercise as much care and judgment in picking brothers as women do in picking husbands. Many a woman has married a fine mustache or a bunch of noble clothes and has taken the thing that wore them on spec. That's one more than we ever did. You could fool us with clothes; but the man who came to Siwash with a mustache had to flock by himself. He and his whiskers were considered to be enough company for each other.

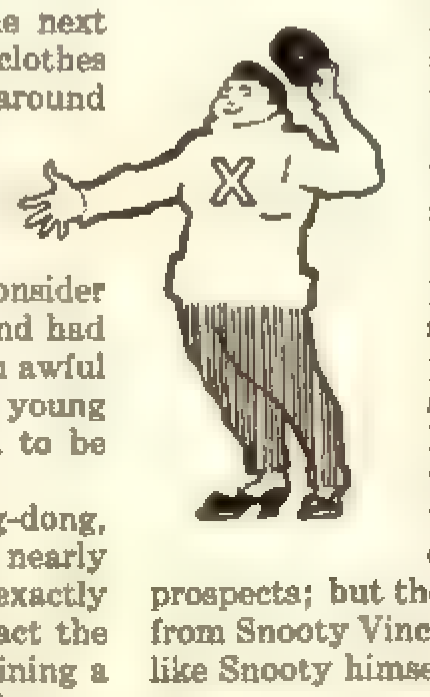
There were plenty of frats in Siwash to make things interesting in the fall. There were the Alfalfa Delts, who had a house in the same block with us and were snobbish just because they had initiated a locomotive works, two railroads and a pickle factory. Then there were the Sigh Whoopsilons, who got to Siwash first and who regarded the rest of us with the same kindly tolerance with which the Indians must have looked at Daniel Boone. And there were the Chi Yis, who fought society hard and always had their picture taken for the college annual in dress suits. Many's the time I've loaned my dress suit to drape over some green young Chi Yi, so that the annual picture could show an unbroken row of open-faced vests. And there were the Shi Delts, who were a bold, bad bunch; and the Fli Gammas, who were good, pious boys, about as exciting as a smooth-running prayer-meeting; and the Delta Kappa Whoopsilons, who got every political office either by electing a member or initiating one; and the Delta Flushes; and the Mu Kow Moos; the Sigma Numerous; and two or three others that we didn't lie awake nights worrying about. Every one of these bunches had one burning ambition—that was to initiate the very best men in the Freshman class every fall. That made it necessary for us, in order to maintain our proud position, to disappoint each one of them every year and to make ourselves about as popular as the directors of a fresh-air and drinking-water trust.

Of course we always disappointed them. Wouldn't admit it if we didn't. But, holy mackerel! what a job it was! Herding a bunch of green and timid and nervous and contrary youngsters past all the temptations and pitfalls and confidence games and blarneyfests put up by a dozen frats, and landing the bunch in a crowd that it had never heard of two weeks before, is as bad as trying to herd a bunch of whales into a fishpond with nothing but hot air for gads. It took diplomacy, pugnacity and psychological moments, I tell you; and it took more: it took ingenuity and inventiveness and cheek and second sight and cool heads in time of trouble and long heads on the job, from daybreak to daybreak. I'd rather go out and sell battleships to farmers, so far as the toughness of the job is concerned, than to tackle the job of persuading a wise young high-school product with two chums in another frat that my bunch and he were made for each other. What did he care for our glorious history? We had to use other means of getting him. We had to hypnotize him, daze him, waft him off his feet; and if necessary we had to get the other frats to help us. How? Oh, you never know just how until you have to; and then you slip your scheme wheels into gear and do it. You just have to; that's all. It's like running away from a bear. You know you can't, but you've got to; and so you do.

Makes me smile now when I think of some of the desperate crises that used to roll up around old Eta Bita Pie like a tornado convention and threaten to engulf the bright, beautiful world and turn it into a howling desert, peopled only by Delta Kappa Whoops and other undesirables. I'm far enough away to forget the heart-bursting suspense and to see only the humor of it. Once I remember the Shi Delts, in spite of everything we could do, managed so to befog the brain of the Freshman class president that he cut a date with us and sequestered himself in the Shi Delt house in an upper back room, with the horrible intention of pledging himself the next morning. Four of the largest Shi Delts sat on the front porch that evening and the telephone got paralysis right after supper. They had told the boy that if he joined them he would probably have to leave school in his Junior year to become governor; and he didn't want to see any of us for fear we would wake him up. I chuckle yet when I think of those four big bruisers sitting on the front porch and guarding their property while I was shinning up the corner post of the back porch, leaving a part of my trousers fluttering on a nail and ordering the youngster in a blood-curdling whisper to hand down his coat, unless he wanted to lose forever his chance of being captain of the football team in his Sophomore year. He weighed the governorship against the captaincy for a minute, but the right triumphed and he handed down his coat. I sewed a big bunch of our colors on it, discoursed with him fraternally while balancing on the slanting roof, shook hands with him in a solemn, ritualistic way and bade him be firm the next morning. When the Shi Delts came in and found that Freshman pledged to another gang they had a convulsion that lasted a week; and to this day they don't know how the crime was committed.

There was another Freshman, I remember, who was led violently astray by the Chi Yis and was about to pledge to them under the belief that their gang contained every man of note in the United States. We had to get him over to the house and palm off a lot of our alumni as leading actors and authors, who had dropped in to dinner, before he was sufficiently impressed to reason with us. Of course this is not what the English would call "rully sporting, don't you know!" but in our consciences it was all classified as revenge. We got the same doses. Billings, of the Mu Kow Moos, pulled one of our spikes out in beautiful fashion once by impersonating our landlord. He rushed up the steps just as a Freshman rushee was starting down all alone and demanded the rent for six months on the spot, threatening to throw us out into the street that minute. The Freshman only hesitated long enough to get his clothes out of the house, and we didn't know for a month what had frozen his feet.

The Fli Gams weren't so slow either. They found out once that one of the men we were just about to land had a great disgust for two of our men. What did one of their alumni do but ooze craftily over our way and mention in the most casual manner the undying admiration that the boy had for those two? Of course we sandwiched him between them for a week—and of course we were pained and grieved when he tossed us into the discard; but we got even with them the next year. We picked up an eminent young pugilist, who made his headquarters in the next town, and for a little consideration and a suit of clothes that was a regular college yell we got him to hang around the campus for a week. We rushed him terrifically for a day and then managed to let the Fli Gams get him. They rushed him for a week in spite of our carefully regulated indignation and then proposed to him. When he told them that he might consider coming to school—as soon as he had gone South and had cleaned up a couple of good scraps—they let out an awful shriek and fumigated the house. They were nice young chaps, but no judge of a pugilist. They expected to be able to see his hoofs.



Well, it was this way every year all fall. Ding-dong, bing-bang, give and take, no quarter and pretty nearly everything fair. As I said, it wasn't considered exactly proper to burn a rival frat house in order to distract the attention of the occupants while they were entertaining a Freshman, but otherwise we did pretty nearly what we pleased to each other—only being careful to do it first. Of course a lot of things are fair in love and war that would not be considered strictly ethical in a game of croquet. And rushing a Freshman is as near like love as anything I know of. It isn't that we love the Freshman so much. When I think of some of the trash we fought over and lost I have to laugh. But we couldn't bear the idea of losing him. To sit by and watch another gang win the affections of a young fellow who you know is designed by Nature for your frat and the football team; to note him gradually breaking off the desperate chumminess that has grown up between you in the last forty-eight hours; to think that in another day he will have on the pledge colors of another fraternity and will be lost to you forever and ever and ever, and then some—what is losing a mere girl to some other fellow compared with that? Of course I realize now that, even if a Freshman does join another frat, you can eventually get chummy with him again after college days are over if you find him worth crossing the street to see; and I find myself lending money to Shi Delts and borrowing it from Delta Whoops just as freely as if they were Eta Bites. But somehow you don't learn these things in time to save your poor old nerves in college.

When I was in school the Alfalfa Delts, the Delta Flushes and the Chi Yis were giving us a horrible race. I'm willing to admit it now, though I'd have fought Jeffries before doing it ten years ago. Each fall was one long whirlwind. The President of the United States in an officeseekers' convention would have had a placid time compared with the Freshmen. We didn't exactly use real axes on each other and we didn't actually tear any Freshman in two pieces, but we came as near the limit as was comfortable. No frat was safe for a minute with its guests. If you tried to feed 'em there was kerosene in the ice cream. If you entertained them some frat with a better quartet worked outside the house. If you took them out to call the parlor would fill up with riffraff in no time; and if you took your eye off your victim for a minute he was gone—some other gang had got him. I sometimes think some of the crowds knew how to palm Freshmen the way magicians do, from the way they disappeared. Even the girls took a hand in it.

When I was a Sophomore I was intrusted with the task of leading a Freshman three blocks down to Browning Hall to call on one of our solid girls, and before I had gone a block two Senior girls met us. They were bare acquaintances of mine, being strong Delta Whoop allies, and they usually only managed to see me after a severe effort; but this time you'd have thought I was a whole regiment of fiancées. They literally fell on my neck. It was cruel of me, they declared, to be so unsociable. There I was, a football hero—I'd broken a rib on the scrub team—and every girl in school was dying to tell me how grand it was to suffer for one's college; and yet I wouldn't so much as hint that I wanted to come to the sorority parties—and lots more talk of the same kind. Naturally I was somewhat dazzled and I'd walked about half a block with the prettiest one before I noticed that the other one was steering Freshie the other way. I turned around and never even said "Good day" to that girl; but it was too late. About a dozen Delta Whoops appeared out of the ground and tried to look surprised as they gathered around that scared little Freshman and engulfed him. We never saw him again—that is, in his innocent condition—and the boys wouldn't trust me with the castoffs we were rushing around for bait the rest of the year. Bait? Oh, yes. Sometimes we'd pledge a man on the quiet and leave him out a week or two, so that plenty of frats could bid him—made them appreciate his worth, you know, and got every one well acquainted.

By the time I was a Senior the competition was desperate. We spent the summers scouring the country for prospects and we spent the first week of school smuggling our trophies into our houses and pledging them, without giving the other fellow a look in—that is, we tried to. We came back fairly strong in our Senior year, with a good bunch of prospects; but the one that excited us most was a telegram from Snooty Vincent in Chicago. It was brief and erratic, like Snooty himself, and read as follows:

> Freshman named Smith will register from Chicago. Son of old man Smith, multimillionaire. Kid's a comer. Get him sure! SNOOTY.

That was all. One of the half million Smiths of Chicago was coming to college—age, weight, complexion, habits and time of arrival unknown. That telegram qualified Snooty for the paresis ward. We didn't even know what Smith his millionaire father was. The world is full of Smiths who are pestered by automobile agents. All we knew was the fact that we had to find him, grab him, sequester him where no meddling Alfalfa Delt or Chi Yi could find him, and make him fall in love with us inside of forty-eight hours. Then we could lead him forth, with the colors and his *art-nouveau* clothes on, spread the glad news—and there wouldn't have to be any more rushing that fall. We'd just sit back and take our pick.

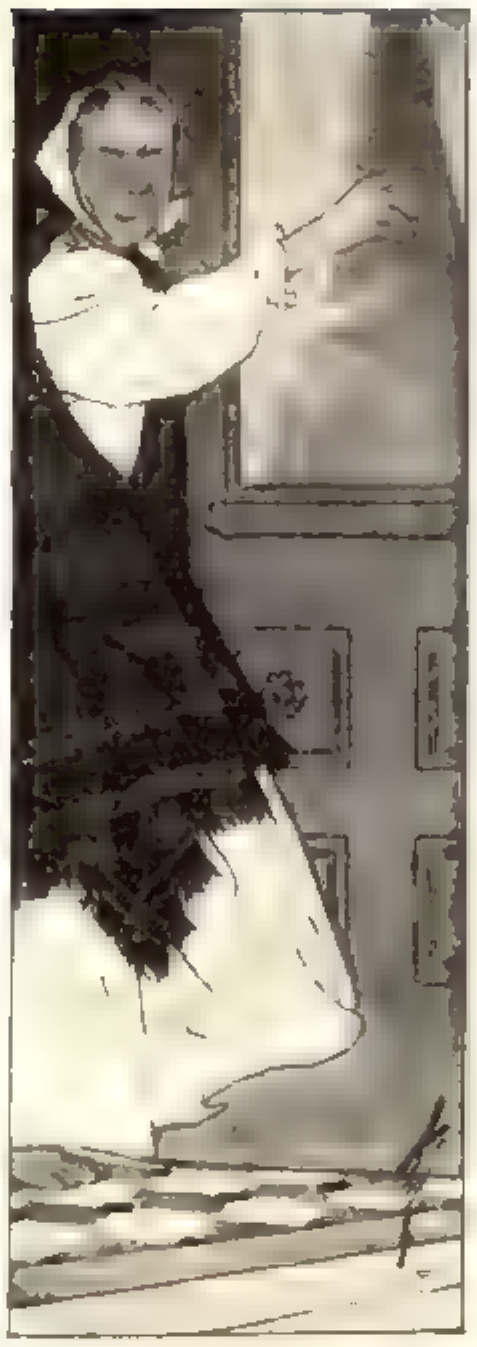
We sat back and built brains full of air-castles for about three minutes—and then got busy. It was matriculation day. There were half a dozen trains to come yet from Chicago on various roads. We had to meet them all, pick out the right man by his aura or by the way the porter looked when he tipped him, and grab him out from under the ravenous foe. The next train was due in ten minutes and the depot was a mile away. We sent Crawford down. He was trying for the distance runs anyway.

The rest of us went out to show a couple of classy boys from a big prep school how to register and find a room, and pick out textbooks; and incidentally how to tell a crowd of magnificent young student leaders from eleven wrangling bunches of miscellaneous thickheads, who wouldn't like anything better than to rope in a couple of good men to teach them the ways of the world. We were succeeding in this to the queen's taste, having accidentally dropped in on our porch with the pair, when young Crawford rushed up green with despair and took the rushing committee inside. He almost cried when he told us. He'd watched the train as carefully as he could, he said, but he couldn't be everywhere at once; and so a couple of Mu Kow Moos had got Smith. He knew it because he had heard them ask what his name was and he had told them Smith. He'd pretty nearly wrecked his brain trying to think of an excuse to butt in, but they had taken the boy away and he'd run all the way to the house to see if something couldn't be done.

Petey Simmons had listened, sitting crosslegged on the windowseat, which was a habit of his. Petey was a Senior and his deep studies in rhetoric during his four years in the frat had given him a great power of expression. He turned to the despairing Crawford and reduced him to a cinder with one look.

"So you couldn't think of any excuse to butt in!" he remarked slowly. "Say, Crawford, if you saw a young lady falling through the ice you'd write to her mother for permission to cheer her up. Which way did they go?"

"They're coming this way," said what was left of Crawford.



*We Could Tell Him That He Would Find His Trunk in the Alley*

Petey grabbed his hat and discharged himself toward the depot. We brought in those big prep school boys and tried to give them the time of their lives, but our hearts weren't in it. We were thinking of those Mu Kow Moos—that frat of all others—blissfully towing home a prize they'd stumbled onto and didn't know anything about! We thought of those beautifully designed air-castles we were hoping to move into and we got pumpkins in our throats. Stung on the first day of school by a bunch that had to wear their pins on their neckties to keep from being mistaken for a literary society! Oh, thunder! We went in to dinner all smeared up with gloom. Then the door opened and Petey came in. He was five feet five, Petey was, but he stooped when he came under the chandelier. He had a suitcase in one hand and a stranger in the other.

"Boys," he said, "I want you to meet Mr. Smith, of Chicago."

## II

AT FIRST glance you wouldn't have taken Smith for a perambulating national bank, with a wheelbarrow of spending-money every month. He was well-enough dressed and all that, but he didn't loom up in any mountainous fashion as to looks. He was runty and his hair was a kind of discouraged red. He had freckles too, and he was so bashful that his voice blushed when he used it. He didn't have a word to say until dinner, when he said "thank you" to Sam, the waiter. Altogether he was so meek that he had us worried; but then, as Allie Banks said, you can't always tell about these multimillionaires. Some of them didn't have the nerve of a mouse. He'd seen millionaires in New York, he said, who were afraid of cabdrivers.

"And besides," said Petey, when a few of us were talking it over after dinner, "I'd never have got him if he hadn't been so meek. I was determined that no Mu Kow Moo was going to hang anything on us; and when I saw the three of them coming I waded right in. Allison and Briggs, those two dumb Juniors, were doing the steering. It was like taking candy from the baby. I just fell right into them and took about five minutes to tell those two how glad I was to see them back. I introduced myself to Smith; and—would you believe it?—he was still carrying his suitcase! I grabbed it and apologized for not having carried it all the way up from the station. You should have seen those yaps scowl. They wanted to shred me up, but I never noticed them again. I pointed out all the sights to Smith and told him his friends had written me about him. There was so little room on the sidewalk that I suggested we two walk ahead; and I shoved him right into the middle of the walk and made Allison and Briggs fall behind. I had a piece of luck just then. Old Pete and his sawed-off cab came by and I flagged him in a minute. I shoved Smith in and got in after him. Then I told the two babes that I could take care of Smith all right and that there was no need of their walking clear up to the house. After that I shut the door and we came away. If looks could kill I'd be tuning up my harp this minute. Say, if I didn't have any more nerve than those two I'd get a permit from the city to live. And all the time Smith never made a kick. I had him hypnotized. Now I'm going in and make him jump through a hoop."

We should have been very happy—and we would have been, but just then Symington came in with some astounding news. The Alfalfa Delts had a man named Smith, of Chicago, over at their house. He was on the front porch, with the whole gang around him; and from the looks of things they'd have him benevolently assimilated before twenty-four hours. Naturally this created a tremendous lot of emotion around our house. It was a serious situation. We might have the right Smith and then again we might have a Smith who would be borrowing money for carfare inside of ten minutes. We had to find out which Smith it was before we tampered with his young affections.

Did you ever snuggle up to a young captain of industry and ask him who his father was and whether he was important enough in the business world to be indicted by the Government for anything? That was the job we tackled that night. Smith was meek enough, but somehow even Petey's nerve had its limits. We approached the subject from every corner of the compass. We led up to it, we beat around it—and finally we got desperate and led the boy up to it. But he was too shy to come down with the information. Yes, he lived in Chicago. Oh, on the North Side. Yes, he guessed the stock market was stronger. Yes, the Annex was a great hotel. No, he didn't know whether they were going to put a tower on the Board of Trade or not. Yes, the Lake Shore Drive was dusty in summer.—[Good!]—He wouldn't care to live on it.—[Bah!]—Altogether he was as unsatisfactory to pump as a well full of dusty old brickbats. Just then Rawlins, who had been scouting around seeing what he could run against in the dark of the moon, arrived with the stunning information that the Chi Yis had a man named Smith, of Oak Park, at their house and that every corner of the lawn was guarded by picked men!

When we got this news most of us went upstairs and bathed our heads in cold water. Oak Park sounded even more suspicious than Chicago. It's a solid mahogany suburb and everybody there is somebody or other. You have to get initiated into the place just as if it were a secret society, it's so exclusive. That meant there were three Smiths from Chicago in school. We had only one Smith. We had a one-in-three shot.

We stuck the colors on the boys from the big prep school just to keep our hands in and went to bed so nervous that we only slept in patches. Still, two Chicago Smiths in other frat houses were better than one. It meant that at least one frat wasn't sure of its man. Maybe neither one was. Our scouts had reported that, from what they could pick up, neither Smith had it on our Smith much in looks. That could only mean one thing: there had been a leak in the telegraph office again. What show has a guileless sixty-five-dollar-a-month operator against a bunch of crafty young diplomatists? They had read our telegram and were after the same Smith that we were.

By morning the suspense around the house could have been shoveled out with a pitchfork. If one of the other frats had the right Smith and knew it, and had pledged him during the night, there was positively no use in living any longer. Petey, who had shared his room with our Smith, reported that he was now like wax in our hands. But that didn't comfort us much. It was too confoundedly puzzling. Maybe we had the heir to a subtreasury panting to join us and maybe his freckles were his fortune. All Petey had gouged out of him during the night was the fact that his father wanted him to come to Siwash because it was a nice, quiet place. Oh, yes; it was deadly calm!

It couldn't have been more than seven o'clock when the telephone rang. Petey answered it. A relative of Smith's was at the hotel and had heard the boy was at our house. Would we please tell him to come right down? Petey said he would and then rang off. Then he grabbed the 'phone again and asked Central excitedly why she had cut him off. Central said she hadn't, but of course she rang the other line again.

"Hello!" said Petey blandly. "This is the Alfalfa Delt house?"

"No; it's the Chi Yi house," was the answer. Petey put the receiver up contentedly and we all turned handsprings over the library table. Fifty per cent safe, anyway. The Chi Yis were trying to sort out the Smiths too.

It was an hour before anything else happened. Then Matheson of the Alfalfa Delts, a ponderous personage, who wore a silk hat on Sunday and did instructing, came over and asked if we had a man named Smith with us. He was to be a pupil of his he said, and he wanted to arrange his work. Of course Matheson was hoping to get a green man at the door, but he didn't have any luck. Bangs himself let him in and let him read two or three magazines through in the library while we turned some more handsprings—in the dining room this time. The Alfalfa Delts were fishing too. It was a fair field and no favors.

After a while Bangs told Matheson that the man named Smith presented his compliments and said it was all a mistake. His tutor's name was not Matheson, but Muttonhead. That sent Matheson away as pleasant as you please.

All that day we sat around and beat off the enemy and got beaten off ourselves. Our Smith got a Faculty notice to appear at once and register—that is, it got as far as the door. We sent it back to the Chi Yi house. We sent the Alfalfa Delt Smith a telegram from Chicago, reading: "Father ill. Come at once." That only got as far as a door too. Some Alfalfa Delt got it and sent the boy back with the answer: "So careless of father!" Blanchard called up the fire department and sent it over to the Chi Yi house hoping to be able to slip over and cut out Smith in the confusion that followed; but the game was too old. The Chi Yis had played it themselves the year before and refused to bite. Meantime we had found a Chi Yi alumnus in the kitchen trying to sell a book to the cook; and in the proceedings that followed we discovered that the book had a ten-dollar bill in it. All around, it was an entertaining but profitless day. By night, there wasn't another idea left in the three camps. We sat exhausted, each clutching its Smith and glaring at the other two.

As far as our Smith was concerned we almost wished some one would steal him. He was about as interesting as a pound of baking powder. What with fishing for his Bradstreet rating, and inventing lies to keep him from going out and seeing the town, and watching the horizon for predatory Alfalfa Delts and Chi Yis, we were plumb worn out. We were so skittish that, when the bell rang about eight o'clock, we let it ring four times more before we answered it; and when the ringer claimed to be an Eta Bita Pie from Muggledorfer who had come over to attend Siwash, we made him repeat pretty nearly the whole ritual before we would consider his credentials good.

He got in at last, slightly peevish at our unbrotherly welcome, and took his place in the library circle. We were explaining the whole situation to him, when Allie Bangs gave an earnest yell and stood on his head in the corner.

"What did you say your name was?" he asked the visitor after he had been set right side up again.

"Maxwell, of Damma Yappa chapter," said the latter.

"No, it isn't," said Bangs earnestly. "You ought to know your own name!" he went on severely. "It's Smith—and you're a barb from the cornfield! You've come to Siwash to forget how to plow and tomorrow you're going to organize a Smith Club. Do you hear? Don't let me catch you forgetting your name now—and listen closely."

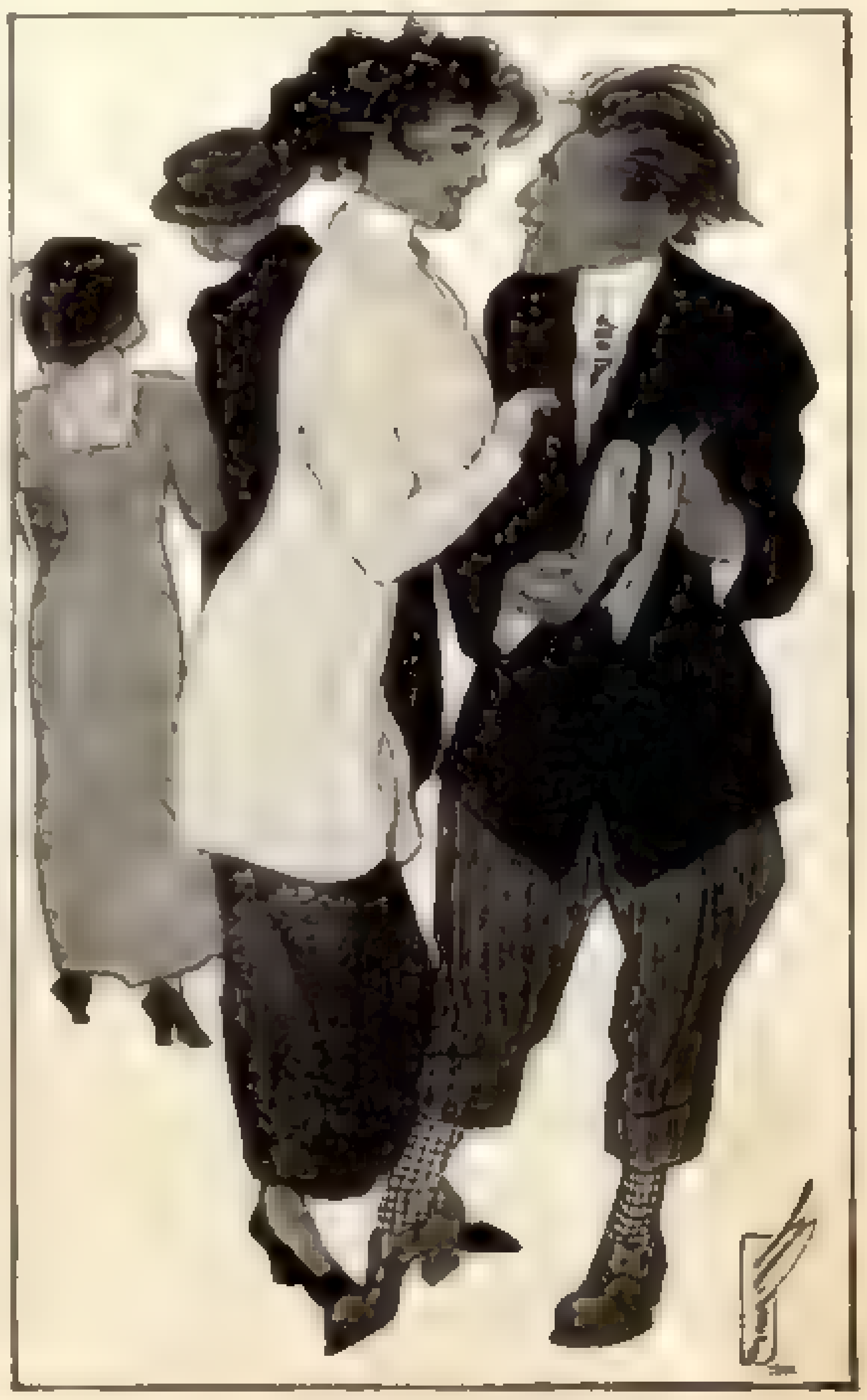
It was all as simple as beating a standpat Congressman. Maxwell was a stranger, of course. He was to pin his Eta Bita Pie pin on his undershirt and go forth in the morning a brand-new Smith, green and guileless. It was to occur to him just before chapel that a Smith Club ought to be formed and he was to post a notice to that effect. He would get a couple of well-known non-fraternity Smiths interested and have them visit the houses and see the Chicago Smiths. With all the Smiths in session that night, he ought to have no difficulty in finding out which was the son of old man Smith. He could be lowdown and vulgar enough to ask right out if he wished. If he found out he was to cut out that Smith and bring him to our house—if he had to bind and gag him. If he didn't he was to bring all three—if he could.

There was a quiet and most reassuring tone in Maxwell's voice as he said: "I can." They evidently had their little troubles at Muggledorfer too.

"After we get them here," said Bangs earnestly, "we'll just pledge all three from Chicago. We'll surely get the right one that way and perhaps the other two will not be so bad."

Upstairs, Petey Simmons was wearily explaining to our Smith for the ninth time that Freshmen were not allowed to appear on the campus for the first three days; and that it was considered good form to keep indoors until the Sophomore rush; and that there wasn't a room left in

*(Continued on Page 64)*



*Every Girl in School Was Dying to Tell Me How Grand it Was to Suffer for One's College*

# A PERILOUS PHILANTHROPY

## By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CHIEF Engineer Michael O'Rourke was come back to us on Columbia River Light Vessel No. 88 from six weeks' leave of absence. He scrambled up the side ladder, waved his hand to the mate of the tender and dived below to his room, holding in the crook of his arm a very shiny new derby hat. Five minutes later he emerged from the cabin clad in an old uniform. He then consented to talk.

"I spint my lave of absince as a passenger on a big liner," he informed us. "For six weeks I've wor-rn the clothes of the rich and uncomfortable and aten the food of the supercilious and unemployed. I've scor-rned me infariors who wor-rked for a livin' and sworn with iligance at the flunkey that set tin cints' worth of fruit on me bed and char-rged me a dollar for the courtsy. Once more I'm an infarior mesilf, lookin' forward to Uncle Sam's payday: and if you, Misther Lof, will bring me the little book of stores and the ingine-room log I will put you back in your place and assume again the duties of chief ingineer of this packet."

Having gone through this formality, Mickey relaxed and remarked that travel opened the mind. As he spoke to seafarers, we took his statement as philosophical and not personal. He corrected the adjective: "'Tis not philosophical I mean. Philosophy is for ould people who are too poor to be philanthropic. I've moved in high society and I scor-rn philosophy. Me stronghould is philanthropy, the amusemint of the nobility of free Ameriky.

"No; ye may some of yez be philosophers, havin' to wor-rk for your wages and wid no money to spind in iligant ways; but philanthropy is two steps above ye. I'm now a philanthropist and me mind is opened. 'Tis poor wor-rk instructin' thim that are busy earnin' their pay, but I see that ye are an ignorant lot and deserve nothin' betther than to be taught be your supariors.

"None of yez remmber Tommy Stubbs, 'prentice boy on the ould City of Brussels—God rest her bones!—but all of yez know from the papers of Thomas Stubbs, the millioner of New York. Ye know him for his philanthropy, which means that he has so much money that he cannot spind it honestly and therefore hires honest min to spind it for him. He was a passenger on the Emperor, on which I wint to China but just now. And I will tell you the story of Thomas, once Tommy, and elucidate to yer dull minds the perils that philanthropists suffer, which are greater than any perils on the deep watthers.

"In the first place, I found mesilf in San Francisco with three paychecks in me hat and still money in me pocket. Says I to mesilf, 'Me bould boy, ye are rich. How will ye spind your fortune?' And mesilf answers, with wan eye cocked at a big placard, 'Ye will go as a passenger on a big liner for the first time in yer life and speak to no man widout the coin ready in his pocket to show his supariority to thim that wor-rk.'

"So I wint in and bought me a cabin passage to Yokohama and return, with stopover privileges at Honolulu and a fine opportunity to visit Manila if yer money hild out. And the next day I wint aboard and a flunkey took me little grip and led me down across the carpets to a little room wid two other min sittin' on the edge of the bunks like gulls on a plank. I greeted thim haughtily and demanded to know the usual quistions asked be the first-class passengers. Havin' thus impressed the flunkey and me two fellow passengers wid me ignorance and pride, I wint on deck and surveyed the poor sailors as they got the ship out of her berth. And whin I hear-rd the ingine-room gongs ring I smiled and sat down in a chair like a gintleman.

"Before we were outside the Heads they served us with luncheon and I found me place at a little table tucked away in one corner of the saloon. I ordered the things I couldn't make out the names of and thin ate what I could of thim, which was little. Whin I had done me duty I looked around, and right across from me, at the captain's table, I saw Tommy Stubbs, who was a 'prentice on the ould City of Brussels whin I was in the black-pan watch. He sat there with his fine clothes and his gold watch, atin' slowly and wid the air of a man who had aten too much the week before. Beside him sat a lady in a green gown wid red hair and a look of sorrow on her face.

"After the meal I wint on deck and to the smokin' room, where I lit me pipe and stared proudly forth out of me plush seat. And me eyes rested on the eyes of Tommy Stubbs. I grinned at him and he grinned back. 'Tis Mickey O'Rourke!' says he, suckin' his cigar.

"'It is,' I responds. 'And whin did Tommy Stubbs quit an honest livin' and become a passenger?'

"He moved across be me side, spite of the looks of several of the American nobility. And the story came out of him like salt from the condinser.

"Tommy Stubbs had quit bein' Tommy whin his father, who was one of the owners of the ould City Line, had died and gone to glory. So much money had been left him be the executors that he didn't need to know anny more and so left the sea. Thin he was educated, which is learnin' to do nothin' widout excitin' the contimpt of your infariors. And after he was educated, me bould Tommy tould me, he tried to do good with his money. 'Ye see,' said the brave felley, 'I had almost been a wor-rking man mesilf and me hear-rt wint out to thim that toil. Bein' young, me hear-rt wint out specially to the women and gur-rls, so that I took little pleasure out of me club, me horses and me vally 'Tis awful to think of thim that must wor-rk for their bread and butter,' says he.

"'''Tis cruel har-rd,' says I. 'And what did yez do?'

"'I studied philanthropy,' says he. 'I'm known now as a philanthropist from Liverpool and the tame parts of Scotland to the wildest parts of Ameriky.'

"'And what is a philanthropist?' says I. 'We had none in Ireland.'

"He ixplained that it was a man wid money who despised other people wid money and tried to live decent, like the poor. 'Ye may have read in the paper,' said he, 'that I married a workin' gur-rl.'

"'Is she the redhaired gur-rl that sat beside ye at the table wid the sorrowful look on her sweet face?' I demanded.

"'It is,' says he. 'The sorrow is for the gur-rls that still have to wor-rk widout the advantages of wealth.'

"Thin he gave me a cigar which I smoked in silence like anny gintleman; and whin it was finished I wint to me room and found me two companions sittin' in their bunks houldin' their heads wid wake hands. So I rang the bell for the flunkey and expostulated wid him for the discomfort of havin' to sleep wid min widout stomachs and finally tur-rned in on the main deck wid Pat Riordan, chief fireman in the ould days whin I was runnin' in the Pacific Coast Company.

"In the mor-rnin' the first man I met was Tommy Stubbs. He greeted me heartily and we walked up and down the deck unmindful of the boys who were tryin' to clane it against the sharp eye of the mate. I inquired after his lady. He sighed. 'She is unhappy, Mickey,' said he. 'It seems as if she niver could forget the ould days and the poor gur-rls who wor-rked for their livin'.'

"And in the early mor-rnin' air, wid none about, he opened his heart as did young Tommy years before, whin a 'prentice lad looked up to a stoker and made frinds wid him for the sake of a warm place and a yarn. I tell yez the truth, as Tommy tould it to me that mor-rn.

"Whin he had come into his money—and it was thousands of pounds—he had been educated till he sorrowed for thim that had less. And in his sorrowin' he met Lelia Toomey, an Irish gur-rl who was livin' down in New York on the six dollars a week she made be sellin' goods in a big shop. And it struck me bould Tommy that, if he was to be a philanthropist and do the right thing, he ought to marry Lelia. Which he did.

"'I married her because I found mesilf cheated and foxed at ivery tur-rn,' he tould me. ''Twas me part to do good among the wor-rkin' classes and so I married Lelia. She has been a wonderful help to me in me philanthropy, knowin' the ways of the gur-rls and their terrible sufferin's. Widout her I would a' been a poor benyfactor to the race through ignorance.'

"'Philanthropy is a new name for love,' says I.

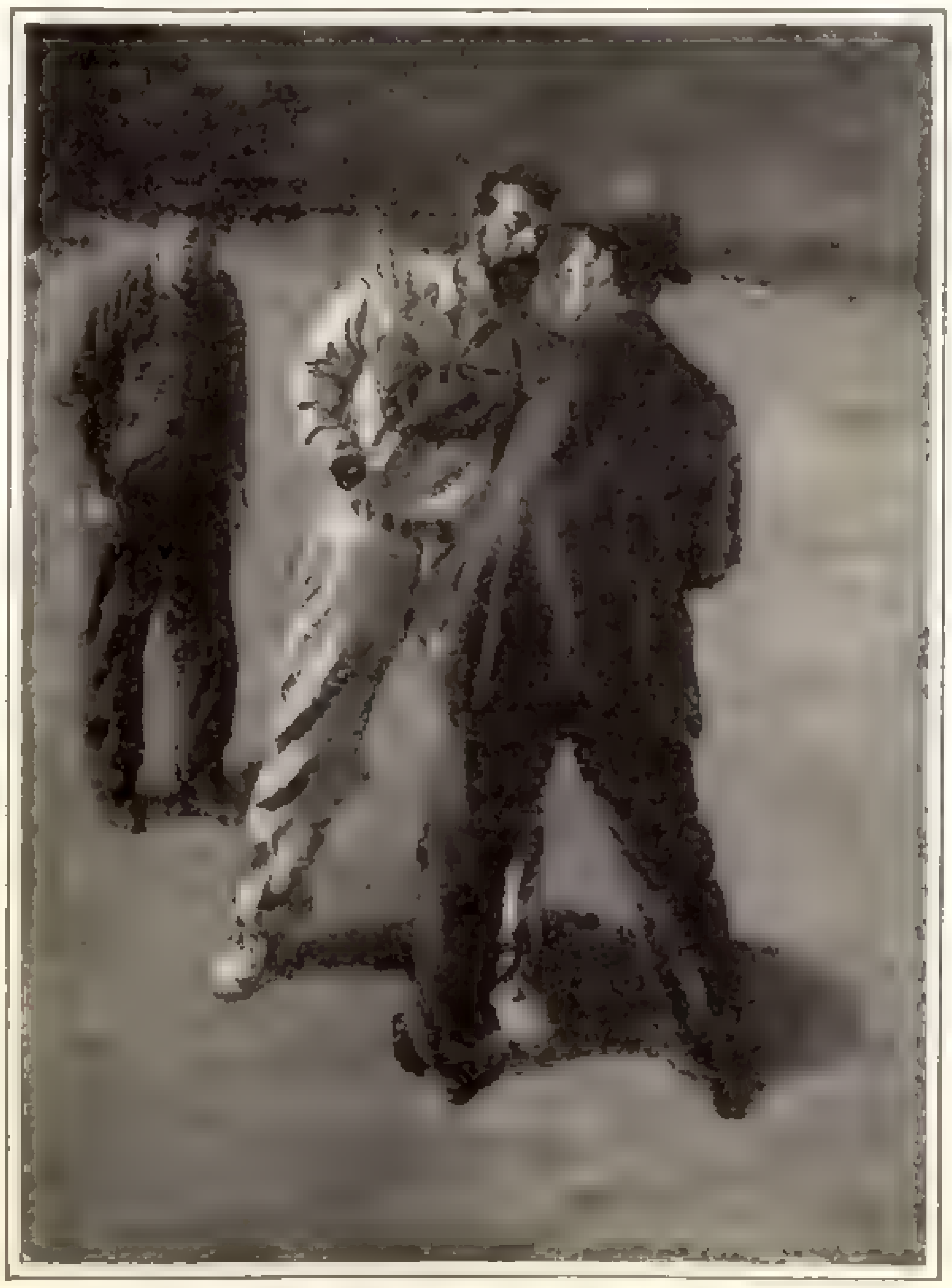
"'No, Mickey,' says he. 'I didn't marry for love. 'Twas merely a part of me philanthropy. A man of my high position cannot afford to consider himself. Ye see she could help me to give me money away widout scandal, knowin' as she did the ins and outs of bein' poor. Ye have no notion how wicked the poor are whin they think they can do ye out of yer fortune.'

"And the felley sighed and looked away.

"After breakfast Tommy hunted me out and said: 'Ye know no newspaper men, Mickey?'

"'Divil a wan,' said I.

"'Thin I will talk to yez,' says he. 'For six years I've been silent and speechless because the papers put it all into print.'

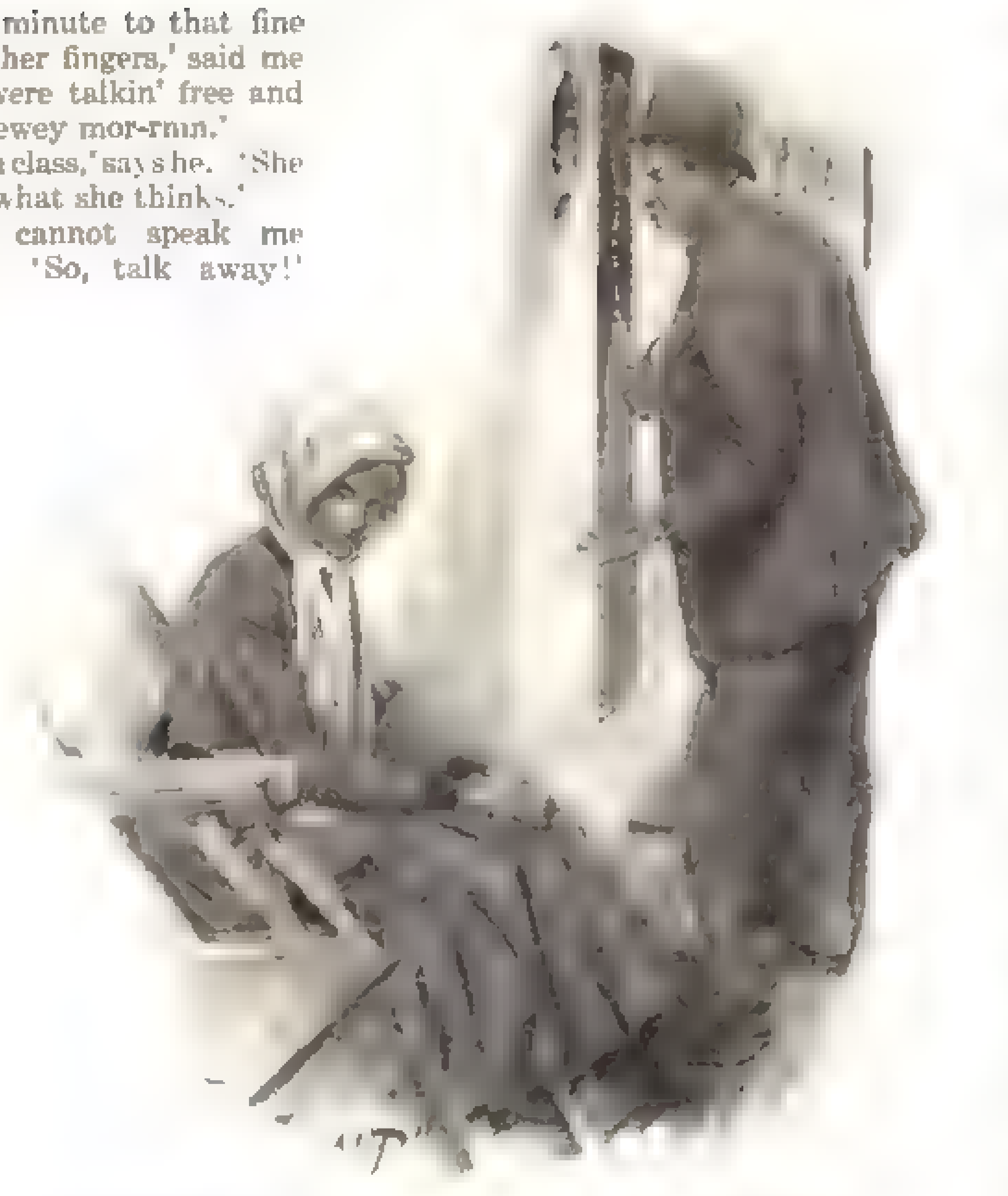


"A Man Wid Salt on His Beard and Trouble in His Eyes Stuck a Heavy Fist Under Me Mouser"

"'I saw ye talkin' this minute to that fine lady wid the diamonds on her fingers,' said me bould Mickey. 'And ye were talkin' free and easy as any gossoon of a dewey mor-rnin.'

"'That is a lady of me own class,' says he. 'She is rich and says nothin' of what she thinks.'

"'And I'm poor and cannot speak me mind,' I returns briskly. 'So, talk away!'



"'Was it the Gold That Ye Loved Whin Ye Married Tommy Stubbs?' I Inquires'

"But our talk amounted to little, being mostly mesilf rememberin' the ould days on the City of Brussels and how we used to enrage the skipper. And suddintly Tommy quits me and goes to speak wid the rich lady wid diamonds.

"I strolled off, free and easy, and in my walkin' passed Mrs. Tommy, wid her red hair and her green dress and her look of sorrow. I made bould to stop and address her. 'I'm Mickey O'Rourke, a shipmate of yer husband's,' says I. 'I knew him whin he was poor and no philanthropist.'

"She smiled at me sweetly and I sat down. 'He tould me yez were Irish,' I remarked.

"'I still smell me father's pipe,' says she.

"'I observe that yer husband smokes cigars,' I retorts.

"'He is very generous,' says she. 'And he is rich.'

"And wid these wor-rds we fell into sociability and talked. She seemed to enjoy me bould Mickey's stories of her husband's young days and at the ind of it all she said: 'I wish ye could make Tommy remimber the times he had whin he was a boy.'

"'God forbid!' says I. 'He was thin poor and industrious. Now he is rich and a philanthropist. Wid a fine wife like yersilf and all his money, why should he remimber the days whin he wor-rked?'

"'Mickey,' says she, 'a philanthropist is no husband at all, at all.'

"She was a lady and said no more. I wint down to me room and thrust out me two companions and hild me head in me hands to think.

"'Twas a poor broth to be made out of such fine game. Here was Tommy, wid his money and his philanthropy. There was a fine gur-rl wid her sorrow and her sweet ways. And they were farther apart than the divil and Saint Peter. Tommy, wid the ignorance of wealth, had married a gur-rl in order that he might give his money to other gur-rls widout being cheated. Lelia Toomey had married a philanthropist, not a heavy-fisted man wid a war-rm wor-rd and love in his heart. I hild me head so long that me neck had to be reminded be me stomach that it was mealtime.

"Siveral times did Tommy Stubbs have speech wid me. But he had speech more often wid the lady wid the diamonds. And Lelia Toomey sat in her chair and looked out on the sea. To comfort her I sat in a chair and smoked me pipe widout noticin' the growls and scor-rn of the deck boys.

"One day she spoke to me softly: 'Mickey, did me husband tell yez why he married me?'

"I did not look at her for shame. In the silence she put her little hand on me rough paw. 'Mickey,' says she again, 'did yez marry the gur-rl yez loved?'

"And we sat there together wid nothing to say. But prisintly I spoke up: 'Have ye had childher?'

"'No childher,' says she.

"'Nor I,' says me bould Mickey to comfort her. 'No father have I been excipt a godfather, and the priest swore I disgraced mesilf at the time.'

"'Thin we are even,' says she.

"'We are not even,' says I. 'I have nayther chick nor child. Ye have a husband that is rich and notorious and a philanthropist.'

"'We will say no more about it, Mickey,' says she softly. 'A bed is a bed though the covers be thin. I've made me bed.'

"'And no sleep do yez get,' says I. 'But I am silent.'

"Which was a lie. For I wint and dragged Tommy away from the fine lady wid diamonds and pushed him up in a corner and said: 'Misther Stubbs, 'tis none of poor Mickey's business; but I stole a spoon whin I was a babe in ar-rms and have stuck it into ivery man's bowl since. Will yez tell me why ye married that fine Irish lass?'

"He tried to scor-rn me, but I would not be scor-rned. And thin he said: 'I have done a great service to the wor-rkin' gur-rls of the wor-rld. I have ilevated thim. I have done iverythin' that me wife advised. But I have me own class, which I long for at times. A man cannot live widout the society of his equals.'

"I saw that he considered Lelia Toomey no equal of his, being merely the wife of a philanthropist. So I shook him off and wint down to me room to think. Me thoughts left the Emperor and returned to a place yez know nothing of and a gur-rl yez will niver hear the name of. At the ind of me meditation I wint back to Lelia and said: 'Do yez love yer husband?'

"''Tis mighty impudent ye are, Mickey O'Rourke!' says she, wid a blush on her cheek. 'But if it be concern of yours, I do.'

"'Thin I will explain to yez how to put Mrs. Diamonds in her place,' says I. 'I have lied to ye, but now I will tell the truth. Tommy tould me he married yez to help the wor-rkin' gur-rls. But I think he married ye because he loved ye. Philanthropy may do for society, but I knew him whin he had no money and the heart of him is good. The trouble wid me bould Tommy is that he does not know he has been in love, being blinded by his riches.'

"The woman drew hersilf up proudly. 'Mickey, I've given yez the privileges of a frind,' says she. 'Now ye go too far, interferin' between me and me husband!'

"'I have seen manny a man made a fool of by a woman,' I retorted bouldly. 'But niver before have I seen a good woman made a fool of be money. And 'tis you, Lelia Toomey, that are cheated out of your rights be the force of gold. Ye could have had your husband yoursilf and instid ye allowed his money to snatch him away from ye. Therefore I tell ye that ye are a fool, in spite of yer pretty face and yer philanthropy. What is philanthropy to childher?' And I scor-rned her.

"That night at dinner I heard Stubbs talking very proudly to some other man at the table. 'I am very much interested in that form of philanthropy,' said he. 'I have made a special study of the troubles of the wor-rkin'-gur-rl class. Me wife was a wor-rkin' gur-rl. I have learned much from her.'

"I stared over and saw the eyes of people fixed on Lelia Toomey. Mrs. Diamonds looked at her specially tender and said in a sweet voice: 'How glad you must be, Mrs. Stubbs, to have the opportunity of ilevatin' the poor gur-rls such as you were!'

"And Lelia blushed and looked down, instead of givin' the woman an Irish answer. I was ashamed for her.

"Whin we arrived in Honolulu we first-class passengers all disembarked to take expinsive trips over the city and Tommy Stubbs left his wife to mail letthers about philanthropy and took Mrs. Diamonds to some beach. 'Twas a scandal on the spot, for who had not hear-rd Mrs. Diamonds' open scor-rn of Mrs. Stubbs? And who had not hear-rd Stubbs himsilf refer to her always as a wor-rkin' gur-rl whom he had married in order to ilevate the poor and needy? So I wint nowhere and informed me companions that I knew all about Honolulu and despised it. So they departed to wonder at the beauties of Nature and spind their money. Whin all were gone and the coalies were at wor-rk dumpin' fuel into the Emperor I sneaked along the upper deck till I came in front of Lelia Toomey. She looked up at me out of her wet eyes and said: 'Mickey, are ye a gintleman?'

"'I'd do much for yez,' I replied. 'But kape widin me limits.'

"'Go away and forget that I am weeping,' says she.

"Whin the Irish weep the English get ready for more trouble; and with me eyes over the sea I stirred that young woman to more tears, knowin' that whin they dried 'twould be in the fire that is Ireland's sunburst. Prisintly she looked up at me. 'Mickey,' says she, 'am I not as pretty as Mrs. Diamonds?'

"'I rayfuse to tell,' I returns.

"'Is she more a woman worth while than me?' she persists.

"'I have nothin' to say,' says me bould Mickey.

"'And why does Tommy like her betther and lave me to the empty glory of bein' a poor wor-rkin' gur-rl who married riches?' she goes on.

"'Was it the gold that ye loved whin ye married Tommy Stubbs?' I inquires.

"'Mickey,' says she, 'ye will niver die unhappy for not havin' asked too much. But a quistion is a quistion, though out of the mouth of a poor man. Whin I promised to be Mrs. Stubbs I knew little excipt that Tommy was big and strong and had a way wid him. What cared I whether he was a philanthropist? His ar-rms were big and his eyes bright whin he saw me. Mickey! Mickey! Why did I lose him?' And she stared out on the wharves wid dry eyes.

"So I sat and thought of one whose name ye will niver hear and I smelt the smoke of the mor-rnin' fire in a place ye are none of yez worthy to see; and me toes crept in me boots for lack of the turf under me feet. And whin I had thought I spoke.

"'Lelia Toomey,' says I, 'yer husband spint much money to get ye; but, like Ireland, ye wint too cheap and thereby made yersilf unremimbered whin the bargain was past. 'Tis betther for a woman to hold hersilf too dear than to yield too quickly. Make Tommy spind his wealth to keep yez.'

"'And ye mean?' she asks softly.

"'Let us quit this plush packet and stop ashore a while,' I returns bouldly. 'Are ye afraid he will not come back after ye?'

"'Ye mean?' she repeats.

"'I mean this,' says I: 'We will leave this ship immediate and leave no word. And whin Tommy comes back with Mrs. Diamonds and does not find ye he will think ye have gone ashore to shop. And he will say nothin'. But whin the ship sails, and he finds ye not aboard, what will he do?'

"'God knows, Mickey,' says she. 'I am afraid!'

"'Are ye afraid of Mrs. Diamonds?' I says.

"And the gur-rl's blood turned to roses in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled. 'I am not,' says she. 'But, Mickey, the ship will carry him to China and he will forget me.'

"'Has he remimbered yez?' I demanded.

"'He is always kind,' she replies, the look of sorrow comin' into her sweet face.

"'The rich can afford to be kind,' says me bould Mickey. 'A loving blow is betther than easy wor-rds.'

"'Would yez have struck her?' she asks quickly.

"''Twould have been a great risk,' I says, 'for she was high-spirited.'

"'I will go wid ye,' she says. 'But if he does not come back for me I shall niver forgive ye—and may God save ye, Mickey O'Rourke!'

"So I wint down and caught a hackdriver be wakin' him up out of a sound sleep and the two of us sneaked down from the ship; and we drove to a hotel where Lelia got a room and said: 'Mickey, sit on the steps and do not let me go back, for I am weak. Whin does the Emperor sail?'

"'She sails at six o'clock,' I tould her. 'Till thin I sit here; and if ye value yer life ye will not timpt me to strike yez be tryin' to escape to a man that cares nothing for yez.'

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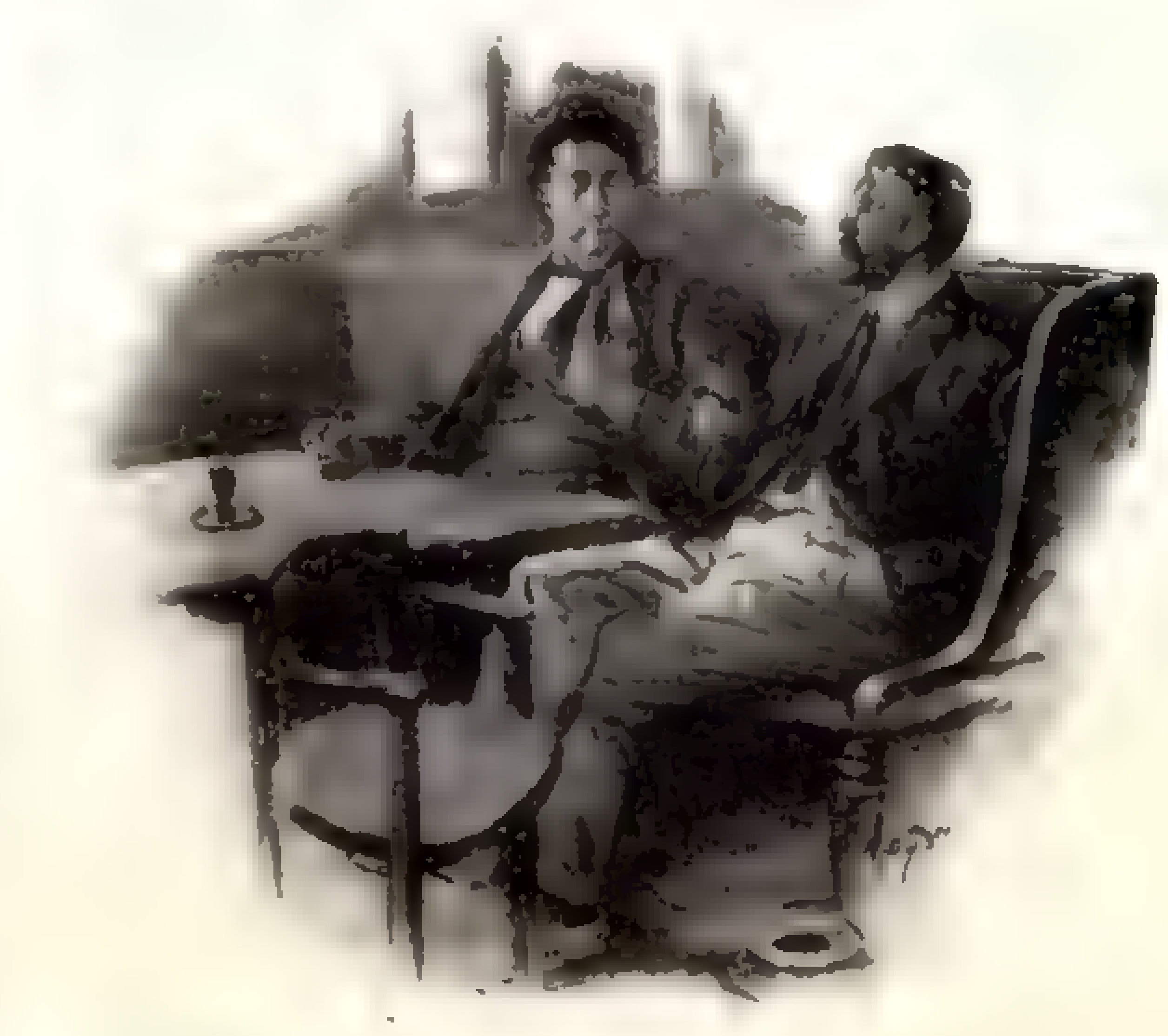


"'I'm Known Now as a Philanthropist From the Tame Parts of Scotland to the Wildest Parts of Ameriky'"

# MAKING INSURGENTS

## Why Small Shippers Want Government Supervision of Railroads

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

A SHORT time ago the president of a railroad in my district delivered himself of a somewhat pungent sentiment regarding the present public unrest. His speech was designed to show that attacks on large interests come mainly from those who have failed to improve their own chances.

Briefly, this is what he said:

"Plenty of opportunities still exist for the men who know how to make opportunities."

There is a great deal in this. I judge there is more, in fact, than perhaps the president imagined. My own case is an instance. A few years ago I became a shipper on his road—a small shipper, let me add. Today, as a result, I've had virtually to begin all over again—or, to put it another way, at the age of forty-five I am back in the employ of others. Besides, in my effort to better myself I lost every dollar I had in the world.

Sounds forlorn, doesn't it?—as if I were a hopeless failure.

No, sir!—that's not the way I look at it. If I am a failure you've got to prove it to me. Besides, you'll have to prove it to my wife. Ordinarily a man does not drag his wife into a business matter, but in this, as you will see presently, she is every way as much concerned as I am. It is so because, though a man is the architect of his own fortunes, his wife often has the building contract.

### Vetoing the Showy House

BUT this is not my argument—or, at any rate, it is not more than a part of it. What I wish to show is why some men go under where others are able to make good. As you will allow, it is a subject I can handle with authority, especially the part that has to do with failures. On the other hand, let me add that I am now on my feet again; I am saving money and feel confident that success is now coming my way. Aside from this, however, my story throws a great deal of light on one condition that has helped to make or break many men. I refer to the relation between the small shipper and the railroad.

To begin with, I am a salesman. Coal is my specialty—soft coal out of the Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh No. 8 districts, which I sell in carload lots. Formerly I also handled anthracite. Some years ago, however, the big carriers that control the hard-coal output began withdrawing their product from the hands of the wholesale middlemen—briefly, it was because they saw more profit in selling on their own account—and, though the shift in business policy was clearly within their rights, it cost many good men their places. In my own case, however, the change resulted to advantage, inasmuch as it made me weigh carefully certain facts that I'd barely considered before.

Foremost among these was the fact of my own position. Things looked pretty dark for me—all the more gloomy since I'd been married only a month or so. At the time I was working for the same people who now employ me—a large firm of shippers on the lakes. In cargo bottoms and in cars they were sending to Canada and the West a sizable tonnage of anthracite, all of which was now cut short in a season. So, to readjust the business to the loss of trade, my employers began paring down their staff. One by one they got rid of surplus salesmen; and, though I had been with them for more than seven years and was by no means the least valuable of their employees, I felt that unless matters improved my own head might fall into the basket. Then, just at the crucial moment, luck—or my own efforts, perhaps—saved me. I landed a big gas-coal contract, one that the firm had been after for years; and, as the profit in the deal far more than covered my pay, I not only was retained but was allowed a raise in salary.

"I Don't Think You're a Failure—Not Yet, Anyway, I'll Admit"

Though I had every reason to rejoice, I gave way to little exultation. It was because, during my worry, I had begun to think. For the first time, now, I debated whether I must content myself to work always in others' employ or whether I could find a way to better myself.

Though I gave the question a great deal of hard thought, I was far from the answer until my wife—rather abruptly, let me say—supplied it.

Now, as I've remarked before, under ordinary circumstances I'd avoid domestic details. Usually they are out of place in any business matter. In this case, however, I use them to make a point—the fact that thrift and effort, even though of the most persistent sort, are not in themselves sufficient to insure a man's success. This is made clear, however, in what arose out of my wife's first suggestion as to my affairs.

"You'll Get Care. That's What We're Here for, Ain't It?"

It came on the day we moved into our first home, the same two-story dwelling we still occupy. After I'd received my raise I'd figured on renting a better house—something more showy, perhaps. My salary amounted now to twenty-four hundred dollars a year—which is pretty good, too, as salaries go in the somewhat thrifty coal trade; and because of this I felt I must keep up appearances—in other words, make a show. But my wife wouldn't have it. She said the house was plenty big enough and that we could wait till I was making more before we moved into a better one. We were, in fact, warmly discussing the whole matter of living up to one's position, when my wife declared herself.

"Look here!" she said suddenly; "I'm not going to have a larger house; and, what's more, I'm not even going to have a housemaid—that is," she added decisively, "not so long as I have two hands left to do the work myself."

To say I was dumfounded hardly expresses it. If my income was not extraordinary it was still large enough to afford a servant. However, before I could gather breath enough to ask the reason she bluntly volunteered it. "It's because I'm not satisfied with your place," she said.

To be brief about it, she had decided that any position dependent on another's say-so might readily be improved upon.

"It's this way," observed my wife: "I wouldn't have worried, even though you'd lost your place. A man of your energy can always get another—that is, so long as he's able to work. What bothers me is the future—what you're going to do when you've lost your youthful energy." Upon this, she added that the world of the employed was made up of two classes—those who lived on wages because they couldn't help themselves, and those who could help themselves but wouldn't. "Now, mind me," she warned when I was tempted to smile at her earnestness; "I'm serious!"

### The Cheerlessness of Cheese Paring

SO WAS I, for that matter. My recent worry had scared me more than I was willing to acknowledge; but, though I agreed with my wife in her views, I had yet to see the way by which I could help myself. If you let me explain certain things about my trade you will readily see my difficulty.

On the sales side the coal business is like any other business. Some sell coal readily, as if almost by instinct; while with others results are achieved only by the hardest, most persistent effort. I belong to this class. To be sure, I succeed; I sell coal—a great deal of coal, as, in fact, I was doing then. But, both in the past and now, to do so has always cost me heavy labor; and, what is more, I believe the same is true with the majority of coal salesmen. Competition has brought this about. It has grown so keen—fierce, it might be said—that the high-strung type of selling genius among us burns out pretty quickly. By this I mean that men of that sort can't stand the strain of watching day and night to keep some other fellow from walking off with their trade.

Though patient—careful and persistent too—I lacked, as I've said already, any definite ambition to pay for so much effort. In other words, I was like too many other salesmen in that the future was provided for largely by vague expectations—the usual idle hope that some happy though unguessed circumstance might land me in business for myself. Of course I knew enough to see that this opportunity would never come through the firm that employed me. Theirs was a close corporation whose shares ultimately would be handed down to the partners' sons. Nor, when I studied the situation, could I see a much better chance elsewhere. Times were changing. In former years opportunities had perhaps been within easy reach. A few thousand dollars was enough; and with this capital and a little trade of his own the salesman found it possible to obtain the agency of one or more coal pits in his district. However, before I'd earned either the necessary money or experience, the opportunity had begun to pass. Ten cents a ton had been the brokerage formerly allowed the soft-coal middleman; now it had been cut to a nickel; and, besides, mine operators in every field were beginning to understand how much they gave away in allowing others to handle their output. Therefore, to get into business—or, rather, to insure my keeping in it after I'd got in—I must, if I set up for myself, be able to buy a mine of my own.

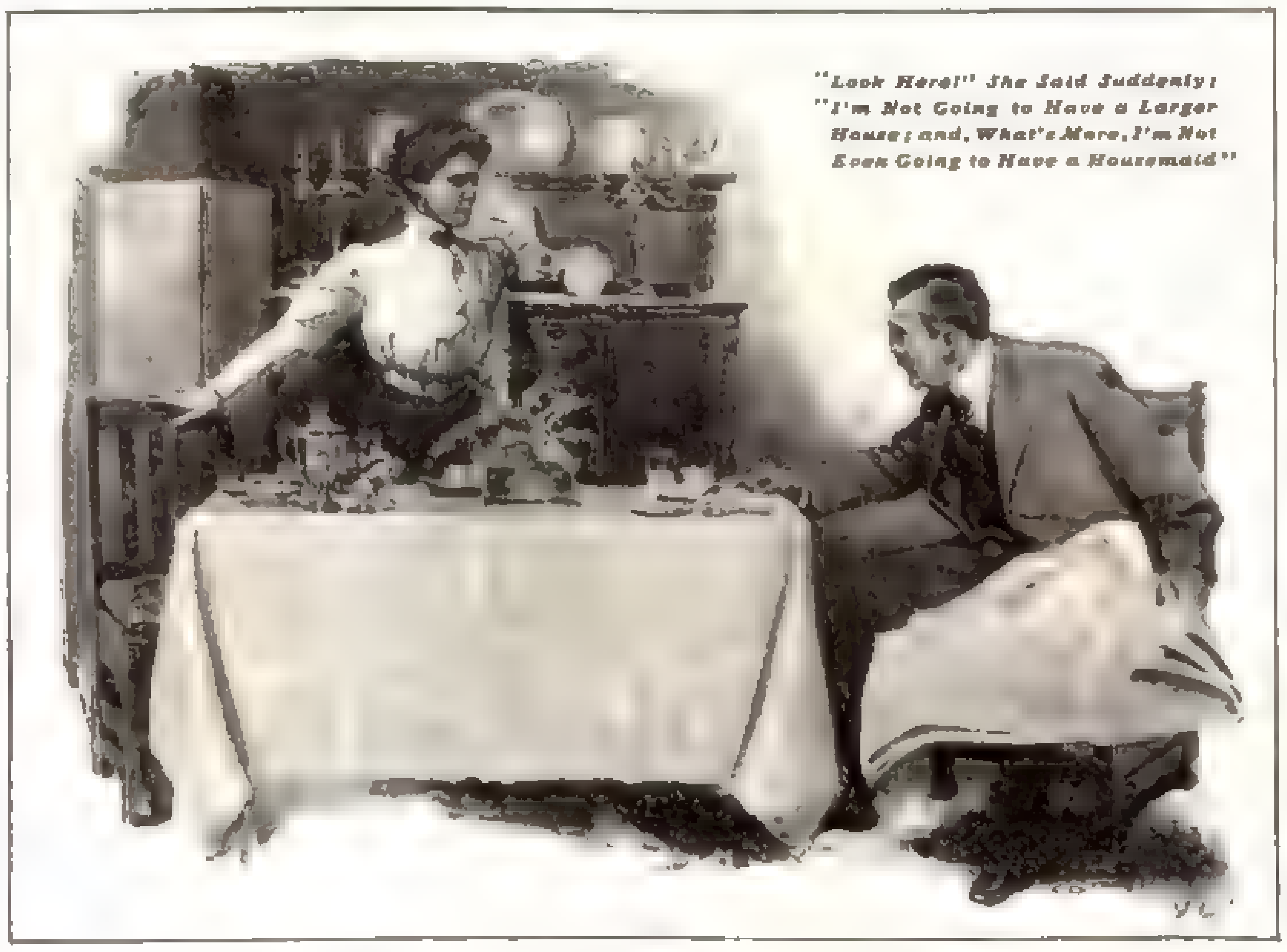
Though the fact was as plain to me as the nose upon my face, I was somehow minus the means. Not that all coal pits cost a great deal; in fact, I've seen some opened and operated successfully on as small a capital as ten thousand dollars—less money, you'll note, than it would take to run a fair-sized store. Yet, whatever a pit might cost, any sort was beyond my means, because all I had in the world was my salary.

Let me say that if I hadn't saved much it wasn't because I'd spent it all on myself. Instead, much of it had been spent on my trade. I was, in fact, what is called a "good mixer," a consistent part of which required the "mixing" to be done both before and behind a mahogany bar. In our district a great deal of coal used to be bought and sold in this way; and, though I never fancied such methods, I was compelled to employ them in competition with others. Today, however, as I'm glad to say, this side of the selling game is passing rapidly. Fuel has grown too valuable to be marketed by such bungling methods; and where you see them used nowadays you may make up your mind that it is a case of one trimmer trying to trim another.

But to get back to my wife. When she spoke of the future I began to get an inkling of what was in her mind. "What we've got to do," she said flatly, "is to save. From now on you and I have got to scrimp and hoard, and lay by every dollar we can get our hands on."

"All right—and then what?" I dully demanded. Altogether, I don't believe I was very cheerful at first. Cheese paring appeals to few men, especially if it's done only to lay up a pittance to retire on when one is superannuated. Indeed, I'd already decided that an endowment policy would be cheaper and far more pleasant; but, as I was to learn, my wife had other plans for the future.

"Why, then," said she in response to my listless query, "when we've saved up enough you've got to get into business for yourself."


"Look Here!" She Said Suddenly; "I'm Not Going to Have a Larger House; and, What's More, I'm Not Even Going to Have a Housemaid"

### *Unrewarded Thrift*

IT WAS fine, of course. Time and again during my worry I'd thought of it. What had steered me off, however, was the feeling that I had no right to ask my wife to deny herself—to save and scrimp in my behalf. Yes, it was fine, no doubt; but at the same time there was one formidable obstacle in the way—the fact that I had only my salary and that to set up for myself I must first buy a mine.

"All right," said my wife confidently, in answer to this objection; "then we'll save till we get the mine."

Nor could anything shake her resolution.

This, then, became our goal. It was to this end—our sole ambition—that we pledged all the best years of our lives. Of course, to save, to scrimp and to hoard sounds easy enough, but only those that have tried it know exactly what it costs. Ours was a rough, uphill climb—the usual one, perhaps, and also of the sort that few would dare if in the beginning they knew what it would entail. That was why, among other things, for a stretch of ten years my wife did her own housework. That was why, too, some "good mixers" in the coal trade grew to think me close, perhaps mean—a "tight-wad." Not that I dwelt on this, however. Instead, I regret only what it cost my wife.

On the other hand, if her burden became great she would not admit it. Day by day she dodged about in her two-story box of a home, combining with every duty of the housewife all the extra tasks of a maid-of-all-work. And, as rigorously as myself—or even more so, perhaps—she herself snatched at every loose penny that floated near us. That she should display such thrift was somewhat remarkable, too, because before her marriage she had spent what she had with an open hand. Moreover, the women she knew were not at all the cautious, saving sort, though many of them were married to men who made no more than I did. However, when a new dress walked down the street or a new hat sailed up the church aisle, I believe my wife found ways to console herself. At any rate, I judge so from her answer to one of my protests that she need not deny herself to such an extent.

To back up my remarks I'd named a friend of hers, a woman noted for her style. "Who?—She!" my wife exclaimed. Quietly smiling, she added: "Yes, I know she has everything—and because she has I'm afraid her husband will keep on working always on a salary—a small one!"

After this gentle dig I held my tongue. I saw that if I wished to improve matters I must say nothing and hustle even harder.

Now, as I've said before, more than thrift and energy is required to insure success in business. Nor are thrift and energy plus intelligence enough to insure it. I have the spirit of saving—you'll allow that, I think—drummed into my hide; and, if I may be permitted to say so, I am also industrious and intelligent. Be that as it may, I'll admit there was one quality that I lacked. It was that very faculty referred to in the railroad president's remark—the basic idea that opportunity makes the man who knows how to make the opportunity.

It required ten years of thrift—of that and the most resolute drudgery—to get into business for myself. Except for several well-planned investments, it might have taken twenty. Yet though it took ten years to get the money, it took only three to lose it.

Quick work, wasn't it?

Yes, I admit it was. I frankly acknowledge that what I had slipped through my fingers pretty swiftly. And why it did, I say again, was due exactly to my ignorance of those opportunities the president spoke about. What is more to the point, even had I known I doubt whether the knowledge could have saved me. To make all this specific, the rock on which I really foundered was my belief that the railroad, as a common carrier, was there to do business generally with the general public.

It wasn't. Furthermore, the same condition exists in a degree more or less acute on every railroad in the soft-coal district. It exists, in fact, on every railroad where the officials themselves compete in business with their own shippers.

For convenience, I will call the line on which I operated the B. & S. W. After looking over the field I decided finally on a small tract of coal land down on its river, low-grade division. The property was nicely placed in every way. Its coal took a competitive freight rate both to the lakes and to tidewater; the fuel was of a superior quality; and, since the property was close to one of the road's main-line yards, I figured that its situation would insure me a steady supply of cars. Another great advantage to me was the fact that the mine would be a drift proposition—that is, the opening would be made directly on the outcropping vein, so that the expense of a shaft and costly hoisting machinery would not be required. Indeed it was the great factor of economy that led me to locate on the B. & S. W. But for the fact that coal lands along the lines of this road were cheaper than those on parallel roads, I would have gone to one with which I was familiar.

Of course there was but one reason for this cheapness. It was due only to conditions existing in the B. & S. W.'s management—the way it treated its shippers. At the time I speak about these facts were not so generally known as they are today. As is the case always in railroad affairs, no shipper dared attack the management openly until its oppression had become unbearable. However, though I, of course, knew there was a cause why these lands should be offered so cheap, what doubts I may have had were more or less fanned into slumber by my first interview with the road's general manager.

It was no easy matter to reach this high official. This fact furnishes another detail among the difficulties that beset the small shipper. I refer to his trouble in getting at those in authority. Still, on my first visit to the general offices I did progress as far as the manager's chief clerk. He was a shrewd, taciturn fellow, a man I already knew slightly; and after we had lighted up our cigars I stated my case to him. I told him that before I closed the deal for my coal property I wished to talk to the general manager about the car supply and about putting in a siding.

For a moment the chief clerk leaned back and studied me through the haze of tobacco smoke. "By any chance," he asked, "is your coal next to Bando Mine?"

It was, I answered. Though I was mildly astonished that he should have guessed, I saw nothing significant in the fact. Bando Mine, as I knew, was a big colliery owned by a concern that I will call the Belmont Coal and Coke Company. The corporation operated exclusively on the B. & S. W.; and, like many other big-money combinations, it was a ruthless competitor. In addition, I'd heard it had "railroad connections"—which is to say that some of its stock was held by the B. & S. W.'s officials. But, though this was the condition through which I eventually came to grief, at the time I felt no cause for alarm. As I'd been used always to bucking hard for my trade, the fact that I was to have so big and forceful a rival for my neighbor seemed to be scarcely more than a detail. So, as I say, I overlooked the significance and merely asked the clerk how he'd guessed.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered evasively; "I just happened to."

### *In the Toils*

WHATEVER the case, once he knew his guess to be right his manner changed abruptly. Shoving back his chair, he told me the general manager was out on the road and that if I wished any information I must wait until his return.

On the day following I called again. Once more my man was "out." Furthermore, such was the case on each of the ten succeeding days. Three years later, when my troubles with the road became public, I learned why I'd found it so difficult to see him. Others had suffered the same experience; and in each case, as investigation proved, one and all had been held off until the general manager and his associates had found out who we were and whether we had any influential people behind us.

I mention this as an instance of the vast power placed in the hands of unscrupulous railroad officials. Eventually I got to my man, but it would have been better for me had I not, because he used his position to pump out of me information a business rival could have gained in no other way. In my mind, this seems to be a fit answer to the question as to why there is not closer harmony between a certain class of railroads and their shippers.

In my own case the facts are conclusive. After bidding me to seat myself the general manager inquired what he could do for me. He was a big, heavy-featured man, with thick-lidded eyes that stared dully. Only once did he smile; and that was when I told him I was in a hurry to get my mine open and a siding laid, so that I might begin shipping to my trade.

"You're a sort of hustler, I guess," he remarked.

I answered that it was a case of Hobson's choice; that I hadn't money enough to sit still and do nothing. The answer appeared to give him a lead in the talk. At any rate, he began to question me on matters that appeared to be little related to the railroad.

"You're going to finance your proposition with a local bank, I suppose?" said he inquiringly.

It was as he suggested. When I replied that I had already discussed the matter with a trust company he reached for a pencil, as if to make a note, and then laid it down again.

"Any particular one?" he asked, in the same idle tone as before.

By this time his questions had grown a little more pressing than I liked. I asked him why he wished to know, and his response showed pretty accurately how it was possible for him to gain information that could have been had in no other way. He said that if I wished to do business with the road—for example, to run an open freight account—the railroad must necessarily satisfy itself as to my responsibility. In this light his inquiries seemed reasonable; so I gave him the information. Subsequently an investigation proved that all I had told him had been used against me.

On the surface, however, the interview seemed most satisfactory. I was assured that the road welcomed new business of any kind, whether large or small.

"You needn't worry about your siding," said the manager assuringly. "Notify us when you've taken title to the coal and we'll attend to laying the switch." In the matter of a car supply he was equally reassuring. "Cars? Why, of course," he answered, a little curtly, I thought, as if irritated that I should even question the B. & S. W.'s service. "You'll get cars. That's what we're here for, ain't it?"

Though all this sounded promising enough, there was another side to the situation. As events proved, even then the effort was being made to block my purchase, or, if that failed, to make me sell out. However, after my talk with him I bought the coal—and within twenty-four hours my string of troubles began.

### *The Freeze-Out Tactics of the Railroad*

THERE were four hundred and sixty-six acres in the piece. This tract, in comparison with any of the Belmont properties, was no bigger than a pocket handkerchief; but it was all I could afford. It was the only piece I'd found that seemed available for my purpose; and, besides, it appeared to have many advantages. Chief among them was the fact that the trust company had promised to finance me on excellent terms.

So, considering this, I was dumfounded when I tried to float my bond issue. On the trust company's own basis of valuation they had suggested a price of eighty for my five-per-cent securities. Now, however, they withdrew the bid—or rather they reduced it to sixty. Nor would they advance any adequate reason. They said simply: "We've decided the bonds are not worth more."

Naturally I declined the offer. It meant, if I accepted, that I should not only have to pay a usurious rate but that I should also be cramped for funds. Of course this was actually what my opponents intended, though I didn't realize it at the time. However, when I went to two other trust companies and was offered the same low figure, I began to grow uneasy. So, with a view to finding out the trouble, I appealed to a friend, the president of a savings bank. But for the fact that the banking law restrained him from buying my class of security I should have gone to him in the beginning.

As soon as I told him what had happened I saw his interest awaken. Without committing himself, however, he asked me to return the following day.

I did so; and then for the first time I began to smell a rat.

First of all, my friend asked a question that now began to look significant; namely, whether my coal adjoined the Bando Mine.

"Yes; but what's that got to do with it?" I demanded.

He was unable to say exactly. At the same time, however, he gave me the news that the Belmont Company had long been having trouble with the farmer from whom I had bought my coal land. Some time before they'd offered him a ridiculous price for the property; and when he had refused they had promptly tried to surround him. In other words, they had sought to buy all the land between his property and the railroad, so that he would have no outlet left for his coal. Though the farmer had blocked them in this old dodge to force the obstinate into taking what was offered, I had yet to learn how it would affect my own interests. At once my friend supplied the information.

"So far as I can make out," said he, "it's one of two things: either the Belmont people wish to scare you into selling out, or, that failing, they wish to get hold of your bonds at their own figure."

In fact, he told me plainly that the concern was exerting its financial influence against me. As I knew too, this species of high finance had been occasionally carried out in our district—once in the case of a big Pittsburgh concern. By this method a big financier had seized control of a twenty-million-dollar bond issue, paying only seventy-seven and a half for securities easily worth ninety.

However, though I recalled this, I still felt that a big fish like the Belmont Company would hardly take so much trouble with small fry like myself. "Yes; but look here," I protested; "if they're so hard up to get my land why haven't they offered to buy it?"

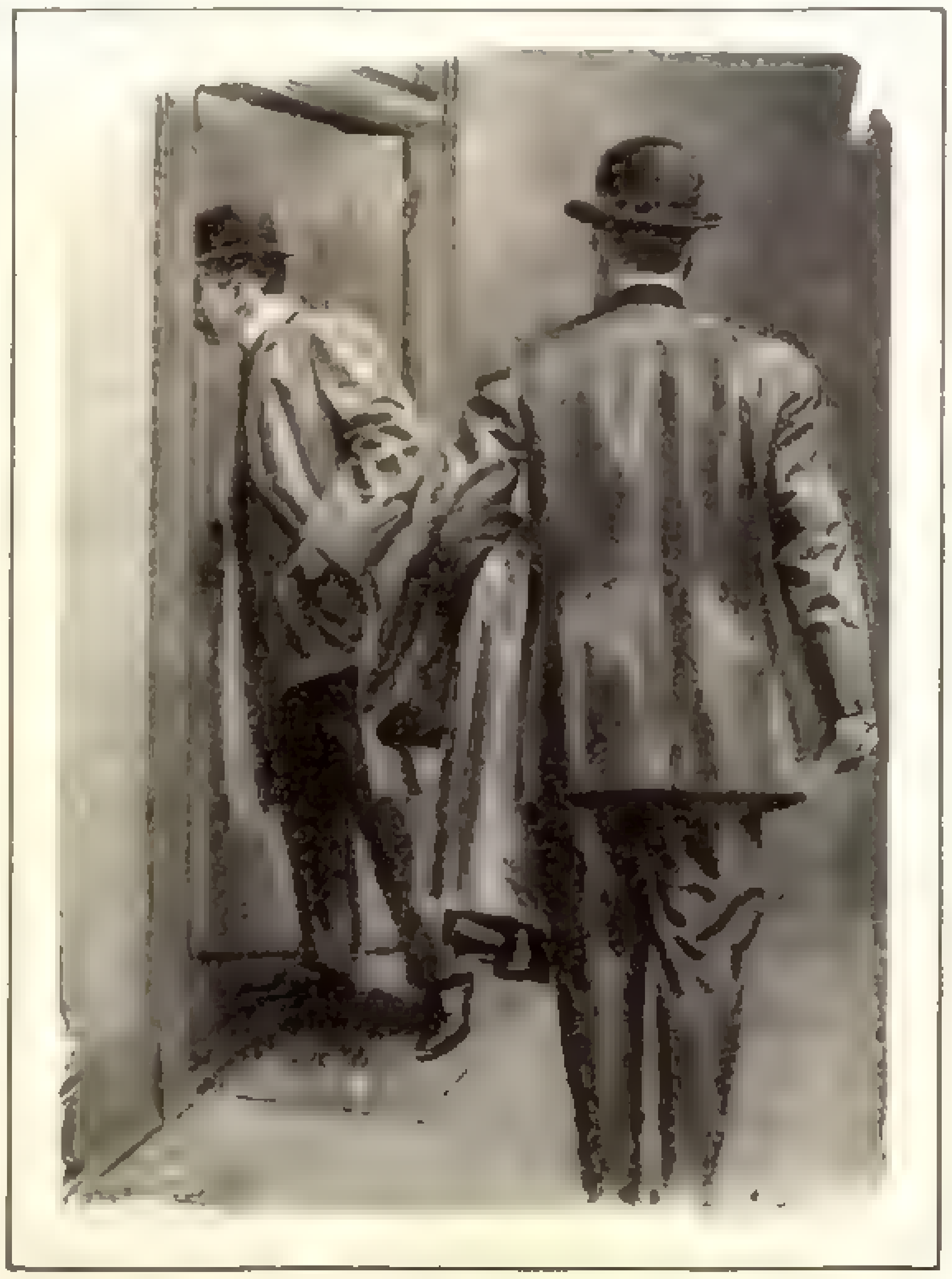
"Wait and see," my friend suggested.

On his advice I turned my securities over to a bondbroker to be sold at private subscription. Within twenty-four hours two events occurred. The first was an offer for my property. It came through a local real-estate agent and the price named was ten dollars an acre less than I'd paid for it. That afternoon my bondbrokers telephoned.

"We've sold all your bonds at eighty," they informed me.

I was astonished. It amazed me they had been sold so readily. I was even more amazed when I learned who had bought them. It was the same trust company that originally had offered me only sixty; and, as events proved, the entire issue had been bought in for account of the Belmont Coal and Coke Company.

Now all this, as I know, sounds far from my original statement about the railroad. It seemed, in fact, to settle itself merely into a fight between one small competitor and a bigger one. Right—and so it was. When I was in too deep to extricate myself, I found out that I had the biggest sort of a competitor; namely, the railroad. To be judicially accurate, if my competitor was not the railroad itself it consisted of the railroad's corps of high officials, which was even worse.



*I Happened to be in the Hallway Just as the Secretary of the Belmont Company Let Himself Into the General Manager's Room With a Private Key*

They were the Belmont Coal and Coke Company. In close alliance, the president, a vice-president or so, the general manager, as well as a few directors and others of the same potential sort, held the majority of its stock. It was as the president himself has said: "Opportunity makes the men who know how to make the opportunity."

Mind you, this is not merely say-so on my part. It is, instead, a matter of record. And, however it may strike others, to me it explains much: for example, why properties along the B. & S. W. and like lines are so cheap—that is, cheap in original cost. Further than this, it shows also why certain sections of the country, rich in natural resources, are so far behind in development. Though the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal law department have long had their eyes on the B. & S. W., they can do little. This is because the railroad, in its corporate self, has no connection with the monopoly. Stockholders in the road draw nothing from the Belmont Company's profits. Instead, the concern, as I say, is run privately by the road's officials for their own private profit. Nor is this case exceptional. Few railroads are free from the evil.

To be just—or, rather, judicial—the case of the B. & S. W. is flagrant, notorious. On other lines, even though extra privileges are granted protected concerns, the officials are still willing to let others live. Nor are all these companies operated to the detriment of the roads' stockholders. Nevertheless, in whatever degree the condition exists, it is still an evil. Too much arbitrary power rests in the hands of railroad officials to permit them to compete in business against their own shippers.

My experiences are typical. From what the road's manager had pumped out of me, they knew I must husband my resources. Therefore, with the power given to them for other purposes, they sought to impair my capital by obstacles that would greatly add to my expense.

The first was in the matter of the siding. Six weeks passed before any notice was paid to my repeated requests for the siding contract. Meanwhile, as I had made plans to drive an opening in the coal, I was a good deal worried. Without a siding it would cost me heavily to transport my supplies from the nearest freight station; so, in my anxiety I besieged the general offices.

I'd hate to say how many hours I sat cooling my heels in the outer room. Eventually, however, I again got to my man. I happened to be in the hallway just as the secretary of the Belmont Company let himself into the general manager's room with a private key. I know two other general managers that supply keys to coal men. In this case, it was the only time the knowledge has been of service to me.

"I want you to take in my name now," I said to the chief clerk.

"Sorry, but you're just too late," he answered. "He and the division superintendent just left on an inspection tour."

"Excuse me," I responded politely; "but I happened to see him when Mr. So-and-so let himself in at the side door."

Though I was now admitted, I'm bound to say the interview resulted in very little. First of all, the siding contract stipulated that the road's construction crew should do the work. This was all right, of course; but again, as it proved, the railroad's privilege was being used to hinder me. At any rate, though the contract said that the B. & S. W. would do the work, it set no time when the work would begin.

"Well, you've got to take your turn," said the general manager. "The law doesn't allow me to favor you to others' detriment."

### *The Coal-Car Jugglers*

I BELIEVE the humor in this will appeal to many. Anyway, I've met more than one railroad man who was quick to hunt refuge in the law when the law was to his advantage. Rather curiously, however, such men are by no means so hasty when the law is with the shipper. When I had waited eight months and was still without my siding, I went to the law myself. Under advice of my attorneys, I notified the B. & S. W. that I would proceed against it unless the contract was fulfilled at once.

By now I'd have jumped at a good chance to sell out. Unfortunately, however, any offers made to me meant a heavy sacrifice; so, instead of taking a loss that in the end would have meant money saved, I resolved doggedly to hang on.

A year passed before my mine was in shape to produce. However, during this interval I was able to protect both myself and my trade by supplying coal bought from other operators. Each ton netted me five cents' brokerage; so that, without impairing my capital, I was able to support myself and to pay interest on my bonds. Therefore, once I was ready to ship to market, my confidence again revived.

Now I've already spoken about the car supply. In mining coal this is an essential that will either make or break an operator. The reason why is because soft coal can be mined profitably only when it is mined continuously. By this I mean that idleness, through various reasons, adds heavily to the cost of production. A mine may be shut down because of any one of a hundred different causes. Chief among these is the lack of cars. This is so for the reason that soft coal slacks too easily to be stored at the pit's mouth; in fact, the one and only way it can be handled at a profit is to haul it directly from the vein to the cars placed ready for loading.

For this reason the car supply on every soft-coal road may be a source of graft and trickery. In the case of the B. & S. W. it furnished the means by which the officials first got into business for themselves. They received stock for supplying cars. Ultimately from this source they grew wealthy enough to buy in a majority holding.

On the B. & S. W. the method of distributing cars was about the same as elsewhere. Each mine was rated according to its output. In other words, this meant that

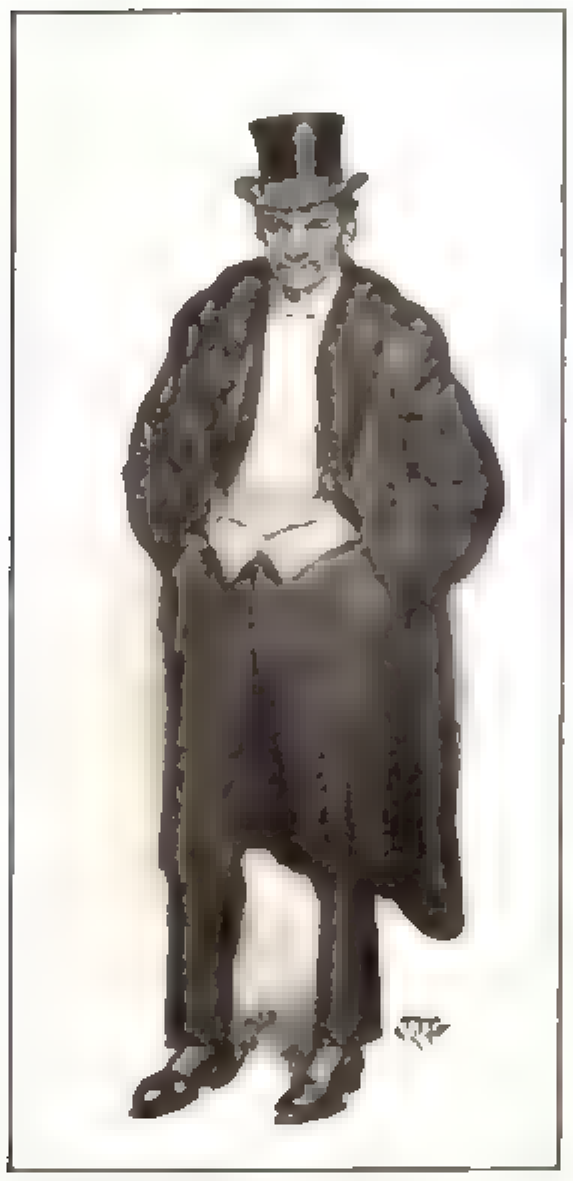
(Continued on Page 44)

# THE SORROWS OF SEIDEN

## Why You Should Never Even Begin With Your Wife's Relations

### By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



Combination Wedding Outfit No. 6
Listed at Five Dollars a Wedding

"SAY, lookyhere!" said Isaac Seiden, proprietor of the Sanspareil Waist Company, as he stood in the office of his factory on Greene Street; "what is the use your telling me it is when it ain't? My wife's mother never got a brother by the name Pesach."

He was addressing Mrs. Miriam Saphir, who sat on the edge of the chair nursing her cheek with her left hand. Simultaneously she rocked to and fro and beat her forehead with her clenched fist, while at intervals she made inarticulate sounds through her nose significant of intense suffering.

"I should drop dead in this chair if she didn't," she contended. "Why should I lie to you, Mr. Seiden? My own daughter, which I called her Bessie for this here Pesach Gubin, should never got a husband and my other children also, which one of 'em goes around on crutches right now, Mr. Seiden, on account she gets knocked down by a truck."

"Well, why didn't she sue him in the courts yet?" Seiden asked.

"From being knocked down by a truck many a rich feller got his first start in business already."

"Her luck, Mr. Seiden!" Mrs. Saphir cried. "A greenhorn owns the truck which it even got a chattel mortgage on it. Such *Schlemazel* my family got it, Mr. Seiden! If it would be your Beckie, understand me, the least that happens is that a millionaire owns the truck and he settles out of court for ten thousand dollars yet. Some people, if they would be shot with a gun, the bullet is from gold and hits 'em in the pocket already—such luck they got it."

"That ain't here nor there, Mrs. Saphir," Seiden declared. "Why should I got to give your Bessie a job, when already I got so many people hanging around my shop, half the time they are spending treading on their toes?"

"*Ai, tzuris!*" Mrs. Saphir wailed. "My own husband's Uncle Pesach is from his wife a cousin and he asks me why! Who should people look to for help if it wouldn't be their family, Mr. Seiden? Should I go and beg from strangers?"

Here Mrs. Saphir succumbed to a wave of self-pity and she wept aloud.

"*Koosh!*" Mr. Seiden bellowed. "What do you think I am running here—a cemetery? If you want to cry you should go out on the sidewalk."

"Such hearts people got it," Mrs. Seiden sobbed, "like a piece from ice!"

"'S enough!" said Mr. Seiden. "I wasted enough time already. You took up pretty near my whole morning, Mrs. Saphir; so once and for all I am telling you you should send your Bessie to work as a learner Monday morning, and if she gets worth it I would pay her just the same wages like anybody else."

Mrs. Saphir dried her eyes with the back of her hand, while Mr. Seiden walked into his workroom and slammed the door behind him as evidence that the interview was at an end. When he returned a few minutes later Mrs. Saphir was still there waiting for him.

"Well," he demanded, "what d'ye want of me now?"

For answer Mrs. Saphir beat her forehead and commenced to rock anew. "My last ten cents I am spending it for carfare," she cried.

"What is that got to do with me?" Seiden asked. "People comes into my office and takes up my whole morning disturbing my business, and I should pay 'em carfare yet? Say, that's a new idee to me!"

"Only one way I am asking," Mrs. Saphir said.

"I wouldn't even give you a transfer ticket," Mr. Seiden declared, and once more he banged the door behind him with force sufficient to shiver its ground-glass panel.

Mrs. Saphir waited for an interval of ten minutes and then she gathered her shawl about her; and with a final adjustment of her crape bonnet she shuffled out of the office.

### II

MISS BESSIE SAPHIR was a chronic "learner"—that is to say, she had never survived the period of instruction in any of the numerous shirt, cloak, dress and clothing factories in which she had sought employment; and at the end of her second month in the workshop of the Sanspareil Waist Company she appeared to know even less about the manufacture of waists than she did at the beginning of her first week.

"How could any one be so *dumm!*" Philip Sternsilver cried as he held up a damaged garment for his employer's inspection, "I couldn't understand at all. That's the tenth waist Bessie Saphir ruins on us."

"*Dumm!*" Mr. Seiden exclaimed. "What d'ye mean, dumb? You are getting altogether too independent around here, Sternsilver."

"Me—independent!" Philip rejoined. "For what reason I am independent, Mr. Seiden? I don't understand what you are talking about at all."

"No?" Seiden said. "Might you don't know you are calling my wife's relation dumb, Sternsilver? From a big mouth a feller like you could get himself into a whole lot of trouble."

"Me calling your wife's relation dumb, Mr. Seiden?" Sternsilver cried in horrified accents. "I ain't never said nothing of the sort. What I am saying is that that *dummer* cow over there—that Bessie Saphir—is *dumm.* I ain't said a word about your wife's relations."

"Loafer!" Seiden shouted in a frenzy. "What d'ye mean?"

Sternsilver commenced to perspire.

"What do I mean?" he murmured. "Why I am just telling you what I mean."

"If it wouldn't be our busy season," Seiden continued, "I would fire you right out of here *und fertig.* Did you ever hear the like? Calls my wife's cousin, Miss Bessie Saphir, a *dummer Ochs!*"

"How should I know she's your wife's cousin, Mr. Seiden?" Sternsilver protested. "Did she got a label on her?"

"Gets fresh yet!" Seiden exclaimed. "Never mind, Sternsilver. If the learners is *dumm* it's the foreman's fault; and if you couldn't learn the learners properly I would got to get another foreman which he could learn, and that's all there is to it."

He stalked majestically away while Sternsilver turned and gazed at the unconscious subject of their conversation. As he watched her bending over her sewing machine a sense of injustice rankled in his breast, for there could be no doubt the epithet *dummer Ochs,* as applied to Miss Saphir, was not only justified but eminently appropriate.

Her wide cheekbones, flat nose and expressionless eyes suggested at once the calm, ruminating cow; and there was not even lacking a piece of chewing gum between her slowly moving jaws to complete the portrait.

"A girl like her should got rich relations yet," he murmured to himself. "A *Schnorrer* wouldn't marry her, not if her uncles was Rothschilds *oder* Carnegies. You wouldn't find the mate to her outside a dairy farm."

As he turned away, however, the sight of Hillel Fatkin wielding a pair of shears gave him the lie; for, if Miss Bessie Saphir's cheekbones were broad, Hillel's were broader. In short, Hillel's features compared to Bessie's as the head of a Texas steer to that of a Jersey heifer.

Sternsilver noticed the resemblance with a smile just as Mr. Seiden returned to the workroom.

"Sternsilver," he said, "ain't you got nothing better to do that you should be standing around grinning like a fool? Seemingly you think a foreman don't got to work at all."

"I was laying out some work for the operators over there, Mr. Seiden," Philip replied. "Oncet in a while a feller must got to think, Mr. Seiden."

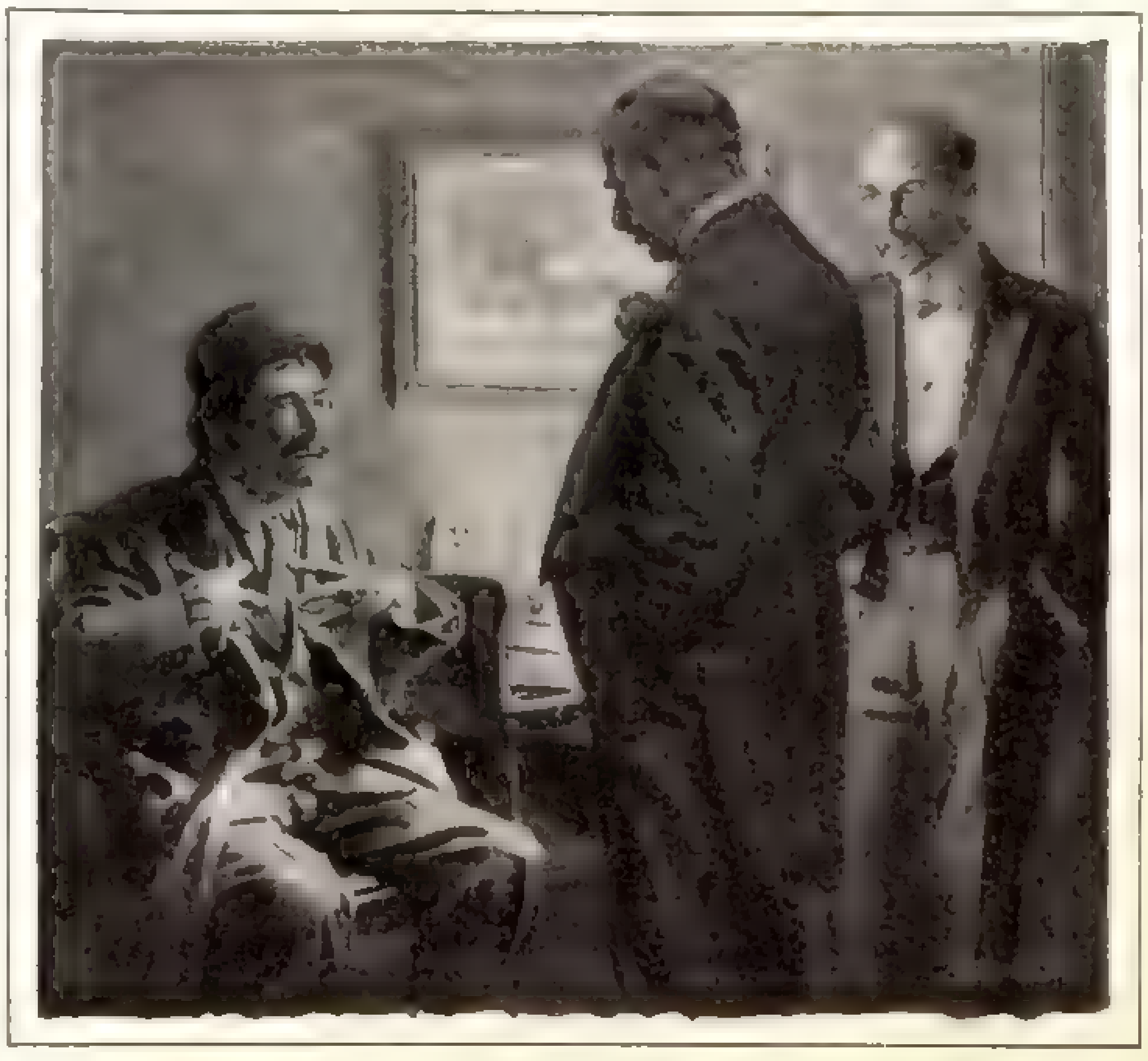
"What d'ye mean, think?" Seiden exclaimed. "Who asks you you should think, Sternsilver? You get all of a sudden such *grossartig* notions. 'Must got to think,' *sagt er!* I am the only one which does the thinking here, Sternsilver. Now you go right ahead and tend to them basters."

Sternsilver retired at once to the far end of the workroom, where he proceeded to relieve his outraged feeling by criticising Hillel Fatkin's work in excellent imitation of his employer's bullying manner.

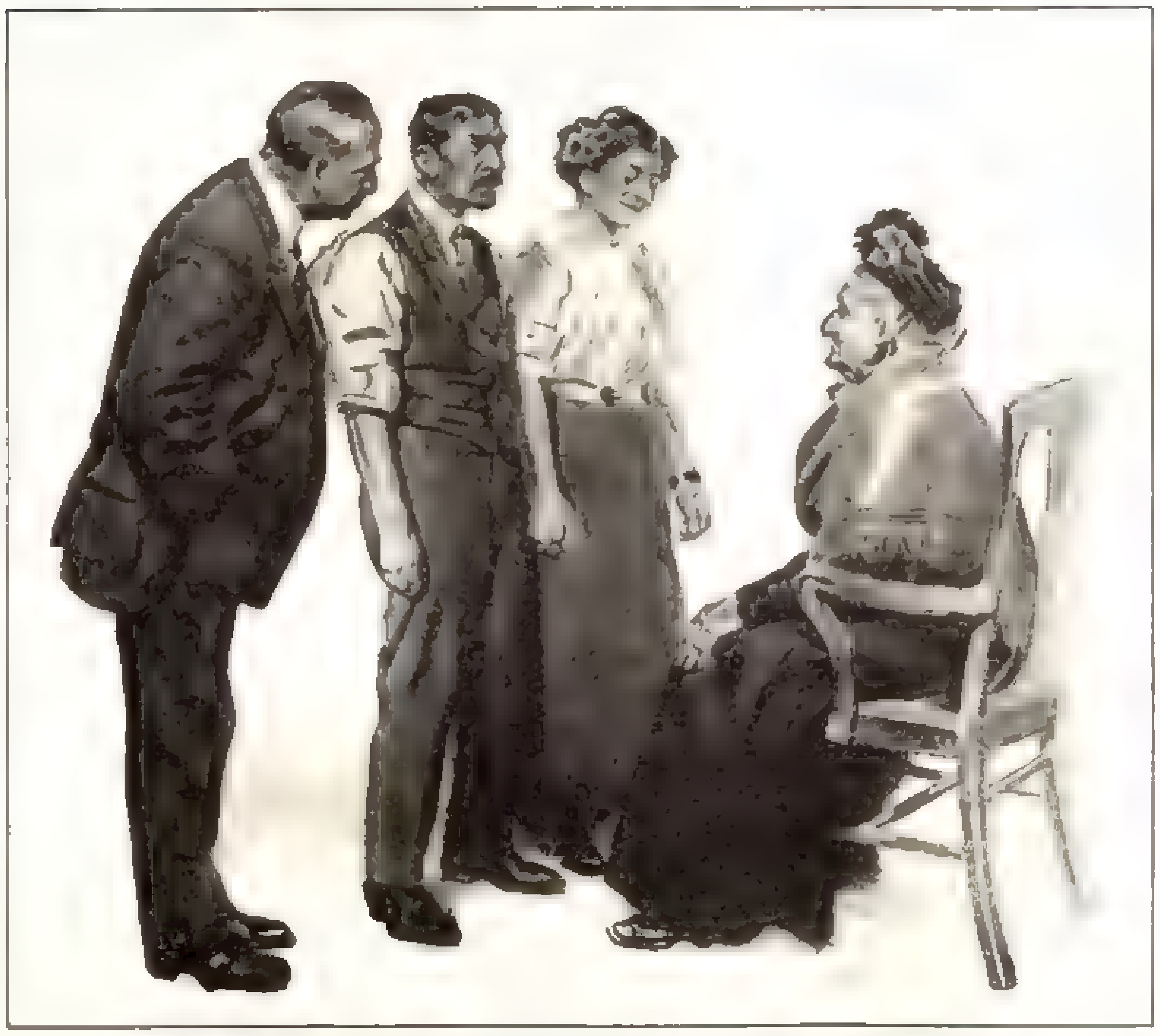
"What is the matter, Mr. Sternsilver, you are all the time picking on me so?" Hillel demanded. "I am doing my best here and certainly if you don't like my work I could quick go somewheres else. I ain't a *Schnorrer* exactly, Mr. Sternsilver. I got in savings bank already a couple hundred dollars which I could easy start a shop of my own; so I ain't asking no favors from nobody."

"You shouldn't worry yourself, Fatkin," Sternsilver said. "Nobody is going to do you no favors around here. On the contrary, Fatkin, the way you are ruining garments around here, sooner as do you favors we would sue you in the courts yet, and you could kiss yourself goodby with your two hundred dollars in savings bank. Furthermore, for an operator you are altogether too independent, Fatkin."

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain't," Fatkin retorted with simple dignity. "My father was anyhow



"What is it to You I Am Pretty Near Killed in the Street Last Night and Must Got to Go to a Hospital!"



*"For a Business Man, Sternsilver," He Said, "Long Engagements is Nix"*

from decent, respectable people in Grodno, Sternsilver; and even if I wouldn't got a sister which she is married to Sam Kupferberg's cousin, y'understand, Sam would quick fix me up by the Madison Street court. You shouldn't throw me no bluffs, Sternsilver. Go ahead and sue."

He waited for his foreman to utter a suitable rejoinder, but none came, for in Fatkin's disclosure of a two-hundred-dollar deposit in the savings bank and his sister's relationship to Sam Kupferberg, the well-known legal practitioner of Madison Street, Philip Sternsilver conceived a brilliant idea.

"I ain't saying we would sue you exactly, understand me," he replied. "All I am saying, Hillel, is you should try and be a little more careful with your work, y'understand."

Here Sternsilver looked over from Hillel's bovine features to the dull countenance of Miss Bessie Saphir.

"A feller which he has got money in the bank and comes from decent, respectable people like you, Hillel," he concluded, "if they work hard there is nothing which they couldn't do, y'understand. All they got to look out for is they shouldn't Jonah themselves with their bosses, y'understand."

"Bosses!" Hillel repeated. "What d'ye mean, bosses? Might you got an idee you are my boss maybe, Sternsilver?"

"Me, I ain't saying nothing about it at all," Sternsilver declared. "I am only saying something which it is for your own good; and if you don't believe me, Hillel, come out with me lunchtime and have a cup coffee. I got a few words, something important, to tell you."

For the remainder of the forenoon Sternsilver busied himself about the instruction of Miss Bessie Saphir. Indeed, so assiduously did he apply himself to his task that at half past eleven Mr. Seiden was moved to indignant comment. He beckoned Sternsilver to accompany him to the office and when he reached the door he broke into an angry tirade.

"*Nu*, Sternsilver," he began, "ain't you got to do nothing else but learn that girl the whole morning? What do I pay a foreman wages he should fool away his time like that?"

"What d'ye mean, fool away my time, Mr. Seiden?" Sternsilver protested. "Ain't you told me I should learn her something, on account she is a relation from your wife already?"

"Sure, I told you you should learn her something," Seiden admitted; "but I ain't told you you should learn her everything in one morning already. She ain't such a close relation as all that, y'understand. The trouble with you is, Sternsilver, you don't use your head at all. A foreman must got to think oncet in a while, Sternsilver. Don't leave all the thinking to the boss, Sternsilver. I got other things to bother my head over, Sternsilver, without I should go crazy laying out the work in the shop for the foreman."

Thus admonished, Sternsilver returned to the workroom more strongly convinced than ever that, unless he could carry out the idea suggested by his conversation with Fatkin, there would be a summary ending to his job as foreman. As soon, therefore, as the lunch-hour arrived he hustled Fatkin to a Bath-brick dairy restaurant and then and there unfolded his scheme.

"Say, listen here, Fatkin," he commenced. "Why don't a young feller like you get married?"

Fatkin remained silent. He was soaking zwieback in coffee and applying it to his face in such a manner that the greater part of it filled his mouth and rendered conversation impossible.

"There's many a nice girl, which she could cook herself and wash herself A Number One, y'understand, would be only too glad to get a decent, respectable feller like you," Sternsilver went on.

Hillel Fatkin acknowledged the compliment by a tremendous fit of coughing, for in his embarrassment he had managed to inhale a crumb of the zwieback. His effort to remove it nearly strangled him, but at length the dislodged particle found a target in the right eye of an errand boy sitting opposite. For some moments Sternsilver was unable to proceed, by reason of the errand boy's tribute to Hillel's table manners. Indeed, so masterly was this example of profane invective that the manager of the lunchroom, without inquiring into the merits of the controversy, personally led Hillel's victim to the door and kicked him firmly into the gutter. After this, Philip Sternsilver proceeded with the unfolding of his plan.

"Yes, Hillel," he said, "I mean it. For a young feller like you even a girl which she got rich relations like Seiden ain't too good."

"Seiden?" Hillel interrupted, with a supercilious shrug. "What is Seiden? I know his people from old times in Grodno yet. So poor they were, y'understand, his *Grossmutter* would be glad supposing my *Grossmutter, olav hasholam*, would send her round a couple pieces clothing to wash. The whole family was beggars—one worser as the other."

"Sure, I know," Philip said; "but look where he is today, Hillel. You got to give him credit, Hillel. He certainly worked himself up wonderful, and why? Because the feller saves his money, understand me, and then he turns around and goes to work to pick out a wife, and married right."

"What are you talking nonsense—got married right?" Hillel said. "Do you mean to told me that Seiden is getting married right? An idee! What for a family was all them Gubins, Sternsilver? The one Uncle Pesach was a lowlife bum—a *Shikerrer* which he wouldn't stop at nothing, from *Schnaps* to varnish. Furthermore, his father, y'understand, got into trouble once on account he *ganvers* a couple chickens; and if it wouldn't be for my *Grossvater*, which he was for years a *Rav* in Telshi—a very learned man, Sternsilver—no one knows what would have become of them people at all."

For the remainder of the lunch-hour Hillel so volubly demonstrated himself to be the Debrett, Burke and Almanach de Gotha of Grodno, Telshi and vicinity that Sternsilver was obliged to return to the factory with his scheme barely outlined.

Nevertheless, on his journey back to Greene Street he managed to interrupt Hillel long enough to ask him if he was willing to get married.

"I don't say I wouldn't," Hillel replied, "supposing I would get a nice girl. *Aber* one thing I wouldn't do, Sternsilver. I wouldn't take no one which she ain't coming from decent, respectable people, y'understand; and certainly, if a feller got a couple hundred dollars in savings bank, Sternsilver, he's got a right to expect a little consideration. Ain't it?"

This ultimatum brought them to the door of the factory and when they entered further conversation was summarily prevented by Mr. Seiden himself.

"Sternsilver," Mr. Seiden bellowed at him, "where was you?"

"Couldn't I get oncet in a while a few minutes I should eat my lunch, Mr. Seiden?" Sternsilver replied. "I am entitled to eat, ain't I, Mr. Seiden?"

"'Entitled to eat,' *sagt er*, when the operators is carrying on so they pretty near tear the place to pieces already!" Seiden exclaimed. "A foreman must got to be in the workroom, lunch-hour *oder* no lunch-hour, Sternsilver. Me, I do everything here. I get no assistance at all."

He walked off toward the office; and after Sternsilver had started up the motor, which supplied power for the sewing machines, he followed his employer.

"Mr. Seiden," he began, "I don't know what comes over you lately. Seemingly nothing suits you at all—and me I am all the time doing my very best to help you out."

"Is that so?" Seiden replied ironically. "Since when is the foreman helping out the boss if he would go and spend a couple hours for his lunch, making a hog out of himself, Sternsilver?"

"I ain't making a hog out of myself, Mr. Seiden," Philip continued. "If I am going out of the factory for my lunch, Mr. Seiden, I got my reasons for it."

Seiden glared at his foreman for some minutes; ordinarily Sternsilver's manner was diffident to the point of timidity, and this newborn courage temporarily silenced Mr. Seiden.

"The way you are talking, Sternsilver," he said at last, "to hear you go on any one would think you are the boss and I am the foreman."

"In business, yes," Philip rejoined, "you are the boss, Mr. Seiden; but outside of business a man could be a *Mensch* as well as a foreman. Ain't it?"

Seiden stared at the unruffled Sternsilver, who allowed no opportunity for a retort by immediately going on with his dissertation.

"Even operators also," he said. "Hillel Fatkin is an operator, y'understand, but he has got anyhow a couple hundred dollars in the savings bank; and when it comes to family, Mr. Seiden, he's from decent, respectable people in the old country. His own grandfather was a rabbi, y'understand."

"What the devil's that got to do with me, Sternsilver?" Seiden asked. "I don't know what you are talking about at all."

Sternsilver disregarded the interruption.

"Operator *oder* foreman, Mr. Seiden, what is the difference when it comes to a poor girl like Miss Bessie Saphir, which, even supposing she is a relation from your wife, she ain't so young no longer? Furthermore, with some faces which a girl got it she could have a heart from gold, y'understand, and what is it? Am I right or wrong, Mr. Seiden?"

Mr. Seiden made no reply. He was blinking at vacancy while his mind reverted to an afternoon call paid uptown by Mrs. Miriam Saphir. As a corollary, Mrs. Seiden had kept him awake half the night and the burden of her jeremiad was: "What did you ever done for my relations? Tell me that."

"Say, lookyhere, Sternsilver," he said at length, "what are you trying to drive into?"

"I am driving into this, Mr. Seiden," Philip replied: "Miss Bessie Saphir must got to get married some time. Ain't it?"

Seiden nodded.

"*Schon gut!*" Sternsilver continued. "There's no time like the present."

A forced smile started to appear on Seiden's face, when the door leading to the public hall opened and a bonneted and shawled figure appeared. It was none other than Mrs. Miriam Saphir.

"*Ai, tzuris!*" she cried; and sinking into the nearest chair she began forthwith to rock to and fro and to beat her forehead with her clenched fist.

"*Nu!*" Seiden exploded. "What's the trouble now?"

Mrs. Saphir ceased rocking. On leaving home she had provided herself with a pathetic story which would not only excuse her presence in Seiden's factory but was also calculated to wring at least seventy-five cents from Seiden himself. Unfortunately she had forgotten to go over the minor details of the narrative on her way downtown, and now even the main points escaped her by reason of a heated altercation with the conductor of a Third Avenue car. The matter in dispute was her tender, in lieu of fare, of a Brooklyn transfer ticket which she had found between the pages of a week-old newspaper. For the first ten blocks of her ride she had feigned ignorance of the English language and five blocks more were consumed in the interpretation, by a well-meaning passenger, of the conductor's urgent demands. Another five blocks passed in Mrs. Saphir's protestations that she had received the transfer in question from the conductor of a Twenty-third Street car; failing the accuracy of which statement, she expressed the hope that her children should all drop dead and that she herself might never stir from her seat. This brought the car to Bleecker Street, where the conductor rang the bell and invited Mrs. Saphir to alight. Her first impulse was to defy him to the point of a constructive assault, with its attendant lawsuit against the railroad company; but she discovered that, in carrying out her project to its successful issue, she had already gone one block past her destination. Hence she walked leisurely down the aisle; and after pausing on the platform to adjust her shawl and bonnet she descended to the street with a parting scowl at the conductor, who immediately broke the bell-rope in starting the car.

"*Nu!*" Seiden repeated. "Couldn't you open your mouth at all? What's the matter?"

Mrs. Saphir commenced to rock tentatively, but Seiden stopped her with a loud "*Koosh!*"

"What do you want from me?" he demanded.

"*Meine Tochter* Bessie," she replied, "she don't get on at all."

"What d'ye mean, she don't get on at all?" Seiden interrupted. "Ain't I doing all I could for her? I am learning her the business; and what is more, Mrs. Saphir, I got a feller which he wants to marry her too. Ain't that right, Sternsilver?"

Philip nodded vigorously and Mrs. Saphir sat up in her chair.

"Him?" she asked.

"Sure; why not?" Seiden answered.

"But, Mr. Seiden ——" Sternsilver cried.

"*Koosh*, Sternsilver," Seiden said. "Don't you mind that woman at all. If Bessie was my own daughter even, I would give my consent."

"*Aber*, Mr. Seiden ——" Sternsilver cried again in anguished tones, but further protest was choked off by Mrs. Saphir, who rose from her seat with surprising alacrity and seized Philip around the neck. For several minutes she kissed him with loud smacking noises, and by the time he had disengaged himself Seiden had brought in Miss Bessie Saphir. As she blushingly laid her hand in Sternsilver's unresisting clasp Seiden patted them both on the shoulder.

"For a business man, Sternsilver," he said, "long engagements is nix; and to show you that I got a heart, Sternsilver, I myself would pay for the wedding, which would be in two weeks at the latest."

He turned to Mrs. Miriam Saphir.

"I congradulate you," he said. "And now get out of here!"

### III

FOR the next ten days Mr. and Mrs. Seiden and Miss Saphir were so busy with preparations for the wedding that they had no leisure to observe Sternsilver's behavior. He proved to be no ardent swain; and, although Bessie was withdrawn from the factory on the day following her betrothal, Sternsilver called at her residence only twice during the first week of their engagement.

"I didn't think the feller got so much sense," Seiden commented when Bessie Saphir complained of Philip's coldness.

"He sees you got your hands full getting ready, so he don't bother you at all."

As for Seiden, he determined to spare no expense, up to two hundred and fifty dollars, in making the wedding festivities greatly redound to his credit both socially and in a business way.

To that end he had dispatched over a hundred invitations to the wholesale houses from which he purchased goods.

"You see what I am doing for you," he said to Sternsilver one morning, a week before the wedding day. "Not only in postage stamps I am spending my money but the printing also costs me a whole lot, too, I bet yer."

"What is the use spending money for printing when you got a typewriter which she is setting half the time doing nothing, Mr. Seiden?" Philip protested.

"That's what I told Mrs. Seiden," his employer replied, "and she goes pretty near crazy. She even wanted me I should got 'em engraved, so *grossartig* she becomes all of a sudden. Printing is good enough, Sternsilver. Just lookyhere at this now, how elegant it is."

He handed Philip an invitation which read as follows:

MR AND MRS I. SEIDEN AND MRS MIRIAM SAPHIR

REQUEST THE HONOR OF

THE INTERCOLONIAL TEXTILE COMPANY'S

PRESENCE AT THE MARRIAGE OF HER DAUGHTER

**BESSIE**
TO
**MR PHILIP STERNSILVER**

ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909, AT SIX O'CLOCK

NEW RIGA HALL, 522 ALLEN STREET NEW YORK

BRIDE'S ADDRESS
C/O SANSPAREIL WAIST COMPANY
ISAAC SEIDEN PROPRIETOR
[illegible]
CREPE AND NOVELTY [illegible]
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
LACE AND HAND EMBROIDERED WAISTS
800 GREENE STREET NEW YORK CITY

"What's the use you are inviting a corporation to a wedding, Mr. Seiden?" Philip said as he returned the invitation with a heavy sigh. "A corporation couldn't eat nothing, Mr. Seiden."

"Sure, I know," Seiden replied. "I ain't asking 'em they should eat anything, Sternsilver. All I am wanting of 'em is this. Here it is in black on white. Me and Beckie and that old *Schnorrer*, Mrs. Saphir, requests the honor of the Intercolonial Company's presents at the marriage of their daughter. You should know a corporation's presents is just as good as anybody else's presents, Sternsilver. Ain't it?"

Sternsilver nodded gloomily.

"Also I am sending invitations to a dozen of my best customers and to a couple of high-price salesmen. Them fellers should loosen up also oncet in a while. Ain't I right?"

Again Sternsilver nodded and returned to the factory, where, at hourly intervals during the following week, Seiden accosted him and issued bulletins of the arrival of wedding presents and the acceptance of invitations to the ceremony.

"What do you think for a couple of small potatoes like Kugel & Mishkin?" he said. "If I bought a cent from them people during the last five years I must of bought three hundred dollars' worth of buttons; and they got the nerve to send a half a dozen coffee spoons, which they are so light, y'understand, you could pretty near see through 'em."

Sternsilver received this news with a manner suggesting a cramped swimmer coming up for the second time.

"Never mind, Sternsilver," Seiden continued reassuringly, "we got a whole lot of people to hear from yet. I bet yer the Binder & Baum Manufacturing Company, the least you get from 'em is a piece of cut glass which it costs, by wholesale yet, ten dollars."

Sternsilver's distress proceeded from another cause, however; for that very morning he had made a desperate resolve, which was no less than to leave the Borough of Manhattan and to begin life anew in Philadelphia. From the immediate execution of the plan he was deterred by only one circumstance—lack of funds; and this he proposed to overcome by borrowing from Fatkin. Indeed, when he pondered the situation, he became convinced that Fatkin, as the cause of his dilemma, ought to be the means of his extrication. He therefore broached the matter of a loan more in the manner of a lender than a borrower.

"Say, lookyhere, Fatkin," he said on the day before the wedding, "I got to have some money right away."

Fatkin shrugged philosophically.

"A whole lot of fellers feels the same way," he said.

"Only till Saturday week," Sternsilver continued, "and I want you should give me twenty-five dollars."

"Me!" Fatkin exclaimed.

"Sure, you," Sternsilver said; "and I want it now."

"Don't make me no jokes, Sternsilver," Fatkin replied.

"I ain't joking, Fatkin; far from it," Sternsilver declared. "Tomorrow it is all fixed for the wedding and I got to have twenty-five dollars."

"What d'ye mean, tomorrow is fixed for the wedding?" Fatkin retorted indignantly. "Do you want to get married on my money yet?"

"I don't want the money to get married on," Sternsilver protested. "I want it for something else again."

"My worries! What you want it for?" Fatkin concluded, with a note of finality in his tone. "I would *oser* give you twenty-five cents."

"'S enough, Fatkin!" Sternsilver declared. "I heard enough from you already. You was the one which got me into this *Schlemazel* and now you should get me out again."

"What do you mean, getting you into a *Schlemazel?*"

"You know very well what I mean," Philip replied; "and furthermore, Fatkin, you are trying to make too free with me. Who are you, anyhow, you should turn me down when I ask you for a few days twenty-five dollars? You act so independent, like you would be the foreman."

Hillel nodded slowly, not without dignity.

"Never mind, Sternsilver," he said; "if my family would got a relation, y'understand, which he is working in Poliakoff's Bank and he is got to run away on account he is missing in five thousand rubles, which it is the same name Sternsilver, and everybody in Kovno—the children even—knows about it, understand me, I wouldn't got to be so stuck up at all."

Sternsilver flushed indignantly.

"Do you mean to told me," he demanded, "that I got in my family such a man which he is stealing five thousand rubles, Fatkin?"

"That's what I said," Hillel retorted.

"Well, it only goes to show what a liar you are," Sternsilver rejoined. "Not only was it he stole ten thousand rubles, y'understand, but the bank was run by a feller by the name Louis Moser."

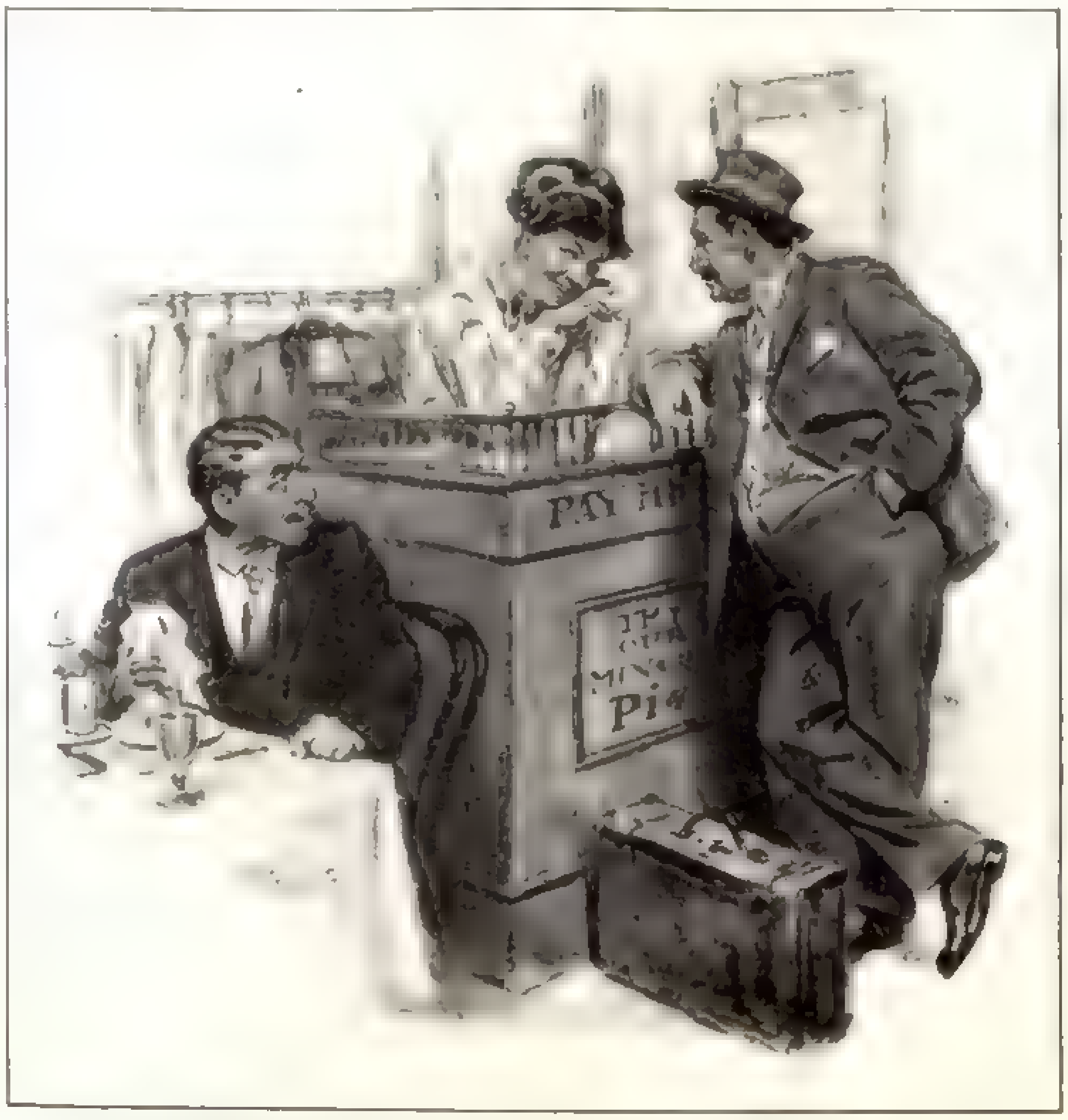
"All right," Fatkin said as he started up his sewing machine by way of signifying that the interview was at an end. "All right, Sternsilver; if you got such a relation which he *gonsered* ten thousand rubles, y'understand, borrow from him the twenty-five dollars."

Thus Sternsilver was obliged to amend his resolution by substituting Jersey City for Philadelphia as the seat of his new start in life; and at half past eleven that evening, when the good ferryboat Cincinnati drew out of her slip at the foot of Desbrosses Street, a short, thickset figure leaned over her bow and gazed sadly, perhaps for the last time, at the irregular skyline of Manhattan. It was Sternsilver.

### IV

WHEN Mr. Seiden arrived at his factory the following morning he found his entire force of operators gathered on the stairway and overflowing on to the sidewalk.

(Continued on Page 68)



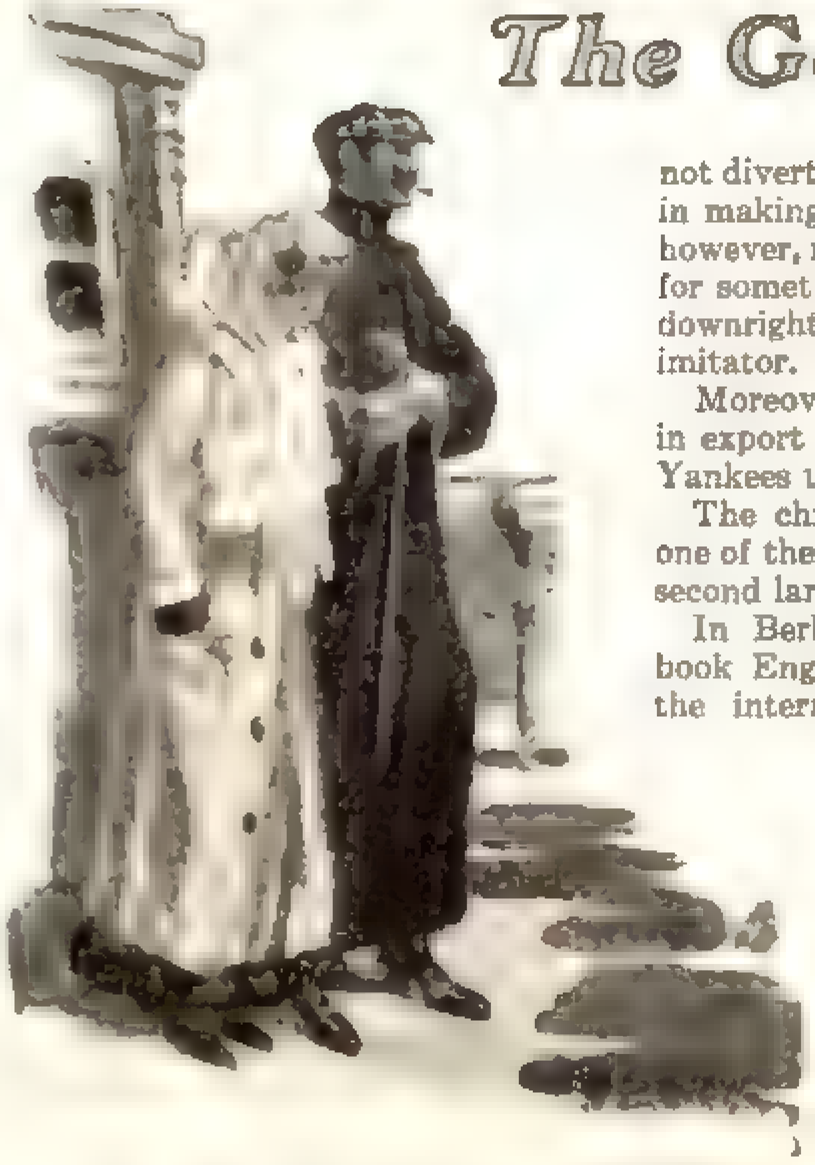
"He Ain't Been in the Place a Year, Y'understand, and Tonight He Marries a Relation of His Boss and He Gets Three Hundred Dollars in the Bargain"!

# MADE IN GERMANY

## By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

## The German Export Trade



*And Bring Back a South American Wife*

ONE afternoon not long ago a big box from America was delivered at the office of a Berlin department-store buyer. A letter came with it. The box contained thirty or forty samples of woolen sweaters in the gay colors of various American colleges and the letter was from a New York merchant who deals in goods of that sort.

The New Yorker said he had heard that all Germany was now going in for outdoor sports and he wanted to know if there were any chance of creating a market there for sweaters like these. He quoted his prices in detail.

When the Berliner examined the goods he smiled; for those sweaters had all come from Germany originally, being the product of the Chemnitz textile district.

When he went over the prices, though, he saw that it would pay to buy them in America. The terms given by the New Yorker's letter were decidedly better than he had ever been able to get from German mills on similar goods.

Very often the buyer for a large German department store finds it possible to send to London, purchase goods of German make, reimport them for sale to the German consumer and get them cheaper than if the purchases were made from the home manufacturers.

### How Germans Study English Methods

THIS is an illustration of German energy in taking care of the foreign consumer. In comparison, the home market is neglected. The Yankee accustomed to German seamless socks, for which he pays twenty-five to thirty-five cents a pair, will laugh at the crude article shown him for the same money in Berlin; and what is true in this line of goods holds pretty generally in other lines. Hundreds and hundreds of choice commodities that we buy from Germany are practically unobtainable in the Fatherland. To get the best and cheapest of "Made in Germany," it is necessary to buy it in New York or London. This state of affairs is explained by the fact that Germany's export trade is practically separated from her home trade.

The mills that made those sweaters are probably busy most of the year turning out goods for export. Neither in quality nor design would these be suited for the home market. They are sold through an organization that knows little about the German consumer. They are sold in quantities larger than home merchants could take and on terms different from those imposed by the longer credits at home.

Germany's export organization, like that of England, is a combination of banks, shipping, traders and salesmen. Indeed, it so greatly resembles the British system that the English are never tired of assuring themselves that the Germans copied it all from them and that the vast foreign business of the Germans would somehow have come to England had Germany not diverted it. The executive who has had experience in making others copy systems and carry out ideas, however, might be inclined to give the Germans credit for something more than imitation. There is a lot of downright hustling necessary even to be a successful imitator.

*The German's Best Achievements in Export Trade Have Been Secured Through Getting Closer to His Customers*

Moreover, if John Bull really set the Germans up in export trade, why didn't he go further and set us Yankees up too—his own cousins?

The chief export center of Germany is Hamburg, one of the major seaports of the world and Germany's second largest city.

In Berlin much English is spoken, but it is the book English taught by German public schools, or the international English of the Swiss waiter, or the broad, warm German-American dialect familiar to every American at home.

In Hamburg, however, more people speak English than in Berlin, and it is almost always of pronounced London accent. The Hamburger dresses like an Englishman, waxes and points his mustache like the current Englishman, keeps the short hours observed in English business houses, and is often so much like an Englishman that one has to look at him twice to be certain he isn't. These characteristics are due to the practice of sending young men to London for a few years of British business experience after leaving school, a practice that has undoubtedly done much for German export trade and at the same time is open to criticism, for, as an American puts it, sending Germans to England to learn business is a good deal like sending them from one rut into another.

Hamburg has adopted all that is good in British export methods.

There is even an approximation of the free-trade policy that has made London such a convenient center for the repacking and distribution of goods from every country to all other countries. The German seaport has a large district called the "Free Harbor," where goods come from all countries, are taken into bonded warehouses and broken up into smaller lots, repacked and reshipped, with the least possible restriction or supervision. Practically, the house doing business in this district keeps records of all goods received and sent away again, and submits to occasional examinations of its records. The Free Harbor is almost entirely surrounded by water, being on a peninsula. Customs officers stand at the few bridges and gates to examine bundles and see that Nick, the office boy, does not smuggle.

But the German exporters have also copied some of the shortcomings of the British system. They will buy and ship to their customers anything desired, whether it is made in Germany or elsewhere; but they still adhere to the old-fashioned plan of selling only what customers want, and perhaps want badly, with the outcome that they handle chiefly staple things, like cloth in the bolt, or ordinary grades of scissors and hammers, or sewing machines of a type upon which patents have expired. Providing the customer with novelties that he really needs, but doesn't know he needs, is a way of doing business not yet largely developed by German exporters. Putting a branch right into the customer's territory and maintaining a force of salesmen to sell him something like an adding machine or a cash register is still rather exceptional in both German and British exporting.

We have built up a large trade in Canada on this plan of doing business, and the American houses that have gained a foothold in England and Europe follow it too, as a rule. In Canada, for instance, the British manufacturer finds himself at a disadvantage in selling against us, even with a tariff preference, because he is too far away. He makes good stuff, but knows little about his ultimate customers. A London exporter takes his product, along with that of hundreds of other export manufacturers, and parcels it out all over the world. Presently a German manufacturer succeeds in producing something cheaper, which is sold in Canada on the same plan, and the English trade is lost, because it is done almost wholly as a matter of prices and discounts. Then an American manufacturer enters Canada with the latest improved article, forms direct connections with merchants through his own salesmen, advertises to the consumer and increases the demand tenfold, while getting better prices.

The English or German manufacturers have nobody to introduce their novelties with the same interest; and they dare not go to Canada and deal with customers direct, for if they do this their exporters will stop carrying their goods to Australia, South America and dozens of other countries.

### Marrying Into the Export Trade

THE world is growing wealthy and luxurious, and commodities continually become more varied, special and complex. The American way seems to be the modern way of trading. When all the industrial countries come to this basis export trade will undoubtedly grow to such vast proportions that all which has gone before, in the way of trade through old-fashioned export houses, will look like mere bartering of beads and brass wire with the natives.

The German's best achievements in export trade have been secured through getting closer to his customers. He sends his sons to South Africa or South America as soon as they are out of school, and they not only learn the language in the countries where he does export business, and get close to customers on a sort of jobbing basis, but they even marry into the country and bring back a South American wife and some *pesos* to put into the business. This closer contact with the world's markets, and willingness to get the foreigner anything he wants so long as he is really certain that he wants it, has given the German his chief advantages over the British exporter. John Bull is inclined to deal somewhat at a distance. He makes jolly good stuff, but it isn't always attractive. He likes to sell the foreigner what is good for him, even if the latter doesn't see it. John Bull will make some concessions to get foreign trade, but he won't marry into it.

Hamburg has an intimate understanding of the different markets.

One morning an export house there sent an invoice of goods for America to the United States Consulate. When he had glanced over it the vice-consul sent for the head of the Hamburg house.

"Zimmermann, what do you folks mean by submitting such an invoice as this?" asked the vice-consul. "It's as full of tricks as a monkey."

The exporter examined it himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The man who makes out our American invoices died yesterday and this was made out by a fellow who takes care of our Central American shipments. We should never have sent you an invoice like this. It will not happen again. I beg your pardon."

The typical export houses of Germany handle merchandise on commission, taking orders all over the world and filling them with goods from Germany, France, England, America—anywhere. Some of these houses are large and trade over pretty much the whole world. Others confine their operations to a given section, as South America or the Malay Peninsula.

Much has been written about the irresistible advance of Germany in foreign trade, as though there were some magic in it; but there has been chiefly hard work. Commissions are small for the exporter. He is feeling the pressure of changed ways of distributing goods, as the wholesaler everywhere feels it today. His business requires large capital, for he carries many of his customers on long credits. German banks are admirably organized to discount his bills of lading and to finance him in other ways, and this does very well in good times; but the exporter whose business is most solid is the one who builds chiefly on his own capital—it may not grow quite so fast, but on the other hand it will not shrink so cruelly when stringency comes and bankers are scared. If you go regularly to the banker to be shaved in any country, occasionally he will draw blood. Again, after the Hamburg exporter has trained a bright youngster at home, paid for commercial schooling, had him taught one of the difficult Malay languages and given him the run of his old customers on the Peninsula, it is not always possible even for German nature to resist the inducements held out by a competitor or to stick loyally to his employer through a rubber boom.

So, on the whole, one may say of the German export trade about what the old circus man said of the new trained elephants:

"They certainly work better than any bulls I ever saw. Yet, when you come to think of it, Bill, they don't do anything but what you could do yourself."

The German's gift for "joining" helps him in export trade. He belongs to numerous export *Bunde* and *Vereine* that collect information and samples all over the world, furnish him credit information, punish his bad debtors, further trade treaties, hold expositions, and the like. His Government, too, backs him up. But it is doubtful if these organizations, though held up as models by every economic writer on Germany, really accomplish as much as they are credited with doing. Our Government, too, collects foreign trade information; and in many of the world's big centers there are independent organizations, like the American Association of Trade and Commerce in Berlin, which is ready to correspond and work with any American manufacturer who wants to enter that market; but collecting information is one thing and getting manufacturers to act upon it quite another.

Many German concerns, instead of selling through exporters, send their own salesmen over the world to push only their own products. The German export salesman working in this way, with a single line of goods for one house, is probably the best man in his field sent out by any country. He speaks at least three or four of the major languages and half a dozen local dialects. He is at home in England, the United States, Australia, India, China. He knows the local customs of all the world's markets and half the steamship stewards in the world know him. To his thorough practical understanding of the way in which different people like to do business, information that he has gained on the spot, he adds a stolid good-fellowship that makes him friends everywhere.

One afternoon not long ago such a German export salesman arrived at the leading hotel in a large Canadian city. The clerk and bellboys knew him at sight and were mighty glad to see him again. His goods required ample display space and only one sample room in that hotel was big enough. The clerk told him it was occupied by an English salesman.

(Concluded on Page 54)

# THE GRAIN OF DUST

## By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

### IX

IN NO way was Norman's luck superior to most men's more splendidly than in that his inborn tendency to arrogant and extravagant desires was matched by an inborn capacity to get the necessary money. His luxurious tastes were certainly not moderated by his associations—enormously rich people who, though they could be stingy enough in some respects, at the same time could and did fling away fortunes in gratifying selfish whims for silly, showy houses, for retinues of wasteful servants; for gewgaws that accentuated the homeliness of their homely women and coarsened and vulgarized their pretty women or perhaps for a night's gambling or entertaining. Norman fortunately cared not at all for the hugely expensive pomp of the life of the rich; if he had he would have hopelessly involved himself, as, after all, he was not a money-grubber but a lawyer. But when there appeared anything for which he did care he was ready to bid for it like the richest of the rich.

Therefore the investment of a few thousand dollars seemed a small matter to him. He had many a time tossed away far more for far less. He did not dole out the sum he had agreed to provide. He paid it into a Jersey City bank to the credit of the Chemical Research Company and informed its secretary and treasurer that she could draw freely against it. "If you will read the by-laws of the company," said he, "you will see that you've the right to spend exactly as you see fit. When the money runs low let me know."

"I'll be very careful," said Dorothy Hallowell, secretary and treasurer.

"That's precisely what we don't want," replied he. He glanced round the tiny parlor of the cottage. "We want everything to be run in first-class shape. That's the only way to get results."

A few weeks and he was enjoying the sight of her ensconced with her father in luxurious comfort—with two servants, with a well-run house, with pleasant gardens, with all that is at the command of an income of six thousand a year in a comparatively inexpensive city.

When he went to see Dorothy one day Norman found that she had made more of a toilet than usual, had devised a new way of doing her hair that enabled him to hang a highly prized addition in his memory gallery of widely varied portraits of her.

The afternoon was warm. They sat under a big old tree at the end of the garden. He saw that she was much disturbed—and that it had to do with him. From time to time she looked at him, studying his face when she thought herself unobserved. As he had learned that it is never wise to open up the disagreeable, he waited. After making several efforts at conversation, she abruptly said:

"I saw Mr. Tetlow this morning—in Twenty-third Street. I was coming out of a chemical supplies store where father had sent me."

She paused. But Norman did not help her.

"He—Mr. Tetlow—acted very strangely," she went on. "I spoke to him. He stared at me as if he weren't going to speak—as if I weren't fit to speak to."

"Oh!" said Norman.

"Then he came hurrying after me. And he said: 'Do you know that Norman is to be married in two weeks?'"

"So!" said Norman.

"And I said, 'What of it? How does that interest me?'"

"It didn't interest you?"

"I was surprised that you hadn't spoken of it," replied she. "But I was more interested in Mr. Tetlow's manner. What do you think he said next?"

"I can't imagine," said Norman.

"Why—that I was even more shameless than he thought. He said: 'Oh, I know all about you! I found out by accident. I sha'n't tell any one, for I can't help loving you still. But it has killed my belief in woman.'"

She was looking at Norman with eyes large and grave. "And what did you say?" he inquired.

"I didn't say anything. I looked at him as if he weren't there and started on. Then he said: 'When Norman abandons you, as he soon will, you can count on me if you need a friend.'"

There was a pause. Then Norman said: "And that was all?"

"Yes," replied she.

Another pause. Norman said musingly: "Poor Tetlow! I've not seen him since he went away to Bermuda—at least he said he was going there. One day he sent the firm a formal letter of resignation. . . . Poor Tetlow! Do you regret not having married him?"

"I couldn't marry a man I didn't love." She looked at him with sweet, friendly eyes. "I couldn't even marry you, much as I like you."

Norman laughed—a dismal attempt at ease and raillery.

"When he told me about your marrying," she went on, "I knew how I felt about you. For I was not a bit jealous. Why haven't you ever said anything about it?"

He disregarded this. He leaned forward and with curious deliberateness took her hand. She let it lie gently in his. He put his arm round her and drew her close to him. She did not resist. He kissed her upturned face, kissed her upon the lips. She remained passive, looking at him with calm eyes.

"Why do you look at me so?" he demanded of her suddenly.

"I can't understand."

"Understand what?"

"Why you should wish to kiss me when you love another woman. What would she say if she knew?"

"I'm sure I don't know. And I rather think I don't care. You are the only person on earth that interests me."

"Then why are you marrying?"

"Let's not talk about that. Let's talk about ourselves."

"You ought not to talk to me this way," she reproved gently, "when you are engaged."

He flung her hand into her lap. "You are making a fool of me. And I don't wonder. I've invited it."

She said: "You are going to marry?"

"I suppose so," replied he sourly.

"Are you worried about the expense? Is it costing you too much, this helping father? Are you sorry you went into it?"

He was silent.

"You are sorry!" she exclaimed. "You feel that you are wasting your money!"

"No," he said hastily. "No, indeed. This expense—it's nothing." He flushed, hung his head in shame before his own weakness, as he added, "I'm very glad to be helping your father."

"I knew you would be!" she cried triumphantly. "I knew it!"

She laughed—and he could not but feel that the greater laughter in her too innocent eyes was directed at him. She talked of other things—and he let her—charmed, yet cursing his folly, his slavery, the while.

Like every other man, Norman no sooner began to be attracted by a woman than he began to invest her with a mystery and awe that she either could dissipate by forcing him to see the truth of her commonplaceness or could increase into a power that would enslave him by keeping him agitated and interested and ever satisfied, yet ever baffled. But no woman had shown this supreme skill in the art of love—until Dorothy Hallowell. She exasperated him. She fascinated him. She kept him so restless that his professional work was all but neglected. Was it her skill? Was it her folly? Was she simply leading him on and on, guided blindly by woman's instinct to get as much as she could and to give as little as she dared? Or was she protected by a real indifference to him—the strongest, indeed the only invulnerable, armor a woman can wear? Was she protecting herself? Or was it merely that he, weakened by his infatuation, was doing the protecting for her?

Beside these distracting questions the once all-important matter of professional and worldly ambition seemed not worth troubling about. They even so vexed him that he had become profoundly indifferent as to Josephine. He saw her rarely. When they were alone he either talked neutral subjects or sat almost mute, hardly conscious of her presence. He received her efforts at the customary caressings with such stolidity that she soon ceased to annoy him. They reduced their outward show of affection to a kiss when they met, another when they separated. He was tired—always tired—worn out—half sick—harassed by business concerns. He did not trouble himself about whether his listless excuses would be accepted or not. He did not care what she thought, or might think, or might do.

Josephine was typical of the women of the comfortable class. For them the fundamentally vital matters of life—the profoundly harassing questions of food, clothing and shelter—are arranged and settled. What is there left to occupy their minds? Little but the idle emotions they manufacture and spread foglike over their true natures to hide the barrenness, the monotony. They fool with phrases about art or love or religion or charity—for none of those things can be vivid realities to those who are swathed and stupefied in a luxury they have not to take the least thought to provide for themselves. Like all those women, Josephine fancied herself complex—fancied she was a person of variety and of depth because she repeated with a slight change of wording the things she read in clever books or heard from clever men. There seemed to Norman to be small-enough originality, personality, to the ordinary man of the comfortable class; but there was some, because his necessity of struggling with and against his fellowmen in the several arenas of active life compelled him to be at least a little of a person. In the women there seemed nothing at all—not even in Josephine. When he listened to her, when he thought of her—now—he was calmly critical. He judged her as a human specimen—judged much as would have old Newton Hallowell, to whom the whole world was a mere laboratory.

She bored him now—and he made no effort beyond bare politeness to conceal the fact from her. The situation was saved from becoming intolerable by that universal saver of intolerable situations, vanity. She had the ordinary human vanity. In addition, she had the peculiar vanity of woman, the creation of man's flatteries lavished upon the sex he alternately serves and spurns. In further addition, she had the vanity of her class—the comfortable class that feels superior to the mass of mankind in fortune, in intellect, in taste, in everything desirable. Heaped upon all these vanities was her vanity of high social rank—and atop the whole her vanity of great wealth. None but the sweetest and simplest of human beings can stand up and remain human under such a weight as this. If we are at all fair in our judgments of our fellowmen we marvel that the triumphant class—especially the women, whose point of view is never corrected by the experiences of practical life—are not more arrogant, more absurdly forgetful of the oneness and the feebleness of humanity.

Josephine was by nature one of the sweet and simple souls. And her love for Norman, after the habit of genuine love, had destroyed all the instinct of coquetry. The woman—or the man—has to be indeed interesting, indeed an individuality, to remain interesting when sincerely in love, and so elevated above the petty but potent sex trickeries. Josephine, deeply in love, was showing herself to Norman in her undisguised natural sweet simplicity—and monotony. But, while men admire and reverence a sweet and simple feminine soul, and love her in plays and between the covers of a book and when she is talking highfalutin abstractions of morality—and wax wroth with any other man who ignores or neglects her—they do not in their own persons become infatuated with her.

The marriage was not quite two weeks away. About the time that the ordinary plausible excuses for Norman's neglect, his abstraction, his seeming indifference, were exhausted, Josephine's vanity came forward to explain everything to her, all to her own glory. As the elysian hour approached—so vanity assured her—the man who loved her as her complex soul and many physical and social advantages deserved was overcome with that shy terror of which she had read in the poets and the novelists. A large income, fashionable attire and surroundings, a carriage and a maid—these things gave a woman a subtle and superior intellect and soul. How? Why? No one knew. But every one admitted, indeed saw, the truth. Further, these beings—these great ladies—according to all the accredited poets, novelists and other final authorities upon life—always inspired the most awed and worshipful and diffident feelings in their lovers. Therefore she—the great lady—was getting but her due. She would have liked something else—something common and human—much better. But, having always led her life as the conventions dictated, never as the common human heart yearned, she had no keen sense of dissatisfaction to rouse her to revolt and to question. Also, she was breathlessly busy with her trousseau and the other arrangements for the grand wedding.

One afternoon she telephoned Norman asking him to come on his way home that evening. "I particularly wish to see you," she said. He thought her voice sounded rather queer, but he did not take sufficient interest to speculate about it. When he was with her in the small drawing-room on the second floor he noted that her eyes were regarding him strangely. He thought he understood why when she said:

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Fred?"

He put on his good-natured, slightly mocking smile. "I thought you were too busy for that sort of thing nowadays." And he bent and kissed her waiting lips. Then he lit a cigarette and seated himself on the sofa beside her—the sofa at right angles to the open fire.

"Well?" he said.

She gazed into the fire for fully a minute before she said, in a voice of constraint: "What became of that—that girl—the Miss Hallowell ——"

She broke off abruptly. There was a pause choked with those dizzy pulsations that fill moments of silence and strain. Then with a sob she flung herself against his breast and buried her face on his shoulder. "Don't answer!" she cried. "I'm ashamed of myself. I'm ashamed—ashamed!"

He put his arm about her shoulders. "But why shouldn't I answer?" said he in the kindly, gentle tone we can all assume when a matter that agitates some one else is wholly indifferent to us.

"Because—it was a—a trap," she answered hysterically. "Fred—there was a man here this afternoon—a man named Tetlow. He got in only because he said he came from you."

Norman laughed quietly. "Poor Tetlow!" he said.

"He used to be your head clerk—didn't he?"

"And one of my few friends."

"He's not your friend, Fred!" she cried, sitting upright and speaking with energy that quivered in her voice and flashed in her fine brown eyes. "He's your enemy—a snake in the grass—a malicious, poisonous ——"

Norman's quiet, even laugh interrupted. "Oh, no!" said he. "Tetlow's a good fellow. Anything he said would be what he honestly believed—anything he said about me."

"He pleaded that he was doing it for your good," she went on with scorn.

"They always do—like the people who write Father wicked anonymous letters. He—this man Tetlow—he said he wanted me, for the sake of my love for you, to save you from yourself."

Norman glanced at her with amused eyes. "Well, why don't you? But then you are doing it. You're marrying me, aren't you?"

Again she put her head upon his shoulder. "Indeed I am!" she cried. "And I'd be a poor sort if I should let a sneak shake my confidence in you."

He patted her shoulder, and there was laughter in his voice as he said: "But I never pretended to be trustworthy."

"Oh, I know you used to ——" She laughed and kissed his cheek. "Never mind. I've heard. But, while you were engaged to me—about to marry me—why, you simply couldn't!"

"Couldn't what?" inquired he.

"Do you want me to tell you what he said?"

"I think I know. But do as you like."

"Maybe I'd better tell you. I seem to want to get rid of it."

"Then do."

"It was about that girl." She sat upright and looked at him for encouragement. He nodded. She went on:

"He said you were—were—giving her money."

"Her and her father."

She shrank, startled. Then her lips smiled bravely, and she said:

"He didn't say anything about her father."

"No. That was my own correction of his story."

She looked at him with wonder and doubt. "You aren't—doing it, Fred!" she exclaimed.

Norman nodded. "Yes, indeed." He looked at her placidly. "Why not?"

"You are supporting her?"

"If you wish to put it that way," said he carelessly. "My money pays the bills—all the bills."

"Fred!"

"Yes? What is it? Why are you so agitated?" He studied her face, then rose, took a final pull at the cigarette, tossed it in the fire. "I must be going," he said in a cool, even voice.

She started up in a panic. "Fred! What do you mean? Are you angry with me?"

His calm regard met hers. "I do not like—this sort of thing," he said.

"But surely you'll explain. Surely I'm entitled to an explanation."

"Why should I explain? You have evidently found an explanation that satisfies you." He drew himself up in a quiet gesture of haughtiness. "Besides, it has never been my habit to allow myself to be questioned or to explain myself."

Her eyes widened with terror. "Fred!" she gasped. "What do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say," said he in the same cool, inevitable way. "A man came to you with a story about me. You listened. A sufficient answer to the story was that I am marrying you. That answer apparently does not content you. Very well. I shall make no other."

She gazed at him uncertainly. She felt him going—and going finally. She seized him with desperate fingers, cried: "I am content. Oh, Fred—don't frighten me this way!"

He smiled satirically. "Are you afraid of the scandal—because everything for the wedding has gone so far?"

"How can you think that!" cried she—perhaps too vigorously, a woman would have thought.

"What else is there for me to think? You certainly haven't shown any consideration for me."

"But you told me yourself that you were false to me."

"Really? When?"

She forgot her fear in a gush of rage rising from sudden realization of what she was doing—of how leniently and weakly and without pride she was dealing with this man. "Didn't you admit ——"

"Pardon me," said he, and his manner might well have calmed the wildest tempest of anger. "I did not admit. I never admit. I leave that to people of the sort who explain and excuse and apologize. I simply told you I was paying the expenses of a family named Hallowell."

"But why should you do it, Fred?"

His smile was gently satirical. "I thought Tetlow told you why."

"I don't believe him!"

"Then why this excitement?"

One could understand how the opposition witnesses dreaded facing him. "I don't know just why," she stammered. "It seemed to me you were admitting—I mean, you were confirming, what that man accused you of."

"And of what did he accuse me? I might say, of what do you accuse me?" When she remained silent he went on: "I am trying to be reasonable, Josephine. I am trying to keep my temper."

The look in her eyes—the fear, the timidity—was a startling revelation of character—of the cowardice with which love undermines the strongest nature. "I know I've been foolish and incoherent, Fred," she pleaded. "But—I love you! And you remember how I always was afraid of that girl."

"Just what do you wish to know?"

"Nothing, dear—nothing! I am not sillily jealous. I ought to be admiring you for your generosity—your charity."

"It's neither the one nor the other," said he with exasperating deliberateness.

She quivered. "Then what is it?" she cried. "You are driving me crazy with your evasions"—pleadingly—"you must admit they are evasions."

He buttoned his coat in tranquil preparation to depart. She instantly took alarm. "I don't mean that. It's my fault—not asking you straight out. Fred, tell me—won't you? But if you are too cross with me, then—don't tell me." She laughed nervously, hiding her submission beneath a seeming of mocking exaggeration of humility. "I'll be good. I'll behave."

A man who admired her as a figure, a man who liked her, a man who had no feeling for her beyond the general human feeling of wishing well pretty nearly everybody—in brief, any man but one who had loved her and had gotten over it—would have deeply pitied and sympathized with her. Fred Norman said calmly:

"I am backing Mr. Hallowell in a company for which he is doing chemical research work. So far we have declared no dividends. But we have hopes."

She gave a hysterical sob of relief. "Then it's only business—not the girl at all!"

"Oh, yes, it's the girl too," replied he. "She's an officer of the company; in fact, it was to make a place for her that I went into the enterprise originally." With an engaging air of frankness he inquired, "Anything more?"

She was gazing soberly, almost somberly, into the fire. "You'll not be offended if I ask you one question?"

"Certainly not."

"Is there anything between you and her?"

"You mean, am I having an affair with her?"

She hung her head, but managed to make a slight nod of assent.

He laughed. "No." He laughed again. "She congratulated me on my engagement with a sincerity that would have piqued a man who was interested in her."

"Will you forgive me?" Josephine said. "What I've just been feeling and saying and putting you through—it's beneath both of us. I suppose a woman—no woman—can help being nasty where another woman is concerned."

With his satirical, good-humored smile he said: "I don't in the least blame you."

"And you'll not think less of me for giving way to a thing so vulgar?"

He kissed her with a carelessness that made her wince. But she felt that she deserved it—and was grateful. He said: "Why don't you go over and see for yourself? No doubt Tetlow gave you the address—and no doubt you have remembered it."

She colored and hastily turned her head. "Don't punish me," she pleaded.

"Punish you? What nonsense! . . . Do you want me to take you over? The laboratory would interest you—and Miss Hallowell is lovelier than ever. She has an easier life now. Office work wears on women terribly."

Josephine looked at him with a beautiful smile of love and trust. "You wish to be sure I'm cured. Well, can't you see that I am?"

"I don't see why you should be. I've said nothing one way or the other."

She laughed gayly. "You can't tempt me. I'm really cured. I think the only reason I had the attack was because Mr. Tetlow so evidently believed he was speaking the truth."

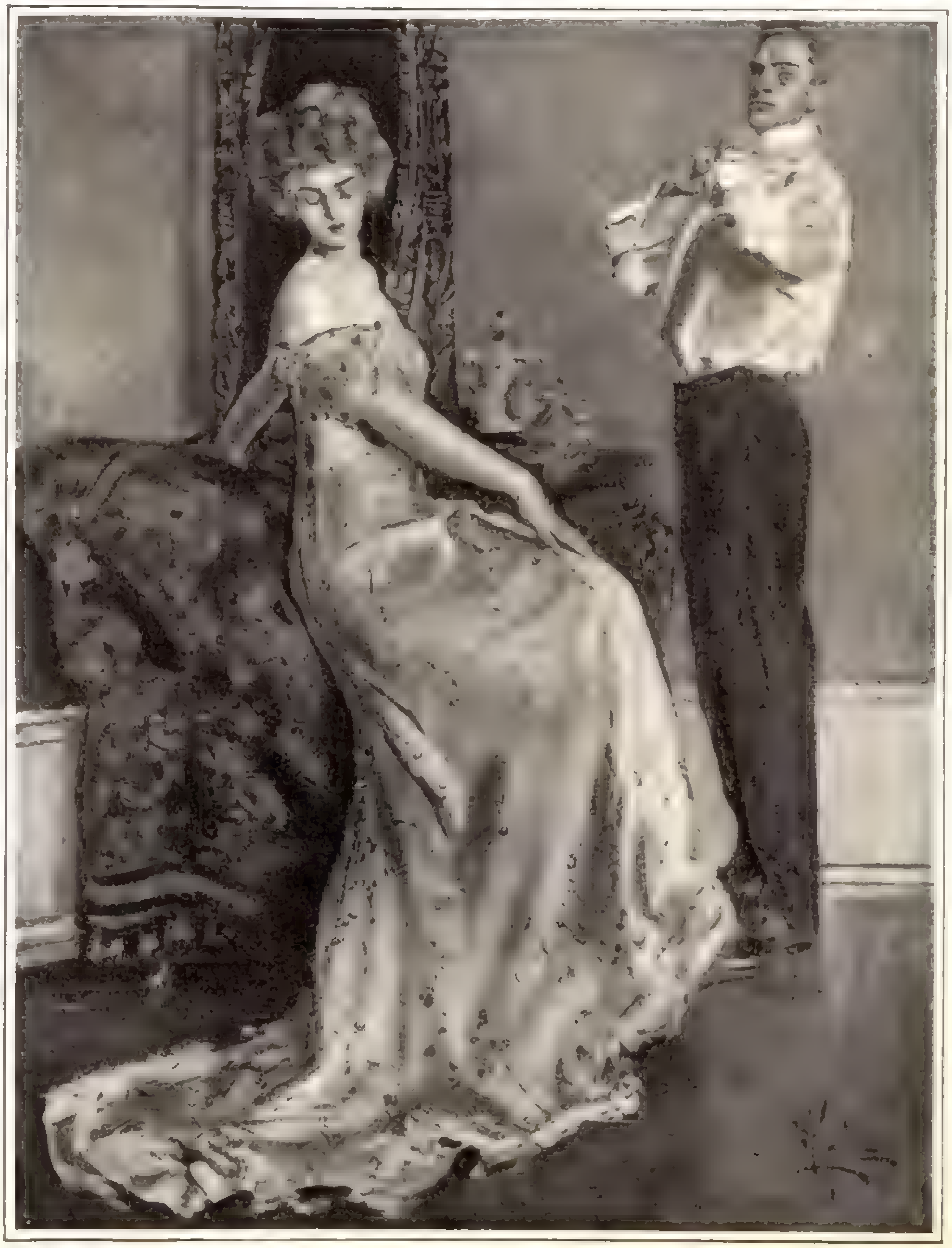
"No doubt he did think he was. I'm sure, in the same circumstances, I'd think of any one else just what he thinks of me."

"Then why do you do it, Fred?" urged she with ill-concealed eagerness. "It isn't fair to the girl, is it?"

"No one but you and Tetlow knows I'm doing it."

"You're mistaken there, dear. Tetlow says a great many people downtown are talking about it that they say you go almost every day to Jersey City to see her. He says she is quite innocent. He blames it all upon you."

Norman, standing with arms folded upon his broad chest, was gazing thoughtfully into the fire.



"People Half Believe Me When I Say I'm Twenty-Nine"

"You don't mind my telling you these things?" she said anxiously. "Of course I know they are lies "

"So every one is talking about it!" interrupted he, so absorbed that he had not heard her.

"You don't realize how conspicuous you are."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it can't be helped."

"You can't afford to be mixed up in a scandal," she ventured, "or to injure a poor little creature —— I'm afraid you'll have to—to stop it."

"Stop it!" His eyes gleamed with mirth and something else. "It isn't my habit to heed gossip."

"But think of her, Fred!"

He smiled ironically. "What a generous, thoughtful dear you are!" said he.

She blushed. "I'll admit I don't like it. I'm not jealous—but I wish you weren't doing it."

"So do I!" he exclaimed, with a sudden energy that astonished and disquieted her. "So do I! But since it can't be helped I shall go on."

Never had she respected him so profoundly. For the first time she had measured strength with him and had been beaten and routed. She fancied herself enormously proud; for she labored under the common delusion that mistakes for pride the silly vanity of class, or birth, or wealth, or position. She had imagined she would never lower that cherished pride of hers to any man. And she had lowered it into the dust. No wonder women had loved him, she said to herself; couldn't he do with them, even the haughtiest of them, precisely as he pleased? He had not tried to calm, much less to end, her jealousy; on the contrary, he had let it flame as high as it would, had urged it higher. And she did not dare ask him, even as a loving concession to her weakness, to give up an affair upon which everybody was putting the natural, worst possible construction! On the contrary, she had given him leave to go on—because she feared—yes, knew—that if she tried to interfere he would take it as evidence that they could not get on together. What a man!

. . . . . .

But there was more to come that day. As he was finishing dressing for dinner his sister Ursula knocked. "May I come in, Frederick?" she said.

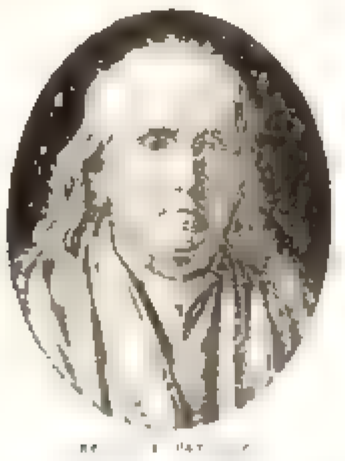
"Sure," he cried. "I'm fixing my tie."

Ursula, in a gown that displayed the last possible—many of the homelier women said impossible—inch of her beautiful shoulders, came strolling sinuously in and seated herself on the arm of a chair. She watched him, in his evening shirt, as he with much struggling did his tie. "How young you do look Fred!" said she. "In just that much clothes. Not a day over thirty."

"I'm not exactly a nonagenarian," retorted he.

(Continued on Page 49)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 4, 1911

## Star-Chambering the Magazines

MORE than a year ago President Taft recommended an increase in second-class postal rates applied to periodicals. Publishers of magazines at once demanded a hearing. Congress examined their witnesses, weighed their evidence against that of the Postmaster-General and evidently was convinced by it, for no attempt was made to enact the President's recommendations into law.

Last December the President again brought up the subject in a form so unfair that the magazines hardly took it seriously. Neither did the House of Representatives, in which all revenue legislation is supposed to originate. In January the House passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill without a hint of increased second-class rates.

The bill then went to a Senate committee, the Republican members of which are Penrose, Burrows, Scott, Crane, Carter, Dick, Guggenheim and Bourne. All except Bourne are prominently identified with the standpat wing of the party. Four of them—Burrows, Dick, Scott and Carter—were about to retire to private life. This committee was suddenly required to put the Administration's proposal for taxing magazines into the Post-office Appropriation Bill. Senator Penrose himself, chairman of the committee, had declared "it was impossible to determine what any branch of the post-office service was earning or losing and equally impossible to decide what proportion of the annual deficit could fairly be charged to the various classes of postal matter." Obviously, therefore, the Postmaster-General's contention that magazines were handled at a loss was not proved. Yielding, however, to a pressure which only Bourne, the progressive, among the Republicans, was sufficiently independent to withstand, the committee did put the proposal into the Post-office Appropriation Bill—in strange form!

The clause reads in part: "And on sheets of any publication of either of said classes"—that is, magazines—"containing in whole or part any advertisement, four cents a pound: provided that the increased rate shall not apply to publications mailing less than four thousand pounds of each issue."

Thus, magazines of small circulation and small influence are exempt, like the newspapers. A "sheet," when folded to the size of the magazine, makes several pages. In the makeup some pages from the same sheet may be thrown into one part of the magazine, some into another. This editorial page may be part of a sheet upon some other page of which an advertisement appears. So the quadrupled postal rate would apply to the greater part of the whole issue.

If revenue were the main object of this amendment why were newspapers exempt? The Sunday issues of many newspapers contain a bulk of advertising exceeding that in most magazine issues. Why was there discrimination among the magazines? Sixteen ounces of advertising in a small periodical weigh as much as a pound in a big one and travel as many feet to the mile. If our Government cannot haul magazines at a cent a pound without losing money how can the Canadian Government, with distances as great as ours, haul them for a less rate and show a profit on postal operations?

Other questions might be asked; but it is clear that answering questions, however reasonable, was no part of the program of those who engineered this amendment. The Postal Appropriation Bill had already passed the House with no mention of this magazine tax. The provision was abruptly inserted by a Senate committee only three weeks before adjournment. If the Senate adopted it the bill would go to conference in the closing days of the session—a condition favorable in the highest degree to cracking through objectionable legislation without debate. The bill itself could not fail without paralyzing the whole postal service. A shrewd tactician might well imagine that the House would yield, however little its judgment approved the amendment.

Everybody knows it is precisely the magazines of much circulation and much influence that carry much advertising. Everybody knows such magazines are precisely the ones that have not proved amenable to party influence, but have been leaders in the progressive movement. Everybody knows how much heartburning that movement has caused in the conservative wing of the Republican party. If that wing had determined to revenge itself by levying a ruinous tax upon its most effective critics it could not possibly have invented a neater device than the one contained in the amendment to the Post-office Bill. A wing with the courage of its convictions might have wished to include the progressive newspapers; but it is obviously more difficult to discriminate among newspapers. It would be rather characteristic of the reactionary mind to stand in greater fear of the newspapers than of the magazines because magazines had no political influence in our grandfathers' time. And it would be rather characteristic of standpat logic to calculate that most newspapers, in a pious hope of fattening their own advertising on the ruins of the magazines, would gladly assist in destroying the latter. Altogether it was a clever scheme—only it cannot win permanently.

## Reciprocity and Ship Subsidy

THAT the Senate should balk at the Canadian reciprocity treaty is not strange. When that treaty was brought before it, with the President's urgent recommendation that it be accepted, the Senate had just passed a ship-subsidy bill, also warmly recommended by the President; and ship subsidy, of course, is merely high protection in a slightly different guise.

The reciprocity treaty, as a step in tariff reform, meant that the Government had gone too far in the way of lending its taxing powers for the benefit of favored interests; but the ship-subsidy bill meant creating still another favored interest for whose benefit the Government should lend its taxing powers. A request to cut down the flow of public pap, coming on the heels of a request to open up a brand-new pipeline for it, might well confuse a deliberative assembly, even though it possessed the renowned intellectual powers of our Upper House. Having some reasonable regard for an appearance of consistency the Senate might plausibly beg to be excused from passing an act to restrict tariff graft until, at least, the ink was dry on its act extending that graft—in a slightly different form—in a new direction.

## The Little Red Schoolhouse

TO RUN the rural districts costs little, although they contain over a third of the population and about a quarter of the wealth of the nation. As compared with urban communities, the public charge for current expenses, upkeep and permanent improvements is exceedingly light. As a matter of fact, the virtue of economy has been carried to unprofitable extremes.

The celebrated little red schoolhouse is usually a mere shanty, cut off from the same piece architecturally as the farmer's cowshed, with a drygoods box clapped on top for a belfry. Too often the approaches to this venerated institution are hardly passable in bad weather. They are trying now, in several parts of the country, to put the ugly little red schoolhouse out of business. The general idea is to consolidate some contiguous districts and not only to provide better equipment and instruction but to build a rural schoolhouse, in an attractive setting of lawn and trees, that will look as though it meant something besides mere shelter from rain—a building that may arouse sentiments of unity and of local pride, and incidentally suggest to the passing eye that an L is not the last word in architecture. It may cost a little more; but the "pride of the cities" is not mere vanity or waste. The rural districts need more of this sort of pride; and they can well afford to pay for it.

## False Friends of the Farmers

THE standard of living in Canada is as high as in the United States. As cheap labor is to be found in this country as in that. There has never been any bar in this country against whatever cheap labor there was in Canada. It has always been perfectly free to come here and compete with our labor. Thousands of American farmers have emigrated to Canada of late because they found conditions better there. Whoever talks about the Canadian reciprocity treaty as though it meant competition with pauper labor and degraded living conditions talks nonsense.

The real question concerning that treaty is whether we are in earnest in demanding tariff reform—or only bluffing. To negotiate a treaty with Canada that would reduce duties on German steel or English woolens is obviously impossible. Here is a tangible and quite important step in tariff reform. To reject it will simply strengthen the hands of standpat protectionists. They want nothing better than to frighten the farmers of the Middle West back into line for high tariff. Whoever assists them in that, by picturing this treaty as a ruinous blow at American agriculture, is playing the standpatters' game and betraying the true interest of the farmers.

## Savings-Bank Insurance

WHEN Massachusetts authorized savings banks to write industrial insurance sanguine people said a revolution in that field was at hand. It had been shown that the cost of industrial insurance was very high. This sort of insurance is carried mainly by wage-earners in cities. The policies usually are for only two or three hundred dollars and the premiums are collected in small weekly or monthly payments. The expense of collecting these small payments from door to door is necessarily high, for it takes as long to receive and to receipt for twenty cents as for twenty dollars. The total expense, indeed, often consumed forty per cent or more of the premium money.

Under the Massachusetts law this high expense of collection might be avoided, for the insured could deposit in the savings bank a lump sum sufficient to meet the payments for a year. Two banks availed themselves of the insurance privilege. After two years—thanks partly to the vigorous work of a league that is promoting the plan—they have outstanding over three thousand policies for a total amount of nearly a million and a half dollars. This, no doubt, is a good showing; but meanwhile the number of policies outstanding in the regular industrial companies has risen to twenty millions for a total amount exceeding two and three-quarter billion dollars.

Revolutions, in fine, simply do not happen. The movement of people away from fixed customs and institutions is of a glacial nature. Otherwise people wouldn't keep on paying half the price of a bottle of milk to get it hauled from the depot to their doors.

## Uncle Sam in Business

TO INTRODUCE the postal savings-bank system in this country required immense effort, although the institution had long been approved by the experience of every other first-class nation. To get the necessary legislation required a ten-year campaign; and after the act was passed it took the Post-office Department many months to prepare to carry it into effect. Finally one post-office in each state was authorized to receive deposits; and at that point the Government seems to have stopped. The whole object of postal banks was to reach persons who were not already bank depositors, not only promoting thrift but calling into commercial channels money that otherwise would be hoarded or remitted abroad. Such persons are not likely to keep a keen watch upon Washington dispatches; but so far as we have learned no effort was made to inform them that Uncle Sam was ready to receive their money. The Government's plan seems to have been to provide the machinery, then sit down and await results. This is generally the Government's policy. We submit that it is a poor one. When Uncle Sam has provided the machinery for doing a certain business that is expected to be a public benefit why shouldn't he go out for the business that the machinery is supposed to do, thereby achieving or increasing the public benefit? If the old gentleman only knew from experience how much more efficient in several directions a little business-getting advertising would make him he wouldn't be trying to manipulate postal rates so as to prevent other people from advertising.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### Lehmann the Learned

LET us now be up and doing; for—there are no two ways about it—moments, precious moments, come into the lives of all regular authors when they feel real literary—are enveloped in the Parnassian atmosphere, as it were. When such an uplift comes to one what is one to do? Go to it, say we.

Wherefore, reaching up among the treasured although somewhat dusty tomes, we take down the poetical works of Robert Herrick—Bob was quite a poet, too, in his bucolic way—turn to that beautiful slug he wrote to his muse—modest, but ingenious, was Robert—didn't want to talk about himself, so got around it and worked the spotlight by celebrating his muse—and read of the various opportunities the muse had, over Devonshire way, for finding inspirations that would work up into good, merchantable poems—a vital subject, as any poet will affirm.

We find that Bob's muse had a considerable number of topics roundabout, including Phyllis and some of the other young ladies of the countryside; and that when there was nothing doing elsewhere the muse could take a hack at a shepherd boy. "There on a Hillock thou mayst sing unto a handsome shephardling," says Bob, giving the muse the cue for a lyric. The muse, being a good, sensible, hardworking muse, took this opportunity several times; whereupon shepherdlings have maintained for many years a reputation for boyish beauty and grace that is purely poetical, most of them being about as poetic and poetical as a chunk of cheese.

However, that point is not what this display of literary erudition is leading up to—not at all. The real point may be divided into two parts: (*a*) the absolute necessity for getting a start for this gem of prose; and (*b*) the fact that, if the muse could have been searching for subjects while gallivanting around the hillocks of Prussia, along about 1858 or 1859, she would have had a shepherdling to sing about who was worth the effort; for at that exact moment Frederick W. Lehmann, shepherdling, was shepherdling his father's flocks with one eye on the sheep and the other on his primer, wherein he carefully conned the alphabet.

We have had numerous solicitors-general in this country—President Taft once held down the job, for example—but never before, so far as I can learn, have we had a solicitor-general who learned his alphabet while a shepherd boy in Prussia. Thus, proceeding onward and upward to our ultimate destiny—*per aspera ad astra*, as we shall be informed when the commencement season begins—we have now accumulated a solicitor-general who started in that manner—name, as indicated above, being Frederick W. Lehmann—and thereby scoring two for this land of opportunity, of the more or less free and brave.

#### Learning the Ohio Alphabet

LEHMANN was born in Prussia, but was a shepherd boy there for only a brief period; for his father emigrated to Ohio. Undoubtedly the alphabet young Lehmann learned in Prussia was the Prussian alphabet; but soon after his arrival in Ohio he learned the Ohio alphabet, that being substantially the same as the alphabet used elsewhere in this country at the period. Since which time said alphabet, when combined into words of short, medium and long degree, has been of much service to Mr. Lehmann and has conveyed much information to his fellow citizens.

You see, this erstwhile shepherdling developed into a big man physically and a bigger man mentally. He may be described adequately as a large, rectangular person, stuffed with exact information from top to toe. There may be some subject about which Lehmann is not informed and precisely, but if there is it is too far over in the back of the book for any one to know enough about it to question him on it. It seems that when Mr. Lehmann started out in Prussia to educate himself he further decided that he would make a thorough job of it; and he has done so. He was born in Prussia in 1853 and twenty years later he took a degree at Tabor College, Iowa.

That was merely the beginning of the education of this big man. He studied law, practiced in Nebraska for three years and then returned to Des Moines, where he remained until 1890. Meantime he proved himself a glutton for information. He absorbed knowledge about all sorts of subjects; developed into a great speaker; developed also a literary turn—read libraries through and remembered what he read. When he went to St. Louis in 1890 he at once took front rank in the bar of that city. He has been president of the American Bar Association, has a countrywide reputation as a wit and conversationalist, as an after-dinner speaker, as a pleader—what a pleader he is!—as a student of the law and as a profound thinker.

*A Large Asset for the Taft Administration*

Lehmann is a Democrat. While he lived in Iowa he took an interest in politics that varied with the occasion. Sometimes he merely looked on, reserving his comments for his intimates. At other times, notably when he helped elect Horace Boies governor of Iowa, he jumped in, took the stump and fought the issues out with such big Iowans as Dolliver, Cummins and Allison and the rest. And he kept them busy.

When you call Lehmann a Democrat you merely apply a general political classification to him, for he is entirely independent in thought and action. His tariff ideas, for example, are more Democratic than Republican, but he refused to accept Bryan and his theories. He is a sort of combined conservative and radical, believing to some degree in centralization, in thorough accord with this Administration's policy toward industrial combinations, but differing in other essentials of policy. When he accepted the appointment of Solicitor-General he took the first salaried political office that he ever held.

He is pugnacious as a bulldog when he thinks it is time to be pugnacious, and suave and smiling as a courtier if it suits his purposes. His is a many-sided personality. If he wants to make a man his friend he makes that man his friend, but if he desires a man to remain as a mere acquaintance that is the best one can do. If he wants neither friendship nor acquaintance he has a way of impressing that fact on those he meets; but when he makes a man a friend he keeps him always. His versatility is astounding. He can discuss any topic within the range of the usual understanding and can go further and talk learnedly of abstruse psychological or economic problems. He was the chairman of the committee on the congresses of the various learned bodies that came to the St. Louis World's Fair and also of the committee on anthropology.

His first argument in the United States Supreme Court—the Solicitor-General is the official who attends to the business of the Government in the Supreme Court—was a revelation. He spoke for three hours in one of the trust cases, presenting the Government's contention lucidly, learnedly, profoundly, citing opinions, giving references, and never used a scrap of paper or a note of any kind. Next to the law, his chief interest is books. His diversion is the collection of first editions, on which he is an authority, as he is on bindings. He is president of the Franklin Club, of St. Louis, a select organization of bibliophiles, and has a remarkable private library as well as a collection of fine paintings. One of his specialties is Robert Burns and he often addresses Scottish societies on the life and work of the poet, using the Scotch vernacular perfectly in his quotations, to the great delight of his hearers.

He now holds two positions in St. Louis, both without salary. He is president of the Public Library Board and, as such, has charge of the Carnegie fund with which the new library is being built; and he is chairman of the Board of Freeholders, which recently completed the framing of a new charter for St. Louis. This charter was largely written by Mr. Lehmann and is briefer than most documents of the kind, Mr. Lehmann holding that an organic law should be as short as circumstances will admit.

He helped put down the Old Guard in Missouri Democratic politics, supported Governor Folk, and on occasion did not hesitate to uphold Governor Hadley against the Democrats—Hadley being a Republican. Big, independent, learned, companionable, Lehmann is a most notable addition to the force of legal advisers of the Government and a large asset for the Taft Administration.

### The Big Show

F. M. FARGO, of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, is interested in railroad terminals and stations. When in New York recently he made a tour of the big new Pennsylvania station.

He walked around and had a negro porter to carry his bag. He asked the porter a few questions and after a time the porter said: "Boss, you is interested in this station, I guess?"

"I am," answered Fargo.

"Well, boss, you ain't seen the best part of it yet. Has you got a little time to go see the big show in it?"

"Certainly," said Fargo. "What is the big show?"

"Well, boss," the porter replied, "you just come with me and I'll show you the barbershop."

### Not Pussy but Murray

"WILL," said Senator Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, the great soft-pedal statesman, to William L. Ward, the Republican national committeeman for the state of New York, "they say I am pussy-footed. Do you think that is so?"

"Well, Senator," Ward replied, "I wouldn't call it that. What you are far exceeds the ordinary designation of pussy-footed. I have invented a new word for it."

"Ah, indeed," said Senator Crane; "and what is the new word?"

"Why," Ward replied, "I always speak of you as Murray-footed."

### The Only Solution

L. LESHER, of Chicago, who has long ranked as one of the six best-sellers of agate lines in the advertising business, has started a good many men in that business.

One of his finds was Billy Hunter, another Chicago man. When Lesher gave Hunter his first job he was working on a Chicago paper. Hunter was full of ideas and was troubled with the writing germ.

Lesher sent Hunter out on the road and, in a day or two, Hunter sent to the owner of the paper on which they both worked a big bale of manuscript, stating in a postscript that these were a few ideas he had dashed off on the train.

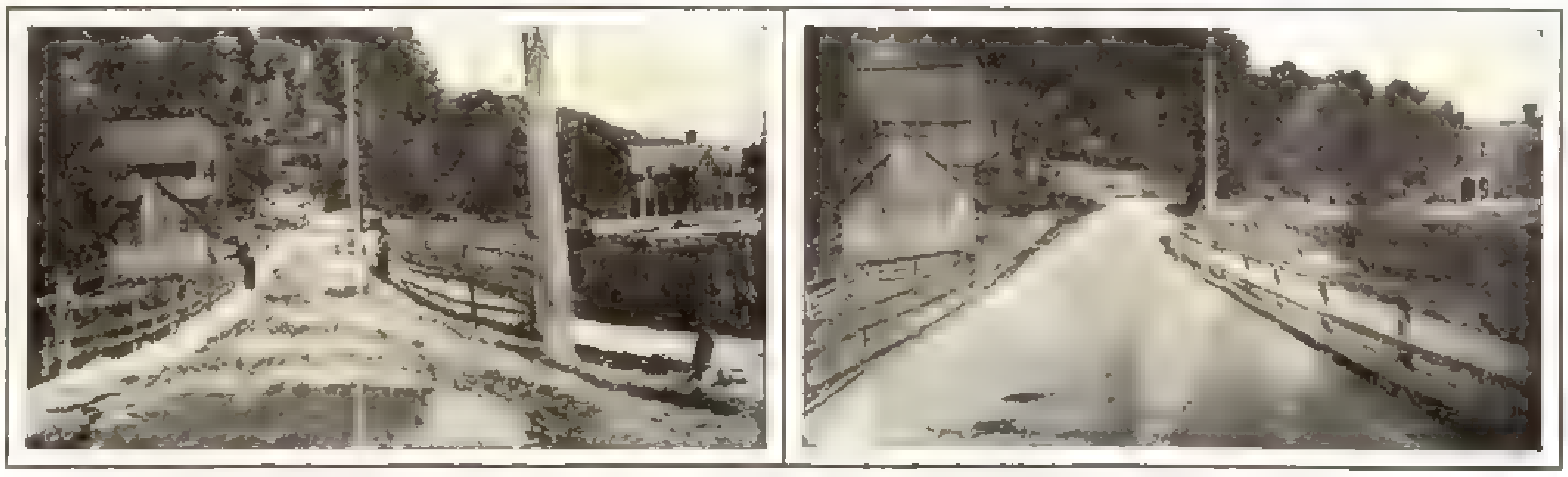
The owner of the paper took the manuscript in to Lesher and said: "What do you think of this new man's stuff?"

Lesher looked at the wad of manuscript, taking a glimpse at page one and at page seventy-five and at page one hundred. Then he got a slant at the postscript.

"Well," said Lesher, "there's just one thing to do. We've got to keep this new man off the trains."

# HASTENING THE MILLENNIUM

## How the Builders of Good Roads Hope to Turn America Into Arcady



A Road Through Paintsville, Kentucky, Before and After Improvement by United States Office of Public Roads

### By THOMAS F. LOGAN

IMAGINE a kickless world! Picture the country districts comfortably populated, with schools and churches accessible, drainage perfect and typhoid eradicated. Take all the mud-ruts away and picture firm, broad roads, tapering off into the distant landscape. Consider the sharp lines between city and country wiped out — the city less crowded, sending its overflow along the highways to the farms now abandoned; in a word, population evenly distributed, all parts of the country easily accessible, plenty of opportunity for everybody, everybody happy. It sounds like Utopia. As a matter of fact, it is the practical object of the American Association for Highway Improvement, which, backed by the most powerful corporations in the United States, including the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York Central Railroad, the Southern Railway, the Steel Trust and the Standard Oil Company, quietly has been formed in Washington.

To the man in the office, the man on the street corner or the woman in the home, the phrase "good roads" may seem to embody one of those ideals forever discussed but never accomplished—something too distant to make a strong appeal to the average citizen. The man behind the plow knows what one good road means, but has yet to learn that a whole system of improved highways would equalize food prices and improve general conditions.

When the biggest corporations in the United States get behind a movement it means that they foresee the early transformation of an ideal into an actuality. Though the avowed object of the men who have formed the American Association for Highway Improvement is to open up four hundred million uncultivated acres of land in the United States and to increase the productivity and wealth of the country, they have—naturally enough—the selfish motive of wanting to improve their own businesses.

Everything that benefits the United States aids, to a certain extent, most of the individual enterprises within its borders. Business men today work on the principle that it is wise to boom business generally, knowing that booms still recognize the survival of the fittest. That is why business men band themselves into chambers of commerce and boards of trade. The old idea of knocking the other fellow's business to boost your own has gone into the discard.

No modern tendency, neither the rise of republics nor the advance of woman, speaks so eloquently of the increased intelligence of the world as does the general movement throughout the world toward good roads. A complete system of improved highways throughout the United States will prevent the artificial conditions that create financial panics.

Some one somewhere once asserted that the man who is a "bear" on the financial future of the United States writes himself an ass. The point he intended to make was that the United States, with its vast resources, is bound to go forward, not backward. Artificial conditions alone cause panics. Fundamentally the country is as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar.

### Good Roads and the Price of Food

IN spite of its quick, mushroom growth, the United States was built on soil so rich and generous that already it has outdistanced in productivity the wealthiest nations of the world. Nevertheless, the growth in this country has been impulsive, almost unscientific. With the exception of Washington, few of the cities have been laid out on a preconceived plan. Like Topsy, they just grew. Even in the cases of Chicago and San Francisco, where there were opportunities for complete remodeling after fire and earthquake had done their work, the resistless force of land-ownership shaped the cities in their old moulds.

In the ideal country of the millennium, perhaps, there will be no large cities. The large cities of the United States have intensified the problems that confront this nation. It is in the large cities that the panics start. There is but one condition, really, that should ever cause a financial depression and that condition is a year or two of bad crops. Fundamentally that is the only thing that can influence the future. As a matter of experience and fact, however, crop failures never cause a panic. Fear of man made laws on the part of the big financial interests, or manipulation for selfish purposes, usually works the mischief. A mere rumor, under present conditions, frequently does more harm than a whole year of poor crops. The tariff, as an artificial institution, may temporarily cause prices to soar, but economists agree that the gradual increase in food prices has been due mainly to the trend of the people away from the country toward the cities.

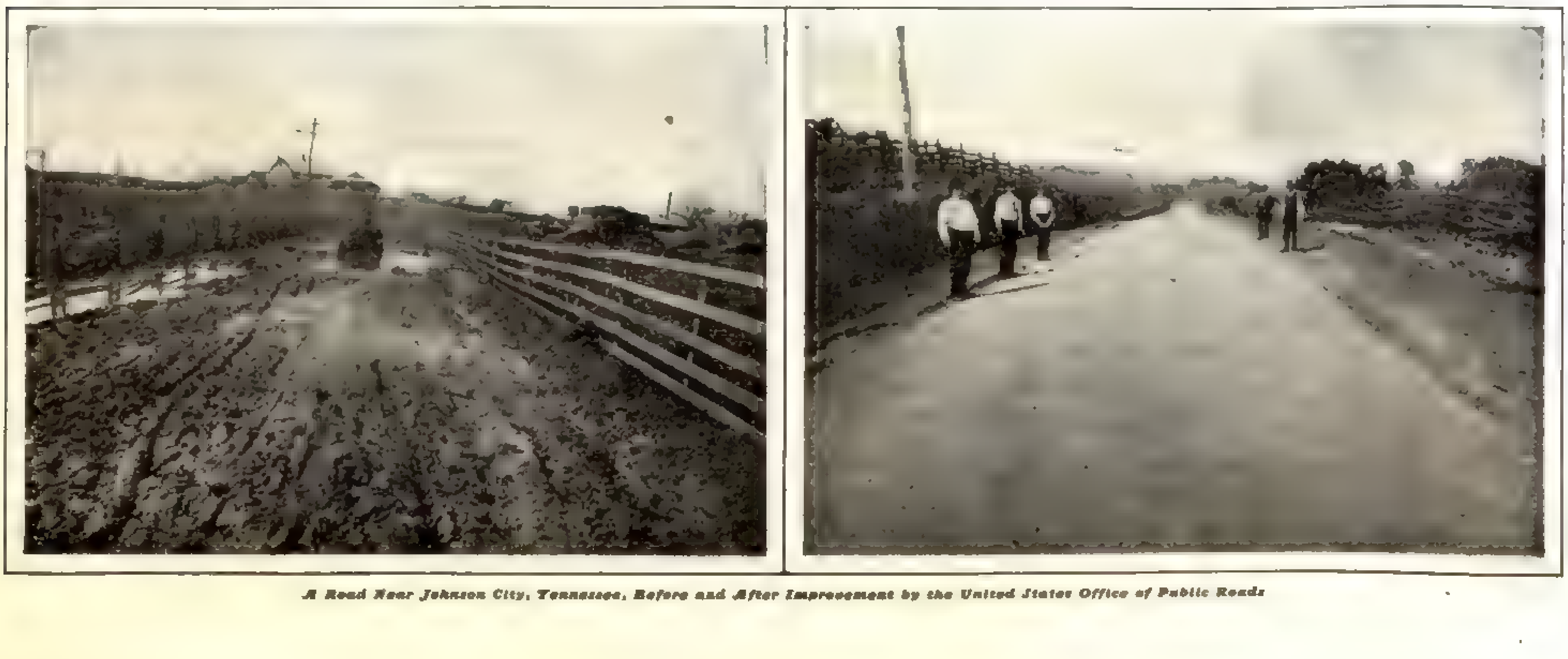
Immigrants add to the congestion in the cities. They become food consumers, not food producers. At the time this is being written the authorities of the United States are making plans to put into effect a system for diverting some of the immigrants to the country districts. With thousands of farmers' sons sprinting for the city and most of the immigrants herding there, it is little wonder that the price of food has jumped so tremendously in the last few years.

To equalize the distribution of the population will be to equalize happiness and eventually wealth. A network of improved highways extending throughout the United States will loosen the lines of intensified living, as exemplified by the crowding in cities and the desertion of the country districts. There was a time when traffic took the initiative and made the roads. In modern days—when roadmaking, from its accidental origin, through various forms of convenience has at last developed into an exact science—the roads take the lead; the traffic follows.

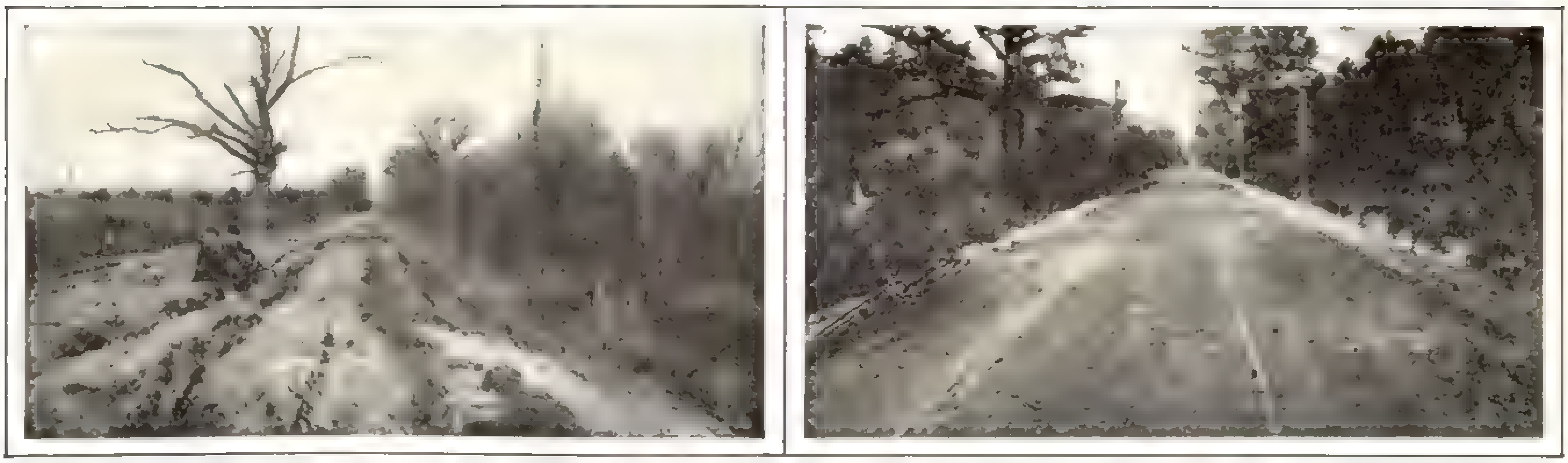
In different parts of the country there have been and are various good-roads associations. They have been working, however, without coördination and frequently at cross-purposes. The big corporations of the country and the Government itself, realizing that this movement is leading to a solution of the problem of comfortable living in America, have now formed the American Association for Highway Improvement, to act as a sort of clearing house and to correlate and harmonize the efforts of all existing organizations working for road improvement.

The president of the association is Logan Waller Page, director of the United States Office of Public Roads; the vice-president, W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central lines; the treasurer, Lee McClung, treasurer of the United States; the chairman of the board of directors, Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad.

The board of directors includes, in addition, B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the Frisco Lines; Dr. E. J. James,



A Road Near Johnson City, Tennessee, Before and After Improvement by the United States Office of Public Roads



*A Road Near Cheraw, South Carolina, Before and After Improvement by United States Office of Public Roads*

president of the University of Illinois; James McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Bryan Lathrop, Lincoln Park Commission, Chicago, Illinois; Lafayette Young, United States Senator from Iowa; John A. Steward, president of the International League for Highway Improvement; W. W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway Company; Joseph W. Jones, president of the Touring Club of America; James S. Harlan, of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Robert P. Hooper, president of the American Automobile Association; and George C. Diehl, chairman of the good-roads board of the American Automobile Association.

I have inquired of most of these directors their object in entering into this good-roads movement and they have all asserted that they believe that the improvement of public highways is one of the greatest if not actually the greatest problem now confronting the American people. The consensus of their opinions is that the United States loses about eight hundred million dollars a year as a result of poor roads.

Bad roads, the captains of industry assert, are among the main causes of fluctuations in the food market. Mr. Page, the president of the association, told me that the Fruit Growers' Association of Oregon estimated that the loss by damaged fruit, due to bad roads alone, from Willamette Valley reached, in one year, the impressive total of two hundred thousand dollars.

"Good roads," said Mr. Page, "will enable the farmer to haul when most convenient and not merely when the roads will permit. Rainy days, when farmwork is stopped, he can haul to town without fear of being caught in a mud rut. His teams will be able to pull more than double their present load. The average horse can draw one ton on a clay road; whereas on the best gravel road he can draw one and two-thirds, and on the best macadam, two and three-fourths tons. With good roads, more trips can be made each day and the work can be done on less feed. Incidentally the wear and tear on the horse is reduced and he is in better condition at the close of the day.

"There are about 25,163,000 horses and mules in the United States, worth more than two billion dollars. Increase their tractive power fifty per cent and then, to be ultra-conservative, assume that their value is increased only twenty per cent thereby and that only half the teams would be affected—and you can still measure the increased efficiency at something over one hundred million dollars.

"That is but one side of this tremendous movement. Taking still another view, good roads will enable the farmer to study market quotations and avail himself of the best prices in marketing his product. The selling price of wheat at Minneapolis varied in 1907 from seventy-six and three-quarters cents to one dollar nineteen and three-quarters cents. Corn at Chicago that same year varied from thirty-nine and three-quarters cents to sixty-three and three-quarters cents. In other words, the farmers may have had to take the low figure for their wheat because the roads may have prevented them from going to the city when the high figure prevailed. Cold-storage warehouses have been made necessary by bad roads. They have permitted the storage of butter and eggs brought into town when the roads were passable, to be sold when the farmers have had to stay at home. In this way it has been possible to manipulate prices."

### *Good Roads Are Cheap Roads*

"THE work that our association intends to do, throwing all its strength where most needed, will eventually make a complete system of good roads an actuality. Improved roads will have the effect of lowering the cost of hauling, now twenty-three cents a ton a mile. In the vicinity of London, motor tractors draw trains of cars into the city loaded with truck products.

"The system over there is somewhat curious. One of these big motor tractors starts toward London from a distant point. As it proceeds, cars of farm products are hitched to it. A great load thus can be drawn into the city at very little cost to the farmers. The system is made possible solely because of the modern condition in which the roads are maintained. The cost of hauling is less than four cents a ton-mile. American consuls abroad reported eighteen years ago that the average cost of hauling in European countries was about ten cents a mile. That shows what good roads have done for Europe.

"Take another example of the effects of good roads: Massachusetts, previously to 1890, found its land rapidly decreasing in value. The state began to build improved roads in 1892. As a result, between 1890 and 1900, land in Massachusetts showed the greatest percentage of increase in comparison with all other states in the Union.

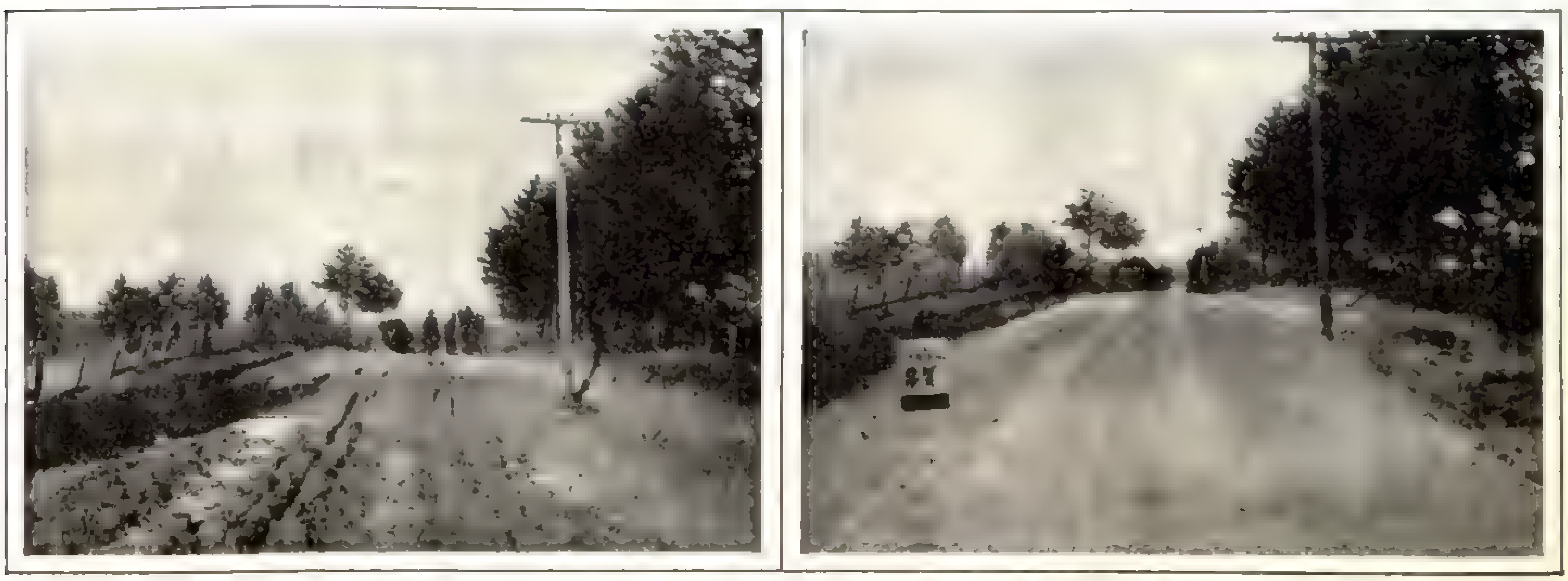
"Where roads have been improved, railroad rates have gone down. But by increasing commerce, the improved roads bring advantage to the railroads. The more prosperous the country the greater the shipments and, therefore, the greater the benefit to the railroads.

"Professor Latta, of Purdue University, made an investigation that showed an average increase of five dollars an acre in territory where roads have been improved.

"Moreover, the farmer would be enabled to get labor and to keep it. His boys and girls would be able to go to see their friends without inconvenience. The country districts would be more populated. As a result, the boys and girls would stay on the farm.

"In twenty-five counties in twelve states an average loss of population of thirty-one hundred and twelve a county was reported between 1890 and 1900. These counties had practically no good roads—or, to be exact, 1.5 per cent in 1904. In twenty-five other counties in the same states an average increase in population of thirty-one thousand and ninety-five was noted. These counties, where the population had increased, had forty per cent of their roads improved. Governor Mann, of Virginia, stated that, although his state had made wonderful strides along most lines, there are five hundred thousand Virginians enriching other regions by their brain and brawn because of a lack of good roads in Virginia.

"From the farmers' standpoint, good roads would decrease the bills for wagon and harness repair. There are over half a million farm wagons manufactured every year. Where do they go? A prominent Southern farmer paid four hundred dollars for a pair of mules. He refused a pair of smaller mules at three hundred dollars because the larger ones could pull a hundred and fifty pounds more. He refused to vote for bond issues to build roads that would have enabled the small mules to pull one thousand pounds more.



*A Road Near Uniontown, Alabama, Before and After Improvement by United States Office of Public Roads*

A Pleasing Surprise

THE first time you use one of Campbell's Soups on your table don't tell the men folks who made it. Let them think it is home-made until they have eaten it. See if they don't think the cook is a wonder. Then tell them it is one of

Campbell's SOUPS

You'll give them a surprise party; and a pleasant one. Because people who haven't tried Campbell's seldom believe it is possible to produce such quality except in home-made soup.

But—using as we do—prime fresh meats and poultry and the choicest of vegetables, right from our own gardens, our soups have all the rich body and pure wholesome savor of the best home-product. And there's nothing left out but the bother and fuss for *you*.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's
SOUP

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

*Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.*

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Here's a cure
Both fine and sure
For victims of "cold feet."
A boiling tub
A rousing rub
And *Campbell's Soup* to eat.

"From an educational standpoint, good roads will be of inestimable benefit to the country. In five bad-road states the average attendance of pupils enrolled is fifty-nine out of each hundred. In five good-road states the attendance is seventy-eight out of a hundred. In parts of Ohio, Indiana and other states where good roads have been built, one-room schools have been abolished and replaced by six and eight room schools, and enough money saved to hire wagons to take the children to and from school, increasing attendance, preserving the health of the children and keeping them safe from the evils of isolation.

"There is no doubt that the tendency today is away from the country and toward the big cities. This is the greatest danger confronting America. So long as it continues prices will continue to soar. The recent census showed that most of the increase in population was supplied by the big cities. The country districts showed an alarming decrease.

"We have over two million one hundred thousand miles of road. Less than five per cent are good roads. We spend more than a dollar and five cents per capita on roads, but do not get our money's worth because there has been no systematic treatment of the problem. There are more than one hundred thousand petty road officials, each in a measure supreme, and few are required to know any more about roads than they know about elephantiasis.

"The plan of this new organization is to advocate the correlation of all road construction, so that the important roads of each county shall connect with those of the adjoining counties and the important roads of each state shall connect with those of adjoining states. We want to introduce skilled supervision and eliminate politics in the management of the public roads. We shall strive for wise, equitable and uniform legislation in every state. We shall throw our strength where most needed. Just now the good-roads question is a particularly live one in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Tennessee, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, California, Louisiana and Oregon. In all of these states important road legislation is now pending.

"We should like to see all these states get together. In the American Association for Highway Improvement the United States Government now has a working body that will do work which, if undertaken by the Government itself, would cost thousands of dollars. The men who have pledged their support to this movement have agreed to give their time as well as their money to make it a success. Alfred Noble, one of the greatest engineers in the United States, has agreed to relieve himself of much of his present work in order to give his personal attention to planning some of our work on an elaborate scale. And he will give his services free of charge, because he believes this to be one of the big problems confronting the United States Government, the solution of which will mean much to future generations."

### *A Railroad Man's View*

To tourists, automobilists and farmers the benefits to be derived from good roads are obvious. To the railroads, at first glance, the benefits seem to be obscure. Until the present association was formed many railroad men took the position that good roads simply cut off a considerable percentage of railroad business. Now, however, the railroads have taken the view that any movement that booms the commerce of the country helps all the mediums of transportation.

The present movement, to some of the men engaged in it, is an altruistic scheme to benefit the people of the United States. Big corporations like the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York Central, Standard Oil and the Steel Trust, however, do not go into such movements for the benefit of their health. They are frankly out to build up their own businesses. They have no objection to the public benefiting incidentally. In this particular movement the public must benefit before the railroads can get what they are after—more business. The railroads, however, have not the slightest objection to taking second place. Other men who are in the movement out of sheer public spirit have no objection to enlisting the support of the corporations. So long as each desires the same end, it makes little difference what the motive in any case may be. Whatever may be said of the corporations engaged in the movement, the very fact that they are in it comes pretty close to assuring its ultimate success. It has ceased to be the big dream of a dreamer. It has become a movement of practical men for a practical goal.

B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the Frisco Lines and one of the first men to see the value of good roads to the railroads, frankly admitted to me that he and the other railroad men in the movement realize that good roads mean a big increase in traffic at country stations and more regular distribution of freight traffic throughout the year.

"Instead of having thousands of empties waiting until the wagon roads permit the farmer to haul his products and then finding the rolling stock utterly inadequate to meet the consequent rush of freight," he said, "we should have a reasonably uniform traffic at all times. Under present conditions the falling off in freight traffic at country stations is often as high as fifty per cent when the roads are bad.

"An adequate system of public roads would mean more land under cultivation. Make the four hundred million acres of uncultivated land productive and it means more wealth to the people and incidentally more business for the railroads. Successful farming depends largely on the nearness of the farm to the railroad station or other freight-carrying transportation lines.

"In other words, the profitable farming lands comprise a strip of land on each side of the railroad. If the wagon roads are very bad this strip of farming land is narrow on the average. If the roads are moderately improved this productive strip widens, while if the roads are excellent the width of productive land becomes so great as to make a tremendous area of wealth-producing and traffic-making country."

### *How Good Roads Pay*

"On Long Island the farmers have their products twenty-eight and thirty miles away from the railroads in some cases and yet make a good profit. A good road, we may say, picks up a farm ten miles out and moves it five miles in. A good road takes pasture land twenty miles out and brings it ten miles closer to the railroad, making a wheatfield or a cornfield or a potato-patch out of it. There's more money in dairying and truck and small-fruit growing than in raising staple crops. The census figures give the average value of small-fruit products to the acre in the United States at eighty dollars, truck forty-two dollars, wheat seven dollars and corn eight dollars.

"You can't do any truck or small-fruit farming on a bad road because you must deliver your product quickly, regularly and in good condition. Good roads annihilate distance, transform the desert to the pasture, the pasture to the field and the field to the garden.

"The railroad companies naturally desire high-grade, industrious settlers and immigrants along their lines. Prospective buyers of farms, prospective merchants and manufacturers, hesitate to go into a country isolated as a result of bad roads. Out in Kansas, in the sandhill region, a year or two ago a body of thrifty Germans bought farms, but became discouraged and decided to leave. A Government engineer was sent out from the United States Office of Public Roads, showed them how to build a good road cheaply and they stayed. You can't keep farm labor in a bad-road section. Even the farmer's own boys leave him and go off to the city.

"This road question is one in which the interests of the farmer, the railroad and, in fact, the whole people are united; and there should be a union of all forces to bring about a speedy betterment of existing conditions. My hope is that the association that has just been formed in Washington represents the great national awakening and practical movement we have so long awaited."

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has given his approval to the new national association. When I talked with him about the movement he indorsed it as a welcome aid to the work already being done by the Government.

"Good roads," he said, "will be the big factor in doing away with the isolation of country life and in relieving the congestion of the cities. Moreover, they will attract high-class immigrants to the country.

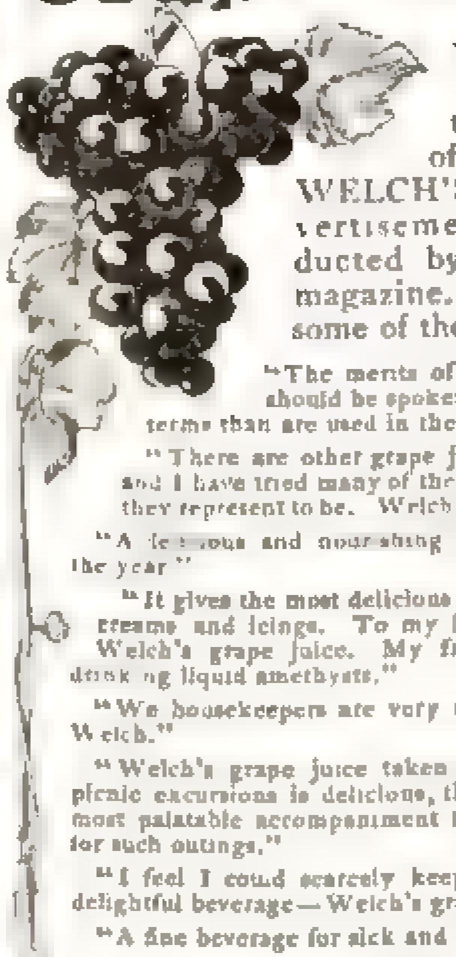
"The Office of Public Roads, of this department, has been helping to introduce

When Women Write Of

Welch's

*The National Drink*

Grape Juice



WE are justly proud of the way hundreds of women wrote of WELCH'S in a recent advertisement contest conducted by a well-known magazine. Here is what some of them wrote:

"The merits of Welch's grape juice should be spoken of in more emphatic terms than are used in the advertisement."

"There are other grape juices on the market, and I have tried many of them, but they are not all they represent to be. Welch's is, and more."

"A delicious and nourishing drink at all times of the year."

"It gives the most delicious color and flavoring to creams and icings. To my limeade I always add Welch's grape juice. My friends say it is like drinking liquid amethysts."

"We housekeepers are very much indebted to Dr. Welch."

"Welch's grape juice taken upon canoe trips or picnic excursions is delicious, thirst-quenching and a most palatable accompaniment to the viands selected for such outings."

"I feel I could scarcely keep house without this delightful beverage—Welch's grape juice."

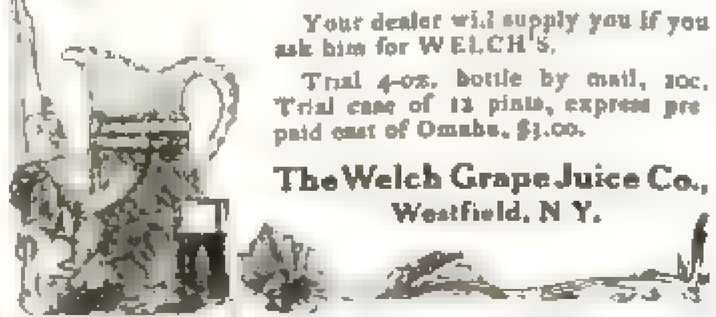
"A fine beverage for sick and well."

We might extend the list indefinitely. Every woman who has WELCH'S in her home finds it splendid for serving at dinners, luncheons, receptions, or "just for company." Our new free booklet of grape juice recipes tells of many delicious desserts and drinks. Send for it to-day.

Your dealer will supply you if you ask him for WELCH'S.

Trial 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Trial case of 12 pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, $3.00.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.,
Westfield, N. Y.



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and PROTECTION
are best obtained in the
Royal Arcanum
a FRATERNAL BENEFICIARY SOCIETY
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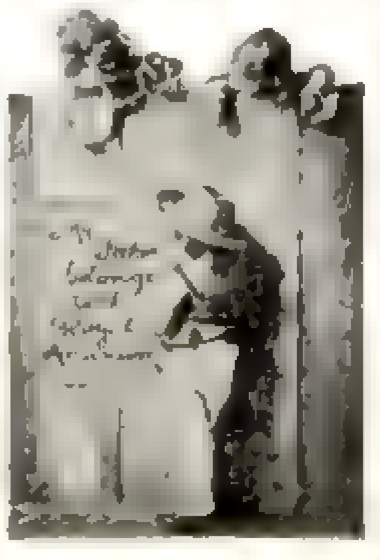


Membership therein can be secured only through one of its nearly 2000 Councils in the United States and Canada. 246,000 Brothers to welcome you

Membership in any Council admits to all, affords social enjoyment; secures fraternal sympathy and aid in distress and sickness; and at the death of a member pays to his legally designated beneficiary

$1000, $2000 or $3000

Over $138,000,000 HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID to such beneficiaries. Assessments moderate and payable monthly.

ANY MAN (under the age of 56) desirous of securing these advantages can learn full particulars by applying to any local Council or by addressing

ALFRED T. TURNER, Supreme Secretary
Box E, Station A, Boston, Mass.

Its constitution prohibits membership to residents of Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina and certain specified districts in Alabama, Arkansas and Texas

Beautiful Postal Cards of Cuba in Colors

Assortment consisting of 60 different postals mailed upon receipt of 75 cents. Stamps accepted.

HARRIS BROS. CO., Box 650, Havana, Cuba

A Mattress Dictionary

**Felt:** Felt is not a material, but merely a form of material. There are many kinds of felt, such as hair felt, wool felt, cotton felt, paper felt and linters felt. Felt mattresses are supposedly made of cotton felt, but are oftener linters felt. The term "pure felt" has no bearing on the quality of material used. If the word cotton is not used the mattress may be linters felt.

**Linters:** This is the common substitute for cotton in felt mattresses. Linters comes from the cotton plant, but is not recognized as cotton by the cotton exchanges or dealers. Linters is the short fuzz scraped off cotton seeds after the long fibre cotton has been removed by the cotton gin. Linters is dirty and of a grayish color without length or strength of fibre, makes soggy, packy mattresses and costs about one-eighth as much as high grade long fibre cotton. Linters is often bleached white and its artificial whiteness offered as "evidence" to mattress buyers that it is real, natural cotton.

**Mill-Waste:** Odds and ends from fabric mills that are macerated by picking machines into a fuzzy mass that they may distantly resemble raw unspun cotton. This material is really a form of shoddy and is not fit for mattress filling.

**Cotton:** Pure, high-grade cotton is clean and sweet as new-mown hay. It is the most sanitary material of which a bed can be made. High-grade, long-fibre cotton is worth about 15c a pound in the bale.

(To some mattress makers this cotton seems too good for mattresses and linters or [illegible] is often used instead.) Knowing the market price of raw cotton, it is easy to see that a mattress made of real cotton and weighing 45 or 50 lbs. cannot be sold at the prices of many so-called "cotton" mattresses.

**Tufts:** Cord rivets drawn through a mattress. They are put in to hold the mattress filling together and in place. They are [illegible] layer felt mattresses to insure the mattress keeping in shape. Tufts make a mattress hummocky and lessen its resiliency.

SEALY MATTRESS

No Tufts
No Layers

No Linters
Pure High Grade Cotton

The SEALY is made without either outer or inner tufts, and it is a successful tuftless mattress.

The SEALY MATTRESS is one giant batt of pure, high-grade cotton. It is formed entirely by compressed air, leaving every cotton fibre in its natural, springy state.

The SEALY undulates to meet the form of the body, giving even support to every part—"Sealy Tuftless Comfort."

The SEALY is made entirely of pure, "live," long-fibre cotton, with its liveliness undiminished by machine-rolling or felting.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grades of A. C. A., Bookfold Sateen, or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge like illustration above. Prices: Plain Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, $18; Art Ticking $19. Roll Edge Style A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, $20; Art Ticking, $21.

*Buy under the Sealy Triple Guarantee:*

*First.*—We guarantee the SEALY to be made entirely of pure, new, long fibre cotton, without [illegible].

*Second.*—We guarantee the SEALY for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

*Third.*—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the SEALY the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

*Send for our booklet*
*"The Real Difference in Mattresses"*

It describes Mattresses fully; we want you to read it. We will also give you the name of our representative where you can see the SEALY in your town, and who will give you the Sealy Triple Guarantee.

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. D
Houston, Texas
Factories (also offices) at our 14,000 acre cotton plantation
SUGAR LAND, TEXAS

proper methods of construction in all parts of the country by supervising the construction of short sections of what we call object-lesson roads. These roads stand as a demonstration of correct methods and as an example of what a really good road means. Moreover, in the course of their construction, the local officials are taught by the Government engineers how to continue the same kind of construction.

"During the past fiscal year we constructed, according to this plan, over one million square yards of road. This, as you can see, is an excellent showing, even from the standpoint of construction, as it is equivalent to about one hundred and fifteen miles of road fifteen feet wide. That our object-lessons are bearing fruit has also been demonstrated since we have found, on inspection of twenty-two short sections of object-lesson roads, that seven hundred and thirty miles of additional road have been built according to the same methods. All this was done as a direct result of the object-lessons, according to the positive statements of the officials in charge of the roads."

### Finding the Best Materials

"We are doing a great deal of experimental work for the purpose of developing new methods of construction to meet the peculiar traffic conditions brought about by the advent of the automobile. We have been experimenting with various bituminous binders at Ithaca, New York, in coöperation with Cornell University; and at various other points we have also been looking into the question of utilizing the great quantities of by-products from the furnaces, pulp mills and sugar refineries, now to a large extent waste products.

"In our laboratories we have tested hundreds of samples of road materials to determine their fitness for road construction and our corps of engineers and experts has been giving advice and instruction on all sorts of road problems. Undoubtedly there is a great field for organization which will harmonize and correlate the scattered efforts now being made all over the country looking to road improvement. The Government welcomes all the aid it can get. The magnitude of the plans that are being adopted by this new association gives assurance that the problem is now to be treated on a scale that will influence the future of the entire country."

Lee McClung, treasurer of the United States, is among the men who have entered this national good-roads movement—for the sole reason that it means greater health, prosperity and happiness for the people of the United States. He knows the sources from which the Government derives its greatest income. He knows how the Government itself will benefit by a complete system of good roads. He has made a study of the value of good roads and he intends to give up a considerable portion of his leisure to work for the success of the present movement. He says:

"The great development of the country's resources is responsible for the movement of more than two hundred and sixty-five million tons of freight annually over the wagon roads to the railroad stations, exclusive of shipments to wharves and docks. In the movement of this great tonnage the addition or subtraction of a fraction of a cent a mile in the cost means a gain or loss to the American people of millions of dollars; hence, the hard business sense of the American people is at last centered on the problem of bringing down and keeping down the cost of this primary transportation.

"Moreover, the concentration of a large percentage of our population in the great cities has intensified the necessity for rapid, timely and extensive movements of farm products—for these great city populations must be fed by the farmers of the land. The four-hundred-and-odd million acres of land now under cultivation call for a system of intensive farming and a greater development of truck, small-fruit and dairy industries, to meet the demands of the city dwellers; and this development is possible only through the medium of good roads.

"We are now entering on the greatest era of road improvement that the world has ever known. Within the past fifteen years nearly half of the states of the Union have adopted the principle of state aid—that is, state appropriations to aid in the building of roads throughout the several subdivisions of the state and supervision of the building and maintenance of state-aid roads by skilled and competent officials, constituting the state highway department.

"The state of New York, acting under an amendment to its constitution, has authorized the issuance of fifty million dollars at the rate of five million dollars a year, the counties to supply an equal amount, for the building of state-aid roads. Other states have gone ahead in the same manner."

Alfred Noble, one of the most distinguished engineers in America, is one of the men on whom the new national association relies to plan the comprehensive system of good roads. Without charge, he has agreed to devote a portion of his time to the work. Noble it was who, as a member of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal boards, finally decided on the present route of the canal. His last great work was as engineer in charge of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under the East River, New York.

"This movement toward a general system of good roads," he told me, "will bring other vast and undreamed-of improvements. Bad roads have halted many a big public enterprise. Because of poor roads, bridge building and other similar work are possible only at certain seasons of the year. Where bridges are being built, for instance, it is necessary to use the roads for the transportation of heavy materials. Unless there are good roads, it is impossible to make other improvements.

"Good roads will aid every avenue of industry in the United States—the railroads, the automobile manufacturers, hotels, and every other conceivable form of business. I have enlisted in this movement because I believe it to be the most practical aid that I can give to the country."

In the view of all the prominent men who have joined forces to bring about a complete system of good roads, the movement is destined to transform living conditions in the United States. In solving the problem of country isolation and city congestion, they believe they will solve many other problems, social as well as economic.

Several of the states, for instance, utilize state convict labor for preparing material or in the actual building of good roads. In Illinois the state convicts are employed in the preparation of crushed stone, which is supplied to the counties throughout the state free of charge, save for the cost of transportation. Even this cost, through the energy and resourcefulness of the state highway engineer, has been reduced to the minimum.

### Convict Labor on the Roads

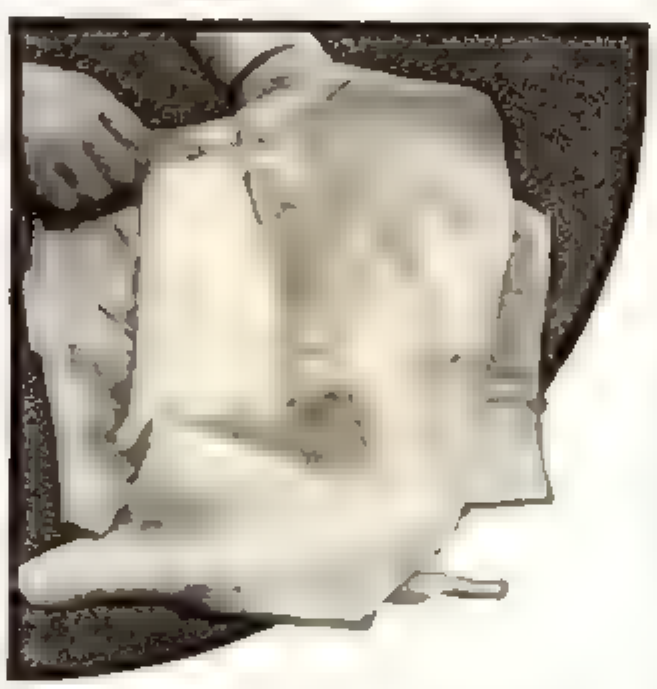
In Virginia the state convicts are employed in the building of roads throughout the state; and the testimony of the engineers who have supervised the building of roads with convict labor is that it is even more effective than paid labor. In Georgia the convicts, to the number of over four thousand, have been parceled out for the improvement of the public roads.

One of the leaders in the American Association for Highway Improvement went so far as to predict that in the building of good roads by convict labor the United States Government would eventually find the solution of the convict-labor problem. The great trouble in dealing with the convicts is to keep them employed.

If the convicts are put to work on roads that would not otherwise be built, it does not seem that they would be working in competition with free labor. Such a plan would keep them out in the open, improve their health, give them a trade, and might make good and useful citizens of them. Members of the good-roads association believe that it is a far better plan than to establish farm colonies—the plan with which England and several of our own states are experimenting. By building good roads the convicts would help pay their debt to society and might work out their own salvation.

The new association intends to send lecturers and experts wherever needed. Drafts of model road laws will be prepared and sent to the various legislatures that will consider good-roads bills in the present year. Advice will be given to all the individual road associations.

Officers of the association predict that improved roads will bring about more and better schools and greater attendance; better health and quicker medical attention; better farms and more cultivated land; better crops and cheaper transportation; better social conditions and less isolation; better church attendance and better citizens.



If your "light" underwear wasn't as cool and comfortable last summer as you expected it would be—if you can remember sultry days when you were nearly "all in" and your underwear felt like a hot, wet blanket, you should consider

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CONDUCTIVE UNDERWEAR

The new fabric acquires a remarkable *conductive* power through the special absorbent-cotton process to which we subject it.

It is cooler than most any other underwear you have ever worn for the simple reason that it keeps the skin dry.

"DRYSKIN" fabric is more than absorbent—it is actually "conductive."

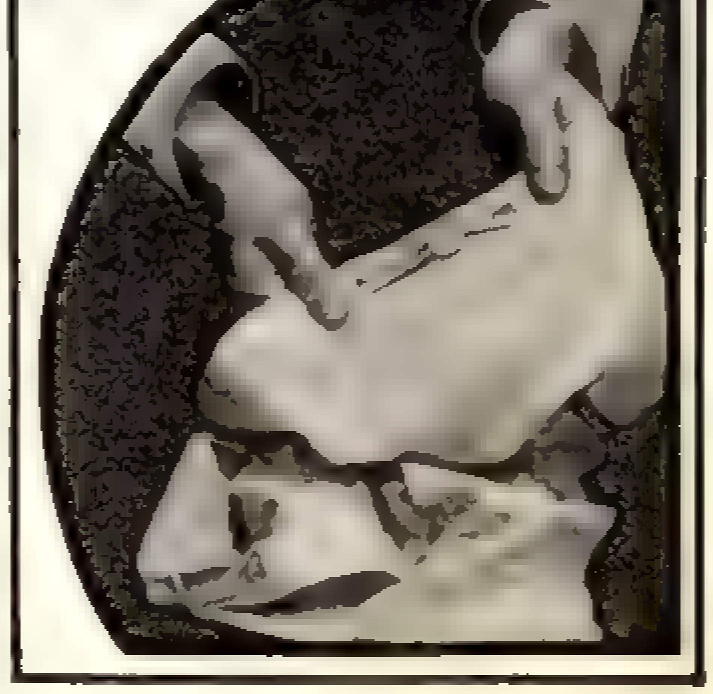
Wear "DRYSKIN" Underwear and you'll even enjoy hot weather. The fibre does not "felt" or "pack." Repeated launderings do not change its remarkable porosity and absorbency. The exclusive "DRYSKIN" process gives the fineness of costly linen. You'll want to wear Dryskin when you see it.

**If your dealer does not handle "DRYSKIN" Underwear send us his name and price direct, stating size. Single garments 50c., union suits $1.00. All styles — separate, athletic, sleeveless, half sleeve and regulars.**

**Every pair of "DRYSKIN" drawers is equipped with the new Adjusta-Slide, permitting instant adjustment at the waistband.**

**Norfolk Hosiery & Underwear Mills Co.**

**Norfolk, Va., and**
**366 Broadway,**
**New York**



# OUT ON BAIL

### By Blanche Goodman

HIT was de winter dat Sally Ann lef' de Slocumses an' Mis' Fanny was mighty nigh tuck down wid nervous prospection tryin' to git aholt of a good cook," said Viney. "Two tuck sick on her, fo' of 'em married on her, three was hiahed away by some fren's o' hern, an' de res' o' de lot was jes' so nachully no 'count dat Mis' Fanny turned 'em loose quicker'n a red-hot poker.

"Ef hit hadn't 'a' been dat Buddy was laid up at de time wid a spell o' fever I could 'a' stayed wid her reg'lar; but, as hit was, all I could do was to help her out now an' den.

"One evenin' Cunnel Slocum brung a fren' o' hisn—a jedge—home wid him; an' whiles dey was settin' roun' de table after supper confabbin' 'bout dis an' dat—I was cl'arin' de dishes off de table de talk turned on Mis' Fanny's troubles.

"'Ef I could git a good cook fo' Fanny,' says de Cunnel, 'I'd be willin' to pay mos' any price, even if I had to hiah her right outen de debil's kitchen an' nail her shoes to de flo' to keep her here.'

"De jedge chuckled. 'You won't have to go dat far,' says he; 'fo' right ovah here at de county jail is a cook what could win a passpo't into Heaven if Saint Peter would stop takin' in tickets long enough to eat a meal o' hern.'

"'At de county jail!' says bofe Mis' Fanny an' de Cunnel. 'Does you mean she's hiahed to cook fo' dem prisonters?'

"'Hiahed nothin'!' says de jedge. 'She belongs dere 'cause she was tuck dere by de police. De way she happen to come in my haid, she was brung up befo' me las' week charged wid slashin' up a coon till his face looked like a railroad map. De minit I clapt eyes on her I says to myself, "I's seen dat niggah befo'," an' 'twasn't long till I placed her. She tole me dat she come to town on a scursion train, lookin' for a beau o' hern an' a yaller gal; an' dat she'd carved up de man—an' now she's keepin' anudder razor sharp fo' de gal. De police what 'rested her said she was so full o' whisky when he ran 'crost her dat de word "drunk" would 'a' looked sober 'longside o' her. "Whar is you from?" I says to her. "Marietta, Georgy," says she; an' den hit come back to me whar I seen her. Hit was down at de hotel whar I always stops when I's passin' thoo dere; an' dey's a puddin' what dat nigger cooks called de Gin'l Lee puddin' what makes a man feel like Adam must 'a' felt in de Gyarden of Edom befo' de fall. "Why, you's Katie Belle!" says I; an' wid dat she let out a joy whoop an' mighty nigh fell on my neck. Rememberin' de puddin', I come near forgittin' I was a jedge; but de law has to be uphel', an' dat's how come she's in jail, waitin' fo' some one to bail her out.'

"Dey was a dead silence for a minute. 'What's de amount?' says Cunnel Slocum by-an'-by, sorter thoughtful-like.

"'Ten dollahs,' says de jedge.

"'Well, by ginger, Fanny,' says de Cunnel, slammin' his fis' down on de table hard, 'I'm agwine to bail dat niggah out er jail an' bring her up heah to cook, an' de fus' pop out er de box dat she makes fo' to leave I'll clap her back into jail again—or, leas'ways, I'll tell her I'm agwine to. We'll see how dat wuks. So dis week she stahts in cookin' fo' de Slocum fam'ly, an' nex' Sunday we'll have de jedge up heah fo' dinnah to eat some Gin'l Lee puddin'!'—an' de Cunnel give de jedge a monst'us wink.

"Mis' Fanny j'ined in de laff what followed, sorter weaklike. 'Well,' she says, 'I reckon I been a failure in de cook-gittin' line long enough; so we'll see how de Cunnel's luck runs.'

"Dat was on a Chuesday. Wednesday aft'noon, whiles I was wipin' up de kitchen flo', I hears a noise on de back po'ch—blom! blom! like as if a stove was walkin' up de steps. Dey was a knock at de do' an' when I open hit dere stan's de blackes', fattes' coon 'ooman what ever I sot eyes on. 'Aft'noon,' says she in de littles' squeaky voice. 'Aft'noon,' says I. 'I's de new cook what Cunnel Slocum sont up heah,' says she, an' wid dat she walks in de kitchen an' takes a cheer. She was so fat dat she look like she was standin' up when she was settin' down. I went after Mis' Fanny an' pretty soon she come down in de kitchen.

"'Howdy-do?' says Mis' Fanny, politelike, as all de quality is. 'Viney tells me dat you is de new cook.' An' she smile pleasantly.

"'Yes'm,' says de new gal, risin' up an' speakin' in dat little bitsy voice o' hern. 'My name's Katie Belle; an' I hopes I can suit you.'

"'Co'se,' says Mis' Fanny, lookin' at her straight in de eye, 'you un'stan's de 'greement what Cunnel Slocum made wid you?'

"'Yes, ma'm,' 'spon's Katie Belle, 'I does dat; an', fo' Gawd, Mis' Slocum, you-all ain't agwine to have no cause to send me back to de calaboose. I's done refawmed, I has; an' de debil ain't agoin' to git no chance to claim me no mo'.'

"Well, I tuck her an' showed her whar de things was, so's she could staht in gittin' supper; an' she set right to work.

"I disremembers what all she cooked dat night, but I does recomember dat when de fam'ly got up fum de table dey had eat so much dat dey all looked sorter swoll up an' pustylike; an' no one cared 'bout doin' much mo'n jes' settin' roun'.

"Dat was de beginnin' of a happy time fo' Mis' Fanny, an' in a little while all her fren's commence hearin' 'bout hit. I reckon dey'd mos' give dey haids to git Katie Belle away fum de Slocumses, but dis time de Cunnel had got hit fixed so dat dey couldn't play no such trick.

"He went roun' grinnin' like a chessycat at his fo'sightedness an' Mis' Fanny wo' a peaceful look, like a pusson what's jes' come thoo at revival services. Somehow dey was an air 'bout de whole place like de fam'ly had come to de lan' o' Canaan. Dey wasn't sca'cely a meal dat dey didn't have half a dozen extrys at de table.

"Things was goin' on as slick as glass an' Thanksgivin' was 'bout a week off, when Miss May adbertise her imgagement in de papers—an' dey was plannin' fo' a big dinner an' a dance afterward on Thanksgivin' night. All o' de special fren's was invited to de dinner an' de unspecials was invited fo' later in de evenin'.

"Katie Belle was give full charge o' de program fo' de meal; an' ef she didn't weah out de groc'ry boys, trottin' back an' fo'th bringin' stuff, hit wasn't her fault. Early Monday mawnin' she begin cookin'; an' fo' de res' o' de time no one couldn't sca'cely git a word out o' her. She jes' stalked roun' in de kitchen measurin' out food an' mixin' an' makin' up things—an' Mis' Fanny an' dem kep' out o' her way an' let her have de full swing o' dat program, 'cause dey knowed she was equal to hit.

"When de big day come Mis' Fanny an' de gals dress up de dinin'-room table wid all sorts er doin's an' declarations, like white folks gin'ally does, till hit looked like a picture in a book; an' den everybody went upstairs to fix deyselves up fo' de party.

"I got myself ready to deceive de guests at de front do' an' take keer o' de ladies' wraps an' b'longin's. Isom was hiahed fo' to take keer o' de gen'l'men's. Dey was fo' waiters from de hotel, three to ten' to de servin' an' one to po' out de drinkables; an' all Katie Belle had to ten' to was to git de food ready to pass hit on to de waiters as dey'd come in de kitchen fo' hit.

"Whiles de fam'ly was upstairs dressin' an' Cunnel Slocum was hollerin' like he always do—'Who's been an' tuck my shirtstuds fum de place whar I laid 'em down?' an' Mis' Fanny findin' em right under his nose, like she always do, I steps out in de kitchen to see everything.

"Katie Belle was puttin' de finishin' touches to some salad an' she ain't even 'spon' to me when I say how fine de vittles look. Dere sot de turkey as big as you please, lookin' like he was jes' achin' to be et. One o' de waiters had jes' come, an' as de kitchen look like hit was gittin' sorter scrowged up, what wid de food an' de buckets o' ice settin' roun', wid de wine an' stuff coolin' in 'em, an' Katie Belle atakin' up some room herself, I went into de house.

"Hit wasn't long fo' de fam'ly come downstairs an' de folks begin to come; an' pretty soon dey was all seated at de table.

"Everybody was plaguin' Miss May, who was lookin' as sweet as a peach an' blushin' like a rose. Mistah Robert was pow'ful pleased at de jokin' an' goin' on, an' every oncet in a while I seen him squeeze Miss May's han' under de table—I was watchin' de party from de second landin' on de hall stairs.

"De waiters had gone out to bring in de sec'n' co'se an' hit look like to me dey was atakin' a pow'ful long time to bring hit in. I notice a worrited look on Mis' Fanny's face an' she pressed de buzz under de table three or fo' times; but dey ain't no one come. Den I seen her lean over an' say something to de Cunnel. None o' de guestes seem to know anythin' was out er de way, 'cause dey was all enjoying deyselves—or, leastways, ef dey did dey wouldn't 'a' let on. Mis' Fanny press de buzz once mo'. No answer. Den she looked at de Cunnel. He was settin' nearest to de swingin' do'; an' at dat he riz up an' stahted fo' de kitchen.

"I seen him lay his han' on de do' to push hit back—when bang! crash!—de terribles' racket an' screamin' come thoo, like as if a thousand debils was tryin' to jump down one anodder's th'oats.

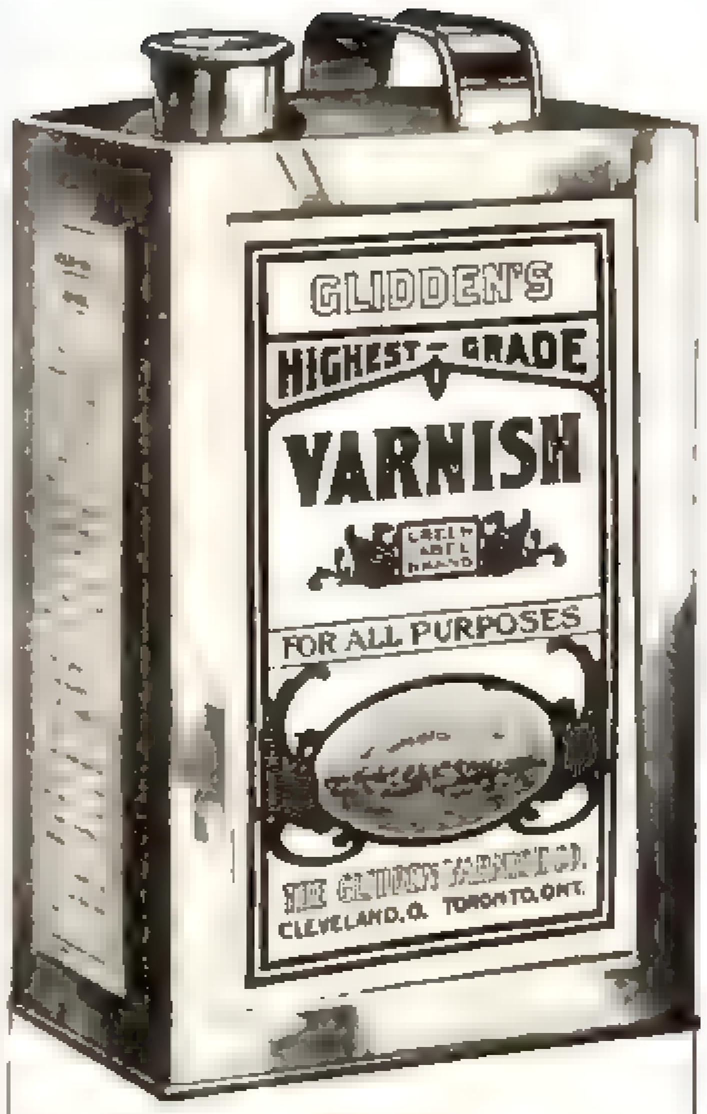
"Every one at de table jump to dey feet an' de young ladies begin to scream. Bang! bang! hit went on in de kitchen an' dem coon waiters back dere hollerin' at de top o' dey lungs to 'Don't kill 'em!' an' to 'Look out!' An', what wid de yellin' an' de crashin' o' glass an' sich, hit was a wuss hullabaloo dan a crazy house. De Cunnel stahted fo' de kitchen do' an' Mis' Fanny try to pull him back by de coattails. He broke loose fum her finally an' de whole pile o' gen'l'men rushed in after him.

"Dere stood Katie Belle in de middle o' de kitchen flo', whoopin' like a Injun, wid a razor in each han'. She had broke into de drinkables an' busted thoo her bail, an' what was lef' o' de wine wouldn't 'a' drownded a flea com'for'ble. Ovah in a cornder on de far side o' de kitchen, away fum de do', was de fo' waiters, an' every time she'd wave one o' dem razors de whole gang would holler 'Murder!'

"De sight sorter froze Cunnel Slocum an' dem up stiff an' fo' a minute hit look like everybody got pa'lyzed. De suddent entrance o' de gen'l'men had de same effec' on Katie Belle, but she come to befo' dey did. As quick as a flash she made a dive fo' dem white folks an' dey all fell back into de dining room like dey was dat many ninepins. No sooner had she got dem off de fiel' dan she made fo' de waiters again, as we could tell fum de yellin' what opened up oncet mo.'

"Mr. Robert was de fus' one to pull hisself loose fum de bunch on de flo'; an' wid Miss May screamin' fo' him to come back he rush fo' de kitchen. He ain't no mo' dan push de do' open when—blap!—a tomato chuckfull o' yaller dressin' caught him on de nose an' ran down all over his fine clothes. He swo' somepin' ter'ble an' open de do' again. Kerblam! Dis time a wine bottle come thoo, jes' missin' him by a inch an' knockin' ovah one o' Mis' Fanny's fine vases on de mantel. At dat Mr. Robert gritted his teef an', pickin' up one er de dinin'-room cheers, he knocked back de do' an' started fo' Katie Belle in de deades' earnes' what I ever sot eyes on.

"I has been to some parties myself where dey was a fight er two, but dey couldn't none of 'em hol' a can'le to dis. While Mr. Robert was tryin' to distrack her 'tention an' git aholt o' dem razors by reachin' fo' her haid wid de cheer, de other gen'l'men run roun' to de back windows an' fix fo' to git at her fum de rear; but dat coon was ready fo' 'em. De fus' one dat clum up in de window, she reach fo' de turkey an' give it to him in de face so hahd dat hit knocked de ambition plum' outen him an' he drapped down. While she was flingin' vittles at de ones tryin' to come



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thoo de window, she was holdin' Mr. Robert off on de other side; an' de way dat kitchen an' dem folks was gormed up wid good food was a sight to make de angels weep.

"While de fracas was agoin' on, an' nobody seem able to lay a han' on Katie Belle, a idea come over me dat I says I'll try.

"Ef she got in dat fix 'count er drinkin', maybe de same thing would he'p us to git aholt o' her; an', widout axin' Mis' Fanny any questions, I runs upstairs to de Cunnel's closet, where I knows he always keeps a bottle er brandy, 'cause I is always in de habit o' takin' jes' a little tas'e when I's cleanin' up an' Mis' Fanny an' dem ain't lookin'.

"Sho 'nough, when I opens de do', dere stan's de bottle on de shelf. I jes' tuck a little tas'e to make sure befo' I tuck hit downstairs, an' den I run fo' de kitchen as fas' as my laigs would tote me. Dey was a awful screamin' fum de ladies when dey seen me run up in front o' Katie Belle, but I didn't stop at dat. I jes' stepped right up in front er her an' helt de bottle up to her. Down come dat coon's han's, de razors draps to de flo' an' she grabbed fo' dat bottle like greased lightnin'.

"Dat was when de fight come to a end. Fo' den dey all closed in on her an' after dat hit wasn't long befo' de police come an' tuck her back to de county jail. Hit was wuss dan movin' a piano, but dey finally got her out and peace come down on de house. De guestes was dat weak an' outdid dat no one wanted to move fo' a while; an' by-an'-by de gen'l'men an' ladies got to work to he'p clean up some er de mess.

"Every one patted me on de back; an' when I got home dat night an' counted up what dey all give me I had enough to finish payin' fo' de organ what I got on de installment plan.

"Hit tuck us a week to clean up de mess an' a longer time dan dat fo' de ladies' nerves to git straighten' out. I notice dat de Cunnel ain't never been so spry since dat time 'bout monkeyin' in Mis' Fanny's household business; an' Katie Belle's still awaitin' in de county jail fo' some one to bail her out again."

# SELLING TO CITIES

## When More Haste Means Less Speed

## By CARL CROW

TO THIS day Councilman Baldwin, of Oakville, doesn't know whether it was a trick or an accident that gave John Grant, of the Excelsior Water Meter Company, a big order for meters.

The city of Oakville had for many years maintained its own water system under very successful municipal ownership. The plant had been constructed when Oakville was a small village and a rudimentary system of rates had been adopted. Under this arrangement any one could secure water for his residence at three dollars a quarter, with a special rate of ten dollars a year secured by paying the whole year in advance. Livery stables, which used large quantities of water in washing off muddy buggies, paid twenty-five dollars a year. Other establishments paid according to the rates set down in the ordinance, the laundries occupying the top of the price list with a payment of one hundred dollars annually, a rate the laundrymen declared excessive and ruinous to the development of their business.

For a long time this schedule of prices prevailed without any serious objection. Meantime Oakville grew considerably and a good many conditions arose that had not been foreseen by the framers of the ordinance fixing the scale of rates. For instance, one of the laundries was now three times the size of its nearest competitor. Also, Colonel Bowen, president of the Oakville State Bank, had built a residence containing fifteen rooms, not to mention the separate quarters maintained for three servants. The Bon-Ton Livery Stable was doing twice as much business as its only competitor.

### *Mixing Water With Politics*

One spring the Oakville city election was for the first time in the history of the municipality fought out on a real campaign issue. The issue was on the question of water meters. Reformers pointed out that it was manifestly unjust to sell the big laundry all the water it used at the same yearly rate charged its small competitors; that Colonel Bowen, who was rich and could afford it, paid for his water in advance, thereby securing a year's supply for his mansion for ten dollars, while the humble workmen of Oakville, living in small houses without bathtubs, paid twelve dollars a year for a much smaller supply; that similar unjust charges to the livery stables enabled the big Bon-Ton stable to charge a smaller price for washing buggies because it had more to wash, thereby "grinding competition still further in the dust"—these are the very words one of the orators used—"and threatening Oakville with a hated livery-stable monopoly."

The reformers proposed a system of water meters whereby every one should pay for the water used and no one should be compelled to aid in the support of the more expensive sanitary habits of his neighbors. The Constitution of the United States and the causes that led up to the Revolutionary War were discussed in support of this plan.

Of course the reformers won, just as they usually do. The three old members of the council who stood for reelection on the platform of established custom went down in defeat before three young insurgents who thought no idea more than five years old was worth considering.

Soon after Grant read the result of the election he was in Oakville. The change in the water system would involve the sale of something like five thousand meters. Twelve hours after he registered at the Grand Hotel he knew the local political situation pretty well, and in twenty-four hours more he had met all the members of the city council and satisfied himself that he was well prepared to start on his sale campaign.

### *The Campaign of the Meter Man*

The first step in the campaign was a demonstration. One of his meters was attached to a hydrant at the hotel and near by he placed a number of measures of assorted sizes, ranging from a five-gallon coal-oil can to a fifty-gallon whisky barrel. At opportune times he escorted the different members of the council to the hydrant and demonstrated to them the impeccable probity of the meter. At the precise moment the water spilled over the top of the five-gallon can the hand on the meter disclosed the fact that it had registered five gallons of water. Experiments with the whisky barrel were equally satisfactory.

In response to Grant's arguments and demonstration, three of the members of the council became enthusiastic over his meters. The other three were equally ardent in support of the Star brand of meters, which a rival salesman had on exhibition at the other hotel.

As the day approached for the meeting of the council at which the purchase was to be made, each salesman worked hard without being able to gain any ground. In case of a tie vote, which seemed to be imminent, the decision lay with the mayor. This official, conscious of his dignified position, declined to commit himself. Grant strongly suspected him of being a Star ally.

On the morning before the evening meeting of the council Grant dropped in to see Councilman Baldwin, a Star adherent. Mr. Baldwin was the only member of the council without any regular employment, being a local landlord with an assured income and frugal habits.

"I am not going to argue with you about these meters any more," said Grant, "but I do want you to go over to St. Michael's with me today. I have an automobile out here and we can easily make the twenty miles by noon, eat dinner there and get back by five o'clock. Of course the reason I want you to go is because they have a lot

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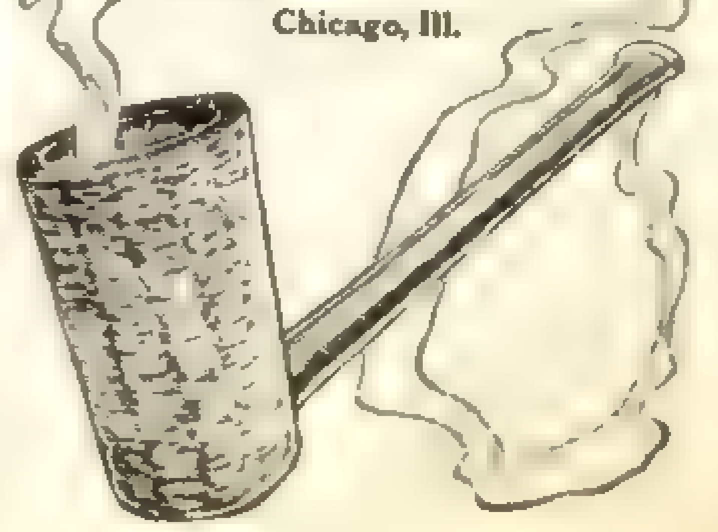

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of our meters there and I hope you are interested enough in them to ask a few questions; but I'll not say a word to you about them."

Mr. Baldwin, as usual, had nothing to do and he was glad of an opportunity to visit the city officers of St. Michael's in a semi-official capacity. All went as arranged until the return trip began. First, the driver took the wrong fork of the road and went five miles out of his way before he discovered his mistake. A farmer set them right and the increased speed of the machine promised to make up the lost time when the motor, for no apparent reason, began hitting irregularly and then stopped. The driver climbed out and pottered around the car, finally announcing from beneath the hood that the carbureter was fouled.

Grant's good cigars helped them to pass away the time until the driver finished his long examination of the carbureter. At length he was through and gave the crank of the engine a few twists, but with no results. The driver continued his investigations, spending most of the time quietly under the car. About ten o'clock at night, when Grant's stock of stories and cigars was about exhausted, the driver looked at his watch, fastened a wire that was dangling from the battery box and gave the crank another twist. The motor spit viciously and settled into action. An hour later the car drew up in front of the Oakville city hall to find it dark and deserted. In the absence of Mr. Baldwin, the five remaining councilmen had awarded the contract for water meters to the Excelsior Company.

The salesman who goes into a store, slams his sample case on the counter and makes a quick sale while he is thinking of a way to catch the next train out of town, never makes a success in selling goods to cities. This work requires a different kind of salesmanship, in which aggressiveness is tempered with patience and the art of the politician is added to the salesman's versatile equipment. Usually he has not one but half a dozen men to sell to; and, after he has convinced a sufficient number of them that his goods should be given the preference, the deal must be consummated in the session of the city council, where no one can foretell the event.

### *Taking Account of Local Jealousies*

Many a sale has been made because of the salesman's knowledge of local politics and local jealousies. Some city councils are like the one at Leadville. This council was composed of six members, none of whom had forgotten the prohibition election that had disturbed the town two years before. Two members of the council were prohibitionists. The other four were "antis" and naturally looked on the two as insurgents who should be allowed no more privileges than were expressly guaranteed to them in the city charter. No matter what question came before them, the factions lined up and voted straight. They called it playing practical politics. Many salesmen stumbled over this Leadville proposition and saw orders go to competitors, in spite of reason and prices, until some of them learned that in order to make a sale it must be championed by the anti-prohibition wing. The mere fact that it was favored by the insurgents assured its defeat. After that, sales were easy — for those who knew the combination.

The salesman who is always in a hurry to get to the next town never learns anything about these local conditions. He may be able to cover more territory and sell twice as many shoes or cigars as the man who has made a specialty in city trade; but the leisurely salesman, who is content to spend a week or two in a country town and appear to enjoy it, is the man who gets the big orders for city supplies.

Jim Murphy took to the business of selling to cities as naturally as all the rest of his family took to politics. Probably because it was in the blood, Jim paid a good deal of attention to politics himself and always used a couple of political tricks when he went out to sell fire engines or hose carts. Jim's political activities had brought him into contact with some of the great men in state politics and one of his possessions was a letter of introduction, commending him to the favors of any one to whom it might be presented; and it was signed by the governor. The governor happened to be a Democrat, as were practically all others who served in an official capacity in that commonwealth, and though Jim didn't really need a letter of introduction to any one, he thought it advisable to present his letter to city councilmen and follow it up with a choice selection of personal reminiscences about the great person, thereby providing a dignified approach to the subject of fire apparatus.

Murphy himself never knew just how much good this did him, but it always seemed to place his hearers in a pleasant frame of mind; and as he was successful in selling his apparatus he never varied his method of procedure. One day he went to Frederickville in quest of an order and, after he got through with his letter-of-introduction interviews with the different members of the city council, he was chagrined at the dour reception he had been given by all of them. His mood was not changed when the contract was voted to a competitor. Then he learned that the council was made up of Republicans and the governor had gained the hearty hatred of all of them by what they considered his unwarranted interference in the investigation of charges of fraud in connection with the election that had placed them in office.

### *Present Day Selling Tactics*

There was a time when the chief stock in trade of the average firm selling to cities consisted of its salesmen. As the city council is generally made up of men with no technical knowledge of water meters, machinery or other supplies they buy, the business was run on the same principle as that of the county-fair jeweler, who sells farmers a gold watch, with a twenty-year verbal guarantee, for five dollars and makes a profit of three dollars and fifty cents on the transaction.

The trouble with this system was that the firms, like the jeweler, were kept constantly on the search for new customers. The success of one sale made a second impossible, and faulty meters and machinery increased the enemies of municipal ownership as fast as they were installed. Then the great reform came and these firms, like others in America, learned that tricks are as out of date as the hoop skirt. Supply and machinery manufacturers saw that it was possible to build up a steady trade with cities on the same basis as with business houses.

Among those who sell to cities, the most marked successes are made by salesmen like Bob Wiley, who was the aggressive young representative of a big engine house. He never lost a chance; and when he reached a town where a sale was in prospect he used every means he could think of to convince the members of the city council that his was the best engine that ever propelled a fly-wheel. He didn't stop with the councilmen, but called on all the local authorities on engines and sought their professional indorsement.

One summer he was sent to a southern city to land a contract for the installation of a new set of engines in the city electric-light plant. When he arrived he found a competitor on the ground and for a week the two used every argument they knew in favor of their respective engines. One by one each salesman secured allies until the sale depended upon MacManus, the only member of the council who knew anything about an engine. MacManus couldn't make up his mind. He liked both engines. Every morning Wiley and MacManus talked the thing over and every afternoon the rival salesman resumed his arguments, each one counteracting the effect of the other and leaving the councilman just as much at sea as ever. This was kept up until the day of the council meeting arrived, and Wiley had his last interview with MacManus without changing the situation. The fact that the rival salesman would have the final talk with the councilman added to his discouragement, for he feared the results of his last impressions would be shown in the vote at the council meeting that night.

He didn't go to the hotel, but went instead to the afternoon newspaper office and bought a page of advertising space in that afternoon's edition. He wrote the advertisement of his engine for one man — MacManus — and advanced the facts and arguments in just the way that he thought would be most effective with him. MacManus' vote that night showed the wisdom of Wiley's salesmanship. The councilman read the paper and the advertisement just before coming to the council meeting and, with the arguments fresh in his mind, voted for Wiley's engine.

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# The Young Man's Credit

## By ROGER W. BABSON

### Why He Needs It and How He Can Get It

WHILE writing the fifth article of this series I am sitting in a luxuriously furnished corner room of a great Chicago hotel. Looking out of my window I have a view up La Salle Street, which, as all Western readers know, is the Wall Street of Chicago, our great Western metropolis, which some day should be the financial center of America. At the end of La Salle Street I see the Board of Trade Building and on the right and left are great bank buildings; in fact, looking out of one of the east windows toward Madison Street I note even greater bank buildings, unequaled in New York or any other city—unless it be Paris or Berlin. It is not so much present conditions, however, that take up my mind as it is the thought of my first acquaintance with Chicago, about twenty years ago, when these same great banks were in small rented offices and when very few buildings on the street exceeded four stories in height.

This is not all; for, as these great banks have grown, so their customers have increased in wealth and influence. This also is strongly impressed upon my mind, as the following personal reminiscence will show. When first I came to Chicago, twenty years ago, I met some young cousins who had just come from a little town in Nebraska to earn their living in any way possible. They were in the humblest circumstances, working for one dollar a day, with absolutely no acquaintances, friends—or even a trade. With my Eastern conservative training I felt mighty sorry for those boys, for it seemed that they hadn't one chance in ten thousand of getting even a living; in fact, the longer the boys stayed the more difficult their position seemed liable to become; for times were very hard in Chicago during the early nineties and the city was flooded with the unemployed. However, they worked hard and were always ready to do the next thing, whatever it might be. Moreover, it was absolutely impossible to discourage them. Gradually they attracted the attention of one or two men of means. These men saw that the boys were absolutely honest, of exceptionally good habits and training, and unconsciously the boys created a credit with these men.

Now I must not here take time to go into further details; it is sufficient to say that last evening I went to a suburb of Chicago, where they all have most beautiful homes and are surrounded with every comfort that an honest American can desire, with their riding horses, automobiles and other luxuries. In short, today they absolutely own one of Chicago's great mail-order houses, and their name is a household word in almost every home of these United States—all of which is the result of credit.

### Building for Future Business

This is only one illustration among tens of thousands that might be given, showing how intimately related are the banks and the people of any community. The banks of Chicago could not have grown in the past twenty years, as is so impressively evident by the view from my window, had not these boys and others like them developed great business organizations that gather into Chicago millions of dollars each day. On the other hand, these boys could not have grown had they not established a credit and had it not been for the banks that financed them or financed the firms from which they purchased.

And now to the moral of this little sermon, which is, Mr. Banker: Take care of the small depositor and the small borrower. Remember that, although today's business may depend upon how you treat the large depositor, yet your growth and your condition twenty years hence depend upon how you treat the small man who now has only a few hundred dollars in his account, but who is endeavoring to establish a small credit.

To the young readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I say: Open a bank account; in fact, you should have two bank accounts—one for your savings and one for a check account. These should be your first investments.

Those who are large investors, and who buy and sell about once in two years in accordance with the changes in fundamental conditions, already have large bank accounts preparatory to purchasing securities when the proper time comes. Many people say to me, "During the next period of low prices I'm going to buy some good securities"; but they make no actual preparation for the same, and when the said time comes they have no money with which to buy.

Let us return to the Chicago illustration and again note that those men obtained their start through establishing a credit. Now the four cornerstones of business success are:

1. Character.
2. Health.
3. Intelligence and judgment.
4. Credit.

Given these four, any reader of this magazine will succeed in business; omitting any one of these four—although he may apparently succeed—his success will be only temporary. All permanent success depends upon the development of these four fundamental factors. Now I should like to write upon all four factors, but I shall limit myself to the last, namely, credit.

Although there are many ways of acquiring credit, the easiest, most satisfactory and most useful way is to connect oneself with two local banks. Many refer to banks only as a place for depositing money; but to me this is least of the many reasons why a young man should have one or more bank accounts. The chief reasons why every young man should have bank accounts are:

1. To establish a credit for later use.
2. To create a source of advice relative to financial matters.

### Two Accounts Better Than One

To establish a credit a man must begin early in life. The man who has not established a credit before he is thirty-five is greatly handicapped. Therefore, as bank accounts are the best means of creating such a credit, young men should open accounts just as early in life as possible. To buy even a share of stock or a foot of ground before having two bank accounts is a vital mistake. Some think that if they have property they can readily obtain a loan from a bank whether or not they have ever been customers of a bank; but this is a mistaken idea. When money is abnormally plentiful any man with property may doubtless be able to borrow on security from some bank of which he is not a regular depositor; but that is the exception. Moreover, at such times a man usually does not need to borrow, because when money is cheap either all customers are promptly paying their bills or else business is so depressed that there is little object in borrowing.

The average man is most anxious for money when rates are high and banks have little or none to lend. Then it is that not only do the banks limit their lending to customers but they lend first to those who have been customers the longest. Therefore, I urge young men to use their very first savings for the establishment of a savings account and to open a checking account before buying a share of stock or a foot of land or any other property.

Credit to a large extent means favorable acquaintance. The depositor who calls at the bank only once a year has not such good credit as the one who calls each month. Better still, the young man who is paid weekly should call once a week and deposit his salary in the checking account of a local bank. When depositing his salary he should speak a pleasant word to the teller and gradually acquire the good will and friendship of the officers and directors. Once a month or once a quarter—whenever interest goes on deposit in the savings bank—he should withdraw from his checking account, upon which he probably is not receiving interest, such sums as he desires to deposit in his savings account in the other bank. This enables a young man to call at the commercial bank once a week and at the savings bank once

**The Garden Spot of the United States—the Houston District**

***Ask the man from Texas***

¶ Twenty-five years ago the people of the East and the Central North, weary of long, cold winters, began the great rush into Southern California.

¶ Within a quarter century farm and orchard land values in Southern California have increased from 500 to 2,500 per cent. Fruits, led by the $40,000,000-a-year orange crop, and the mild winter climate, advertised at a cost of millions throughout the world, have wrought the vast change. Today Southern California is a rich man's country. Orange orchards sell as high as $5,000 an acre, and earn fair dividends on that valuation.

¶ Within the past twenty years it has been demonstrated absolutely that the Houston district, the heart of the Gulf Coast country of Texas, will produce as fine oranges and other subtropical fruits as California, 30 to 60 days earlier, at a far less cost for making the crop and at only half the cost of getting the crop to the great Eastern and Central Northern markets.

¶ It has been demonstrated that the Houston district will produce the earliest and finest winter vegetables and small fruits grown in the United States, commanding highest prices in the winter markets of the North and East.

¶ This demonstration has been made on hundreds of isolated small farms, orchards and gardens scattered through a region 20,000 square miles in area; a region hitherto devoted almost entirely to cattle grazing, and whose lands, capable of producing at low cost crops worth $100 to $1,000 an acre, are still selling for $25 to $100 an acre.

¶ Right now there is a tremendous rush of settlers and investors into the Houston district. Land values are rising steadily, and will, in the very nature of things, continue to rise until they reach or pass the California price level.

¶ Ten acres of this land, located near a shipping point and market, will make an industrious family independent. One hundred acres, wisely managed, will make its owner rich.

¶ Besides producing high-priced fruit and truck, the Houston district is one of the best natural hog and dairy regions in the United States. Furthermore, Houston, **where seventeen railroads meet the Sea,** offers a splendid market for all farm products.

¶ The bond issue guaranteeing $2,500,000.00 to complete Houston's Deep Sea Channel was recently voted upon and carried by an overwhelming majority.

¶ The Commission form of municipal government is at its best in Houston.

¶ And remember that the Houston district, which is swept by constant, cooling breezes from the Gulf, where the nights are always cool and refreshing, and where people can cultivate their land twelve months in the year, **is one of the healthiest regions in the United States.**

***State positively what you are interested in and the necessary booklets will be mailed you free.***

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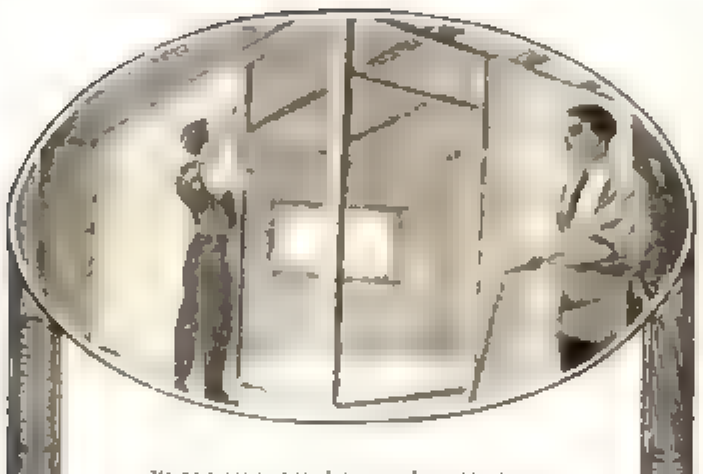

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a month and thus gradually acquire the acquaintance and good will of both institutions, which mean credit.

The young man, however, must not be content with simply opening two accounts as early as possible and systematically making deposits therein, but he must have these accounts of a size to be worth while. The average depositor fails to realize that many accounts today show our banks a distinct loss; and the only reason why a bank does not refuse them is because the officers hope that some day they will be large enough to be profitable. However, although a bank will not refuse a small account, yet a young man cannot expect to acquire much of a credit upon which some day to borrow unless his account is profitable. Moreover, in times of panic and money stringency a bank not only favors first its oldest customers but also those customers whose accounts have been profitable. Therefore I urge young men to carry good accounts. Don't be stingy with a bank. Remember that it will some day be your best friend. If you wish to use the bank later allow it to make money on your business now. Be broadgauged and don't sharpen the pencil too finely. Remember the man who held the penny so near his eye as to shut from view the entire world. Remember how the farmer must spend money on seed and dressing; how the physician must spend years in study and practice. Remember that credit, like everything else that is good, cannot be obtained quickly or for nothing, but has its price, as explained above.

There are other reasons why young people should open bank accounts. It is very advisable to pay bills by check. This not only safeguards one by having an automatic receipt, but it makes a good impression on the merchant to receive a check from a young man. It shows a merchant that the young man has a bank account and thus the young man indirectly establishes a credit with the merchant. Having bank accounts enables one quickly to cash checks, remit money, give references and serves a host of other purposes in addition to aiding in the establishment of a credit. Therefore I urge you, young men, to have two bank accounts at the earliest age possible and to deposit systematically and often in said accounts, allowing them to grow to such proportions that the banks will be under obligations to you and will do their utmost to help and serve you in order to hold your good will and deposits.

### *Banks as Financial Advisers*

I have been reserving until the last another reason for recommending bank accounts as the first investments and for discussing the question at such length in this series. This reason is as follows: For the young investor to attempt to select safe securities without some outside honest and experienced aid is a great mistake. As one begins to acquire experience he, of course, is less dependent upon the advice of another; but when investing his first few thousand dollars the small investor should go to his bank for aid. Although it may not be wise to buy what the bank recommends, yet one should never purchase what the bank disapproves.

Let us assume that some reader of The Saturday Evening Post in St. Louis has saved three thousand dollars, of which one thousand is deposited in a national bank and two thousand in a trust company, the latter amount drawing interest. The depositor, however, is convinced that he can obtain a higher rate of interest—say, five per cent—by purchasing some one of the many bonds that he sees quoted in the papers.

He, however, has sense enough to know that not all bonds that are quoted are safe and he is anxious to know how to select the best bond for his purpose. If the young man has no bank account, and especially if he has not acquired the friendship and good will of a commercial bank through a checking account, I truly do not know how he can avoid losing money when attempting to invest. One might say, at first thought, that he could go to the members of a good bond house and leave it with them; but, let me ask, how does the average man know a reliable bond house from an unreliable one? Certainly a firm is not reliable because it has beautiful offices and a large force of salesmen! Therefore the best way for the reader to obtain honest, intelligent information as to investments, or as to bond houses and stock-exchange firms, is through some bank in which he

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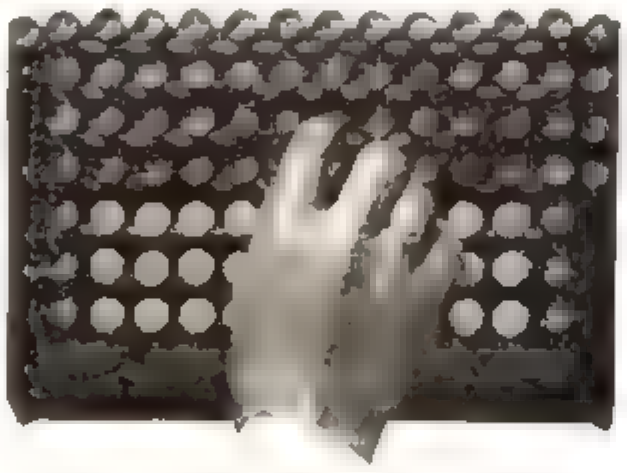
applies to the typewriter equally as well as to railroads. That which eliminates extra work and motions is scientific saving.



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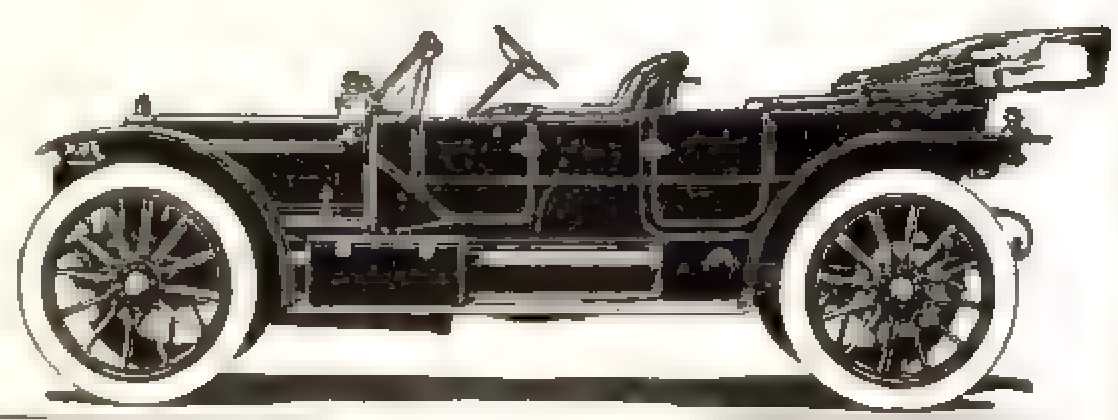

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**E. J. MARTIN'S SONS 84 Kingfisher St., Rockville, Conn.**

has an account of sufficient size to cause this bank to give him time and thoughtful attention.

Now the reader may have wondered why I have always recommended having two accounts, or rather accounts with two different banks. I shall now explain. The St. Louis investor above cited draws from his savings account the money with which to make his first purchase and it is very awkward to ask advice of a bank from which one is drawing out money. Consequently the commercial bank where one has his checking account is first appealed to for advice. Such a bank may be requested to recommend certain definite bonds or—what in my opinion is better—the bank may be asked to recommend one or more reliable bond houses to which the investor may write. When writing to one of these bond houses the investor may ask for a "first-mortgage underlying lien that is absolutely safe and yields about five per cent." After receiving a list from the bond house—or houses, in case the bank recommends more than one—the investor can then ask the opinion of his commercial bank as to which bond to select from those that the bond houses recommend.

The commercial bank will probably select two issues, so that when depositing in the savings bank the depositor can ask the treasurer of the savings bank whether or not he believes either of these two bonds to be absolutely safe; and, if both are safe, which of the two is the better. When the reader has found an issue that, first, is recommended by a firm that the commercial bank recommends; and, second, is approved by both the commercial bank and the savings bank, he may be reasonably sure that such a bond is absolutely safe to buy and the sooner he purchases it the better.

In short, if all small investors will follow this general course not only will they eliminate losses but the increased bank accounts will so interest the banks that henceforth these banks will give special attention to all such advisory work. Of course, as the investor becomes more experienced he is less dependent upon his banks for advice; but, on the other hand, he later will have more money at stake and he will always find it of value to be able to consult with such institutions.

Moreover, their advice is not wanted for the purchase of stocks and bonds alone. When purchasing real estate, and especially when desirous of knowing the standing or credit of any manufacturing or mercantile firm with which the depositor may have business relations, the knowledge, experience and good will of two banks will be found to be of great assistance.

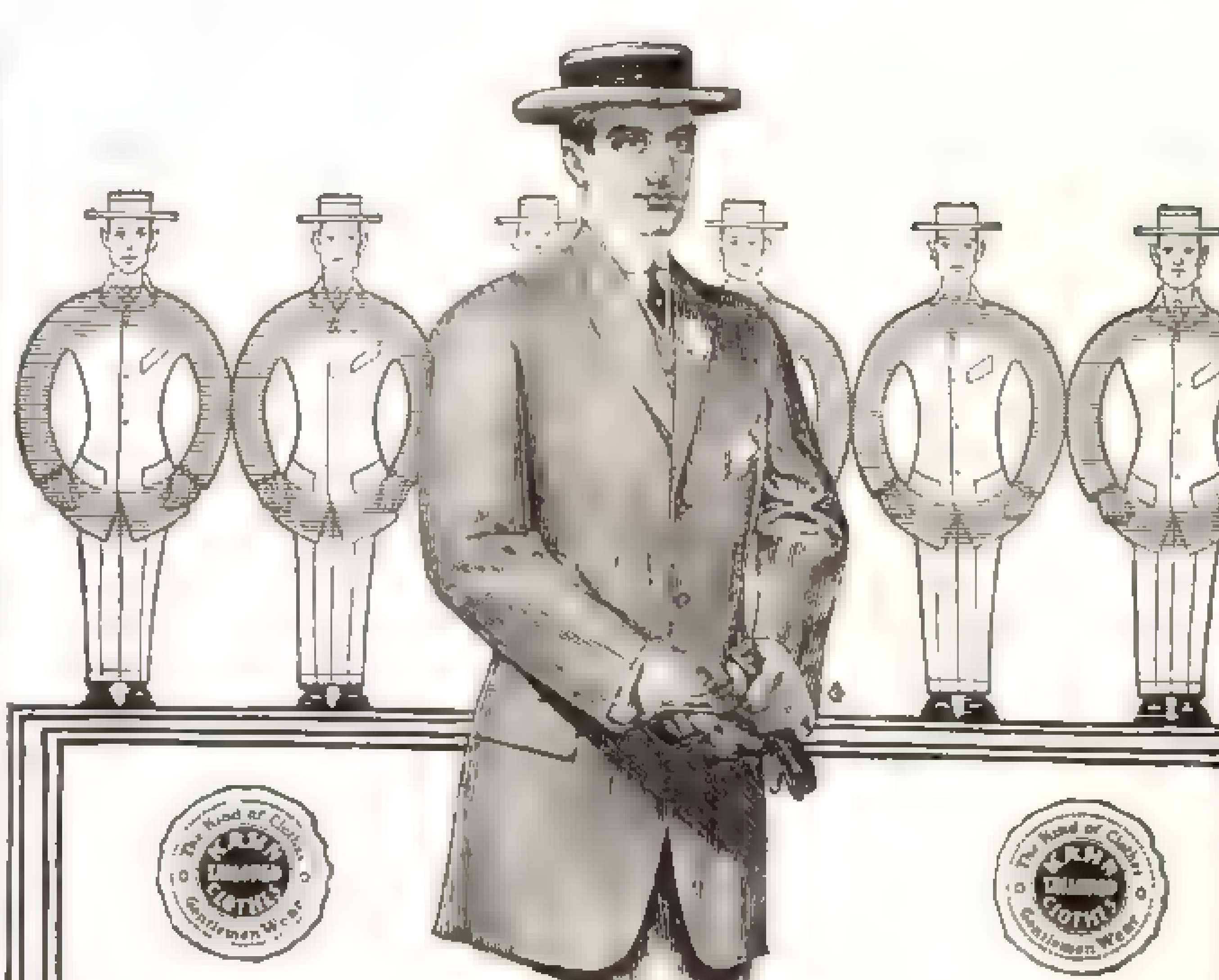
Therefore I urge all readers to have two bank accounts—first, for the purpose of gradually establishing a credit; and, second, for providing a source of supply for financial and business advice. The small investor who starts out in this way is building his house upon a firm stone foundation; but he who tries to get on without always having two good bank accounts, and expects to get his advice for nothing, is building his house on a foundation of sand, and some day he will either have all his savings washed away or he will sustain a large loss. Good advice—like everything else that is good—cannot be obtained without giving something in return; and the young man who sometime may desire the aid of one or more good banks should start in at once and give those banks a good account.

## A Gentle Cow

IN DENVER, last September, Colonel Roosevelt was a guest at a banquet given by the cattlemen's association. When it came his turn to speak he recalled his days on the range. "Why," he said, "we had three thousand head of cattle; and yet the only milk we got was the condensed kind. So Clarence Jordan and I decided we would have some fresh milk if it took all day to get it. We picked out what seemed to be the gentlest cow in the outfit and started to rope her. She lighted out over the range and we chased her for forty miles before we got a rope on her. Then we milked her upside down."

The cattlemen all laughed and cheered, with one exception. "What's the matter with you?" said a friend to the grouch. "Don't you think that's a good story?"

"Oh, good enough! But he can't make me think that milk would not have changed to butter before the fortieth mile was reached."



## Don't Be A Human Cipher!

WEAR

## Clothes Merchant-Tailored for You Alone

EVERYTHING in life that you *have* won, or *will* win, you owe or will owe to your *personality.* Reflect! *Don't you?* It is the "knee up" to *Success.* It is the key to the door marked *"Private."* Preserve that personality by having your clothes *tailored personally for you*—by having them denote and distinguish *you alone.* Individualize and *"you-ize"* your dress through

## *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes*

**At the Price of those "Pulled from the Pile," $20 to $45**

You *know* that personality is the spice and sparkle of dress. Then why look like *everybody* else? The only reason *you* wear "ready-mades" is *convenience* and *supposed cheapness.* As for convenience—with our Tailoring Representatives dotting the United States it is just as *convenient* to have your clothes *tailored personally for you,* as to buy them "pulled from the pile." As for economy—"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes" *cost no more,* sometimes less, than good "ready-mades." The "fancy prices" of the big-city tailor are *cut off.* All that you *really* get in "ready-mades," you *get* in Kahn-Tailored-Clothes, but all that you *do* get in Kahn-Tailored-Clothes you *don't* and *can't* get in "ready-mades."

### Seven All-Important Things You Get in *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes*

(1) Clothes tailored *personally for you* according to the measurements—exact to the tenth of an inch—taken by our Authorized Representative. (2) Clothes tailored to bring out *your* refinement, *your* taste and *your* "air." (3) Unusual patterns in fabrics that are *all-wool all through*—not a hint or glint of cotton. (4) Linings that are *pure-dye mohair*—just that and all that. (5) Clothes with a well-defined expression—*your expression*—needled into them *to stay.* (6) Clothes having the *richness of finish* that breathes elegance. (7) Clothes that are *warranted* to be as perfect as human *skill* and a wide-eyed *watchfulness* can make them.

### Nothing Remains but to Take Your Measure

Go to our *Authorized Representative* in your town. Our seal, reproduced above, identifies *him* and our *tailoring.* He will show you the full range—more than five hundred—of "stunning" patterns in *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* for Spring and Summer—$20 to $45. He will take the measure of your *personality,* as well as the measurements of your body. Go to him *to-day!* If you do not know him write to us for his name and for "The Drift of Fashion," Edition No. 6, the famous *Tailor-Shop-in-Print.* Simply address

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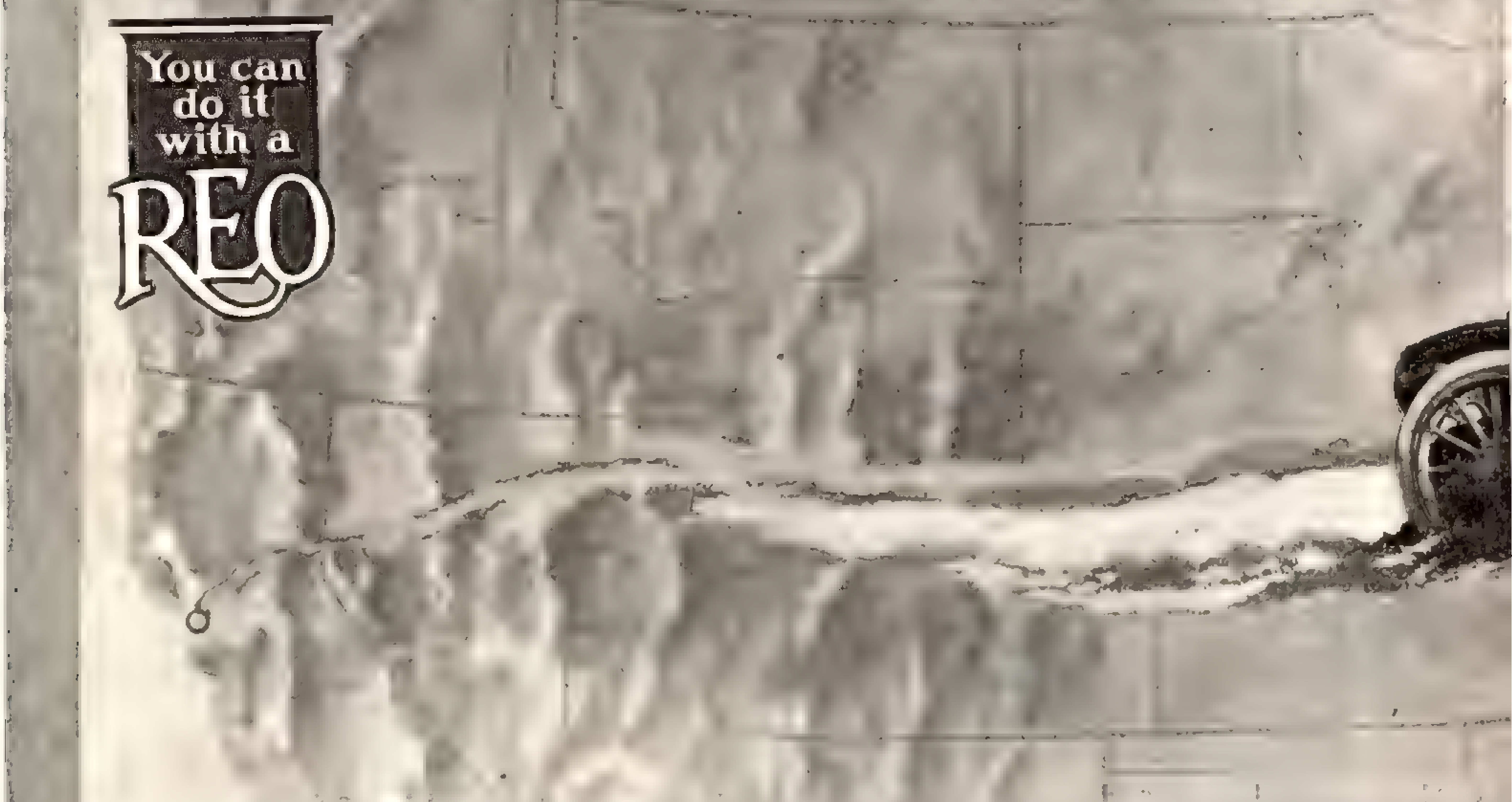
**Indianapolis, Ind.**

# Across the Continent in 1

You can do it with a REO



The ten and a half day-and-night record of the Reo from New York to San Francisco wasn't made just for the fun of beating a six-cylinder car that cost $4000.

Certainly **not.** We did it because it is the shortest and surest way to prove to you, stranger, that the Reo will do everything you can possibly ask of a motor-car.

**Reliability.** That is the most important part of the proof. Half of the nearly 4000 miles between New York and San Francisco is desert and mountains — the very worst roads in the country: deep wash-outs, that constantly threatened the life of the car; rocks in the road, often no road at all — not to speak of the deep mud of the fertile middle west. And yet the Reo kept to its steady 400 or so miles a day, with not a thing done to the engine the whole trip.

**Power.** The Rocky and Sierra Mountains and the desert had a lot harder and stiffer climbs than you will ever encounter.

**Speed.** In spite of bad roads and not too good weather the Reo beat the $4000 six-cylinder car by nearly five days.

**Comfort.** Human beings could not have endured the strain of that trip, if

# 0 days 15 hours 13 minutes

# REO

the car had not the light weight and easy springs which make for extreme comfort.

This record clears away at one stroke all the imaginary disadvantages of a well designed and well-built light car, and leaves the advantages standing out clear and strong.

**Economy**
of first cost and operation

**Buoyancy**
a delightful sensation in motoring

**Safety**
You can control it more perfectly

**Comfort**
easy springs because of light weight

**Full use of power**
the easy springs take up the shocks on rough roads

Buy with both sides of your dollar. Whatever car you get, insist upon proof somewhere near equal to the Reo's. Buy a certainty, not a chance.

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| Reo "Thirty" Touring Car or Roadster<br>Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra | $1250 |
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# The Senator's Secretary

SOMETIME in your career you may have heaved a casual rock at a hornet's nest or stuck an inquiring stick into the lair of a bunch of bumblebees—or, if of more pacific mind, kicked over an ant-hill.

In either event you doubtless have observed what happened. In each instance you probably recollect there was considerable excitement, not to say resentment or anger; although excitement probably covers it for the ants, there being few of us who possess enough of entomology to know whether an ant is angry or resentful, but being wise concerning hornets and bees in that regard.

Bearing these experiments in mind, you will have a modified impression concerning what happened when President Taft took the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty and threw it, one bright morning, into Congress. That distinguished body, composed of some three hundred and ninety-one patriots in the House and some ninety-two similars in the Senate, the moment the message and treaty hit it, began giving a correct and lifelike imitation of the hornets, the bees and the ants, complicated variously with portrayals, startling in their fidelity, of the sandpiper, which runs unceasingly around in circles, cheeping mournfully, and the gazissis, which jumps continually up and down in the same spot, emitting through its proboscis that catarrhal cacophony from which it derives its name.

It had been known there was in process of formation a reciprocal trade arrangement with Canada. Our tariff sharps had been to Canada and conferred, and the Canadian tariff sharps had been here and conferred, but no knowledge of what these conferences had led to in the way of a treaty—no knowledge of what the terms of the agreement were—had leaked out to Congress. None of the tariff experts in either Senate or House had been called in—or, if any, a very few, and those close-mouthed.

So, when the treaty and the message landed, the entire Congress blew up, exploded with a loud noise and began to give exhibitions in the various manners hitherto described. They found everything in that treaty, from treason to truckling. It was subversive of the Republican principle of protection, they said, and fatal to the industries of the country. It tore down the wall we have built on our borders, they shouted; put our farmers in direct competition with the Canadians, handed our manufacturers a short-arm jolt, spelt ruin, disaster and everything else that may be classed as disconsolate, from national degradation to the pip.

It was a most frightful thing, to hear them tell it. They were appalled, dismayed, sick at heart—that is, the regulars were. This was positively the last straw and everything was absolutely gone to pot. Here was a treaty making a reciprocal agreement with a nation of some seven or eight millions of people that would bring starvation and disaster to a nation of ninety millions of people. It was horrible!

### Loud Cries for Mercy

Likewise, in came the highly protected manufacturers and the highly protected raw-material boys and added to the general din. You'd think there was a chance to get something for nothing in Washington to see the way those highly protected citizens bulged into town and begged Congress, for Heaven's sake—for their sake, for the sake of the infant industries, for the sake of the fully matured pocketbooks—to stop it ere 'twas too late! Tremulously they pleaded that this was no time to put a crimp in their individual snaps. Hold, oh good, kind Mr. Congress!—hold, and do not hurt us thus!

They lay down on their Representatives and their Senators—in person, by letter, by wire, by wireless, by carrier pigeon, by airship and by pneumatic tube. They begged, implored, protested, cussed, cajoled and cried. And Congress, being an emotional and sentimental body, cussed and cried with them, but ever and anon stopping the gyrations long enough to ask piteously: "Well, what are we goin' to do?" When this was written nobody knew what they were going to do. That is not the purpose of these remarks—to predict what they are going to do. These brief allusions are made merely to show that Congress is like Mr. Kipling's girls' boarding school: Let one girl give a yip over a fancied terror and in two minutes the whole outfit is honking like a flock of wild geese.

As a matter of fact, it isn't probable that the proposed reciprocal arrangement with Canada will hurt anybody much or help anybody much. The mere say-so that, if adopted or ratified, it will decrease the cost of living doesn't mean anything. That must be proved. Also, the wail of the raw-material producers that they will suffer isn't particularly impressive on the face of it. Still, if the House passes the measure, as it is likely to under Presidential pressure, and hands it over to the Senate, that dignified body will have a series of spasms that will set Miss Liberty, up on the dome of the Capitol, to wobbling; in fact, the spasms began when the treaty first came in.

It is a delirious situation, for over it all hangs the implied threat, on the part of President Taft, who has set his heart on this treaty, that if it is not ratified before March fourth he will call an extra session of the Sixty-second Congress to ratify it. Maybe he will not, but the implication is there. Hence, the old standpat contingent in the Senate, many of whom are going out on March fourth, are wondering what will be the good of holding it up this time, knowing it will go through eventually—or what will be the good of doctoring it in these circumstances. The Senate, and especially the Old-Guard portion of it, is to be pitied.

### Melancholy Days in the Senate

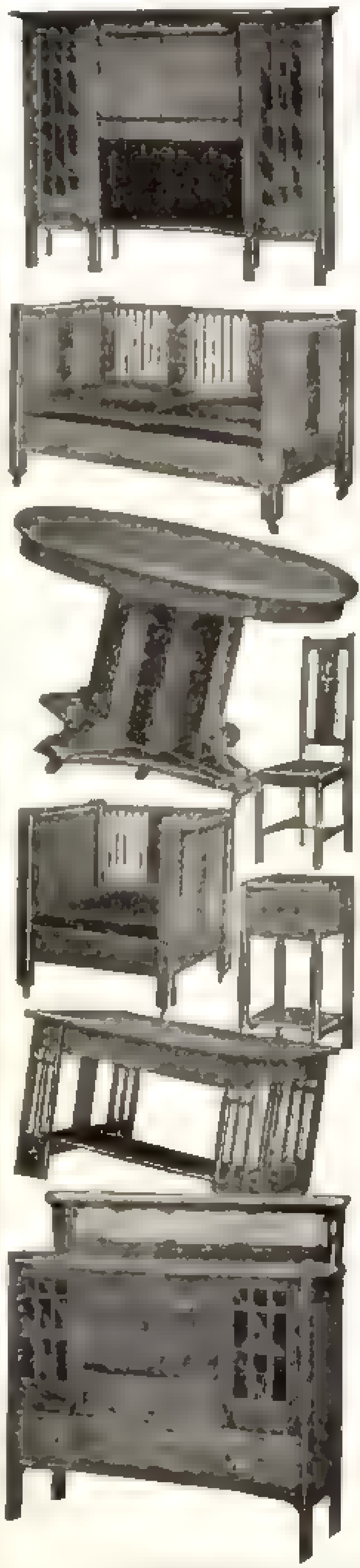
"And where," ask those of the regulars in the Senate who will remain after March fourth, "are we going to get off? What sort of a situation shall we have on our hands, with a lot of insurgent Republicans joining for the uplift with a lot of downhaul Democrats, as they probably will do? And how long are the Democrats going to play ball with these Insurgents, to help them out, when they can get things for themselves by being Democrats? And where do the regulars come in—the Republicans who are sticking to the organization? Oh, sir, I tell you there will be a condition in the Senate pretty soon that will be unparalleled! Everything will be all balled up. It will be mournful and melancholy. It will be chaotic. It will be confusion worse confounded. We tremble to think of it!"

Now, that is a fine line of talk for a Senator, isn't it? But it is the line they are handing out. They are so far in the dumps that it would take a ton of dynamite to blast them out. They see nothing ahead but the yawning chasm and the dark abyss. They refuse to cheer up. All, apparently, is lost. You see, they have been used to running things so long that they have not yet awakened to the fact that the methods of the past generation are obsolete and that the country has gone by them. Merely in passing, I venture the assertion that, notwithstanding these prophecies of disaster, things will go along very well after these mournful regulars go out on March fourth next and without regard to the tears of the disconsolate ones who will be left behind. There will be a band wagon to get on; and if they do not get on they will have to tell their troubles to themselves, for nobody else will listen to them.

Meantime there is one new Senator who is likely to remain glued to his chair from now to the end of his service whenever the Senate is in session. I refer to Clarence Wayland Watson, of West Virginia, who was elected as a Democrat to the seat of the late Senator Elkins, temporarily occupied by son Davis Elkins, who was there long enough to get his name in the Congressional Directory; thereby beating out a statesman who blew in from Oregon once, on appointment, and did not last long enough even to attain that celebrity.

Senator Watson arrived at the Senate bright and early a day or so after his election in West Virginia, bringing in a nice, new set of credentials. He was duly presented to the Senate, his credentials were found to be all right and he was sworn in. The new Senator was introduced around, but the situation was strange to him and he wandered downtown to see some friends. He was a new man and of what use could a new man be in the Senate on his first day? Not any, he thought.

It so happened that the ship-subsidy bill, a measure opposed by the Democrats,



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Do you know that every room in your home can be artistically and elegantly furnished at a price that is ridiculously low? You don't?

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Refer to the illustrations on the left, showing just a few pieces of our extensive line of furniture. Combination Bookcase and Writing Desk—height 50 inches, width 63 inches, $22 50. 62-inch Settee, $16 25. 54-inch Extension Dining Table, $19.50. 48-inch Library Table, $16.00. Mission Buffet—height 51 inches, length 55 inches, $22.50. You cannot duplicate any piece for double the price.

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**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**
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Gallon cost is now in favor of pure Carter White Lead paint.

Important, but this should not alone govern the selection of paint for your buildings. The area a gallon will cover, the cost of spreading, the beautiful appearance, the years of service and freedom from cracking and scaling should also be considered.

By any and every standard there is no better and no more economical paint than that made fresh at the time of the painting with

CARTER
Strictly Pure
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and pure linseed oil. If you are thinking of using any other paint, ascertain what your local paint dealer will [illegible] to charge for it [illegible] get prices on Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil. A painter can tell you just what proportions are best for your particular work [illegible] lead to [illegible] which will make 8 gallons of the best paint in the world.

You will find that Carter White Lead paint will cost less by the [illegible] not even an apparent saving in first cost to [illegible] White Lead and [illegible] less than one-pure, you can't afford to take [illegible] for the [illegible] or four dollars you might save on the cost of painting your house.

How to know good paint and how to have good paint at reasonable [illegible] "Pure Paint." Send for it before you decide about any painting. We will send with it the best set of color plates ever issued as a help in selecting colors for exterior painting.

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Send Your
Old Carpet
We Will Make
New Rugs

Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Guaranteed to wear ten years.

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Ours is the largest factory of its kind in America. [illegible] 18 years [illegible] OLSON FLUFF RUG (Grand Prizes at 3 World's Fairs)

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Old carpets are worth money; don't throw yours away

FREE Write to-day for book of designs in colors, prices and full information

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Exceptional Business Opportunity

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900% Profit
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Automatic Card Printing Presses—practical, easily operated, self feeding and [illegible] uses standard types; [illegible] cards per minute. Free catalog and sales plan.

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came up and there was a tie vote on it. Then Vice-President Sherman, utilizing his Constitutional prerogative, voted aye and the bill passed. Two more times that afternoon, in the space of an hour, there arose situations that developed into tie votes—and each time the Vice-President voted against the Democrats. If young Mr. Watson had been on the job there would have been no opportunity for this, the subsidy bill would have been defeated and he would not have awakened next morning to find himself on the first pages of all the newspapers as responsible for these things. Next day he got to the Senate early in the morning, was in his seat promptly at noon and remained until adjournment—and he has been constantly on the job ever since. Still, there was one good thing about it: his absence gave the Vice-President a chance—more of a chance, indeed, than a Vice-President has had to be anything but an ornament in years.

And, coincident with this, Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, was wildly telegraphing to his home state explanations of a ride he took in a taxicab. It seems that Jeff rode up to the White House one morning in one of those vehicles of the criminal rich; and the newspaper correspondents stationed there, knowing Jeff's constitutional and congenital aversion to such luxurious equipages, as well as his hatred of wealth and display in all its forms, made a paragraph about it and sent it out. Immediately there came from Arkansas loud inquiry, addressed to Jeff and tending in the general direction of: How long ago since you sold out to the money power? The folks back home wanted to know how it was Jeff would ride in one of those plutocratic affairs.

### *Will Arkansas Believe Him?*

Jeff explained. He told the folks back home that a taxicab in Washington was the same as the hotel bus from the depot to the hotel in Fort Smith—just the same as a hack and used extensively instead of hacks. Besides, the weather was bad and he took a taxi, at the cost of a quarter, and rode up in it. It didn't mean that he had surrendered to the seductions of the money power—not at all. It was the same as riding in the depot hack. Jeff may get that explanation over, but it is doubtful—if for no other reason than this: he couldn't take a taxicab in Washington and go four feet in it for twenty-five cents. They caught Jeff with the goods and he will be explaining all summer. It looks as if the lure of the luxuries had snagged him. Next thing, he will be wearing a plug hat and a dress suit!

There are certain stern and rockbound Senators, however, who, though not so vociferous as Jeff about it, refuse to be a party to any of these things—Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, for example. A time ago the Senator went to the Senate restaurant and in the course of his luncheon ordered a tomato. When the check came he discovered he had been charged twenty-five cents for the tomato. His horror and indignation were epochal. The idea that a tomato could cost a quarter was entirely beyond his comprehension; but it was there—an immutable fact. So he paid the quarter for the tomato—and he went upstairs to the Senate chamber and let out a roar against the high cost of living that is reverberating yet.

The high cost of living, however, has not percolated into the social set in Washington, for their entertainments this winter have been more costly and gorgeous than ever before. Moreover, the rivalry has been keener. A time ago there was a dinner, given at a private house, where there were one hundred and ten guests, with most magnificent decorations, costly favors, high-priced wines and food—and all in consonance. "Beat that!" said the self-satisfied host and hostess to all society. Not long after, another social leader gave a dinner to one hundred and forty guests—in his own house, also—and put it all over the one-hundred-and-ten person, both as to number entertained and cost of entertainment. Immediately following, another hostess, looking at these exhibitions of money-spending as mere bagatelles, gave a dinner in her own house to one hundred and eighty-eight guests—and she holds the record, thus far, for lavish expenditure.

There are not many private houses in Washington where one hundred and eighty-eight guests can be entertained at dinner; so society is hoping some one will give a dinner in a tent and entertain five hundred, thereby setting a mark for all to shoot at.

Shadow Picture Showing Magazine Feed

By successfully burning No. 1 Buckwheat Hard Coal, The

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Reduces Coal Bills 1/3 to 1/2

THINK what it means to thoroughly heat a building for half the present cost—not one year but *every* year! Thousands of "Spencer" owners do this, and in some cases save even more.

This remarkable economy is due to the "Spencer's" ability to successfully burn a small "steam-size" coal (No. 1 Buckwheat), which costs from $2 to $3 less per ton. By means of a unique water-jacketed magazine feed and raised grates (see illustration), it is unnecessary to *coal* more than *once in 24 hours* in ordinary weather, and but twice in severe. These are but two of the "Spencer's" money, time and labor-saving features—it has many others.

A Heater ought to be practically a lifetime purchase. Before accepting any make, its record—including coal consumption—should be thoroughly investigated. Let us prove to you that the "Spencer" is the most economical Heater made.

On request, we'll send our 40-pp. catalog describing the "Spencer" in detail. With it we'll send the endorsement of 60 "Spencer" users. Read how it has saved money and time for them. We can also probably give you the names of "Spencer" owners in your vicinity. Let them *tell* you what the "Spencer" is doing for them.

Before settling the Heater question, you owe it to yourself to investigate the "Spencer." May we mail our literature?

SPENCER HEATER CO.
200 People's National Bank Building, Scranton, Pa.

# BUFFALO JIM

(Concluded from Page 7)

"You must! You must!" she exclaimed. "Can't you see? We've been drifting. We've gone so far ——"

"Sure; I see," he said. It was very dark and he came closer. "You care!" he whispered unsteadily. "That's what it is. You used to, Sally, and you do now."

"Jim, let me go! Please—please!" she panted.

She broke away and gained the door. In the lighted entrance she paused and looked back.

"You've got to go tomorrow, remember," she said faintly.

But he did not go on the morrow. Floyd was astir before dawn—he usually fell asleep on a sofa immediately after his supper, thereby gaining a few hours on every one else—and rode away with ten men to bring in the last herd of the sixteen thousand head he would ship.

Sally was distrait and restless all morning. She punished the baby for upsetting a pitcher and then ordered the Mexican nurse to take him and keep him out of her sight. Shortredge stayed away from the house and busied himself at the corral, where some mules were being broken to harness for his employer. He never gave an order, yet the boys obeyed his low-voiced suggestions as they would have jumped at the boss' commands. Buffalo could always get obedience from an outfit without visible exercise of authority, which is the secret of ruling men. He knew his business and followed it without fluster.

At sunset a cloud of dust whirled madly across country with the rain close behind. Sally ate alone—Buffalo had evidently stayed at the bunkhouse and she felt vaguely resentful. About nine o'clock she tucked the child into his bed and went out on to the veranda. The wind was dying and the rain fell with a soft, steady murmur.

Buffalo came running along and took the steps at a jump. He was wet, but laughed at her suggestion that he change.

"Only got this one suit," he said. "If it goes to shrinking much more on me I'll have for to steal a blanket tomorrow."

He took a chair beside her and they watched the lightning play above the black jumble of hills to the east. Sally uttered hardly a syllable; when she spoke at all the words came jerkily. Buffalo leaned over once to brush some sparks of his cigarette from his coat. A delicate perfume came to him.

"The river," he said, clearing his throat—"the river'll be away up. Bridge is like to go out."

"I'm afraid so. Oh, dear! Tom promised he'd come home tonight too."

"Come home tonight! Why, it's thirty miles."

"I know it; but he's never failed to keep his word yet," she said.

"He won't come home tonight," Jim told her.

A writhing fork of lightning leaped from east to north. There was no thunder. They sat tensely quiet and the rain dripped sadly from the roof.

"No; he won't come home tonight," he said in a hoarse voice. "He can't. Sally!" he breathed, bending toward her. "Sally!"

She let her hands lie helplessly in his, powerless to move or take her eyes from him. A loud thump startled the pair and a shrill treble wail from the bedroom brought Mrs. Floyd out of her chair.

The baby had fallen from his bed and was now engaged in howling himself purple in the face. Mrs. Floyd swooped down on him in a tremor and, gathering him in her arms, went all over his sturdy body with speed and precision, to ascertain in just how many places bones were broken.

"Jim," she called, "he's bumped his head. Oh, just look at this lump! My own precious darling! Jim, get the witch-hazel! Quick! No, no! In the bathroom, on the windowsill. Oh, he's holding his breath! Baby! Baby!"

She shook Tommy until he was forced to release the air in his lungs, which he let go with a rending yell. Jim brought the bottle and stood about awkwardly while she applied some of its contents to a red spot on the boy's forehead. Sally sat in a chair, rocking back and forward, with her lips against her child's neck and her arms holding him close. Little Tom clutched her tightly and gradually his cries and sobs ceased. Buffalo tiptoed to the door. He remained there a few minutes to watch, leaning against the jamb; but Sally did not appear to notice him. She was crooning to the baby, who was sinking to sleep once more.

Shortredge was standing at the edge of the veranda staring into the blackness when she rejoined him

He threw away his cigarette and faced her when she spoke.

"Just look at that dark, Sally, will you?" he said. "It beats all."

"Oh, Jim, Jim; I'm so glad!" she cried.

Mrs. Floyd did not say why she was glad, nor did Buffalo ask her. She gave him both hands without hesitation and they stood smiling at each other in comradely fashion in the half-light from the hall. When he spoke it was to his childhood's playmate.

"Huh-huh!" she agreed. "Let's sit down and talk over old times. Do you remember, Jim, the grass fights we used to have? You were an awful cheat."

"That's a lie, ma'am!" Buffalo corrected. "Leastways, it ain't true. You done put a snail down my neck with a bunch of grass."

They were laughing in high glee when a clatter of hoofs broke in on them.

"What's that? Who's that?"

Two riders pulled up in front of the house and Floyd stepped stiffly out of the saddle.

He gave his reins to Manuel, who disappeared toward the corral at a gallop. The boss was spattered with mud and wringing wet and dog-weary. As he came into the light he dragged his feet and water ran in streams from his overalls and seeped from his boots.

"Tom!" His wife ran to him.

"Don't," he warned. "I'm soaking."

"How did you get here? Mercy! You're a sight."

"How's the bridge, Floyd?"

"The bridge is down," the boss answered. "We done swum the river." Then he chuckled grimly. "Manuel, he was scared; but I pulled a gun on him and made him go ahead."

He threw himself into a chair and removed his muddied spurs.

"I never dreamed you'd get back tonight!" Sally exclaimed.

"I said I would, didn't I?"

Buffalo, resting his back against the mantel, suddenly bethought himself of something and went to his room, whence he returned briskly with a bottle of whisky.

"This'll keep the cold out," he observed.

"Why, you must be half dead, you poor old Tom Thumb!" Sally said the name fitted the boss about as well as Fido would a rhinoceros. "Wait, and I'll cook you something."

At sound of her voice he lifted his head sharply.

A slow smile twisted his features, too, when Buffalo spoke. He got up and went into the dining room to pour some water into his whisky. Before he drank he looked at his reflection in the glass above the sideboard. His eyes showed tired but well content.

"Come on, Buf'lo," he said brusquely. "Let's eat."

"You're on," said the cheery Mr. Shortredge.

Sally hovered about them, constantly running to the kitchen for hot coffee and toast. Buffalo sat back—it being his custom to bring his mouth down to his fork instead of his fork up to his mouth—and surveyed the scene with much evident approval.

Mrs. Floyd was at that moment pressing her husband to a second plate of scrambled eggs.

"There's nothing like a home, after all," the boss declared, with a sigh of satisfaction. "You ought for to get married, Buf'lo."

"Hell!—yes!" said Jim, who was sometimes careless in his speech.

# How to Behave on the Coast

IT IS very easy to break the Sabbath in Washington, for legal conduct on that day is exhaustively described in the law. Almost all work is prohibited, especially shaving and haircutting.

The citizen of Washington can raise the long yell if his milk does not contain eight and seventy-five one-hundredths per cent of milk solids and three and twenty-five one-hundredths per cent, at least, of butter-fat. If any restaurant, dairy lunch or store sells skimmed milk a sign must be posted that reads: "Skimmed Milk Sold Here."

Along the same lines the man who wants some seed for his garden and the farmer who wants some seed for his farm are guaranteed protection. Every package of seed must have on it, in type of a size described in the law, the name of the seed, the full name and address of the seedsman, importer, dealer or agent, a statement of the purity of the seed in the package—the standard being set by terms of the law—and the time and place where the seed was grown.

This requirement would be of some help in other states.

The paternal lawmakers in the state of Washington recently turned their attention to the marriage problem and set forth a lot of specifications that gave young people in haste to wed considerable pause at times. The law, as passed at the regular session, required a physician's certificate from both high contracting parties, when application for a license was made, that the bride-to-be and the bridegroom were in good health and not feeble-minded, imbecile, epileptic, insane, drunkards or afflicted with pulmonary tuberculosis in its advanced stages. This was pie for the doctors, for they charged five dollars for each certificate—and a loud roar went up. The result was that, at a special session of the legislature, the law was amended to allow the applicants for marriage licenses to make affidavits as to their conditions of health. In addition, the prospective bridegroom must furnish an affidavit from some disinterested person that neither he nor his ladylove is a habitual criminal, and that he is over twenty-one years of age and she over eighteen. When the girl is under eighteen she must present a written consent from her parents; and no consent is legal when the girl is under fifteen years of age.

In the event of failure to prove all these things, the marriage license is not issued. Should there be falsification there can be a fine of not more than one thousand dollars or imprisonment for not more than three years, or both. The most noticeable result was the falling off in the number of marriage licenses issued; for, in case of doubt, it is ordinarily easier to run over into British Columbia than to be catechized by the county auditor, who issues the licenses.

Divorce is discouraged by the law that prohibits any person from advertising in any way his or her services to help obtain or procure a divorce, either as a lawyer or otherwise, or offering to appear as an attorney or counsel in any suit, either in Washington or elsewhere.

Also, any person who produces a pretended heir for a parent whose infant child would be entitled to inherit real property or to receive personal property, or falsely represents himself or herself to be an heir, is likely to get ten years in the penitentiary for it.

Bucketshop keepers are in hard lines in Washington. They send them to jail for five years or less, and the law defines a bucketshop with such exactness that the industry does not flourish out there. It is decreed that idiocy, insanity, imbecility or criminal propensity is no defense; that doors in all public buildings shall open outward; that county judges must wear black gowns—and much more, all tending to show how carefully the lawmakers have guarded the interests of those sturdy people who have made Washington so great a state.

At the last election the state adopted a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote at all elections; and the women are preparing to get themselves elected to various offices, particularly to the legislature. When they get there Washington will probably have some more laws for the general good.

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# The General Manager

### By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

## Some Big Problems of a Big Job

THE general manager operates the railroad - is held strictly responsible for the economical movement of the trains and for the maintenance of the property. To the great portion of the railroad army—of which nine-tenths is employed in the operating department—he is an uncrowned king. The superintendent is the unit of the operation of the road, just as the division over which he is head is one of the physical units that go to make up some thousands of miles of first-class railroad track. The division superintendent deals in men. The general manager deals in division superintendents—and right there is the radical difference between the two.

The superintendent must see to it that his men get a square deal. If he does not see to it in the first instance they will see to it in the last; and woe to him if such be the case! For the men who work on the steam railroads are well paid, well read, keenly sensitive as to their privileges—and their rights. From these men have come the division superintendents—as different each from the other as men can be grown. It is the general manager's chief duty to bring these very different men into harmonious action. That is absolutely essential to the successful operation of the railroad. The general manager must have absolute firmness with his superintendents. He can appoint or discharge them as they can appoint or discharge their trainmen—more quickly, in fact; for up to the present time there is no brotherhood of railroad superintendents.

A certain division superintendent in the East had one hundred and fifty miles of busy double-track trunk-line under his direction. At his headquarters were a big classification yard and a coaling station for the engines of the two divisions that intersected there. In the course of gradually increasing business, the coaling station—which stood in a narrow ledge beside the main-line tracks and under the breast of a steep mountainside—had to be enlarged. In so small a place a work of this kind offered a difficult engineering problem. It was necessary to build much bigger coal-pockets and, while the engineers were removing the old and building the new station, temporary coaling facilities had to be provided for the busy engine point. That part of the problem—more operating than engineering—was finally solved by going across the main-line tracks and locating a temporary coaling station there. But a bad situation resulted—with the heavy main-line traffic constantly intersecting, with engines drilling back and forth to their coal supply—and the general manager was quick to realize it. He went up and warned his superintendent.

### Red Tape That Caused a Wreck

"This is a danger place," he said, "and a mighty bad one at that. That tower's too far away to guard this crossover. I want you to put two flagmen here at all hours and let them personally signal and safeguard every engine that crosses these main-line tracks."

Then he went back to his own big office, feeling that the responsibility for that danger place was off his own shoulders—in part, at least. The division superintendent put in the requisition for the four men he needed. The requisition enmeshed itself in the red tape at the general offices of the system. Some smart young assistant auditor there, who couldn't tell a coal-pocket from a gravity yard, and who was four hundred miles away, remembered that he had been ordered to cut the payroll—and the requisition went into the waste-basket. The division superintendent did not try to get another order for those flagmen through. He did the next best thing and told the towerman in the cabin—almost half a mile away—to keep as good a watch as possible on the crossover.

The inevitable came early one evening in an October fog. The fast mail ran into an engine returning from the coal-pockets, and there were half a dozen dead. The division superintendent was hurriedly summoned to the general manager's office.

"I cautioned you against trying to operate that crossover without special signalmen," that officer said as he discharged the superintendent and so cleared himself of the responsibility.

And that is where the modern system of excessive consolidation in our big land carriers turned one good, faithful railroad executive into a howling anarchist. An illogical system has developed from this rapid expansion of the great individual railroad properties. For its most interesting phase it offers—as the man who decides—the man who is farthest away from the detail of operation. One man takes the judgment of another and both of them are far removed, perhaps, from the seat of the very trouble that they seek to remedy. The man on the ground is powerless in the matter.

We have already said that the superintendent deals in men, the general manager in superintendents. That statement is open to a slight modification. The superintendent deals with the operating army in individual cases, the general manager deals with them collectively. Somewhere in rank between the division superintendent and the general manager stands the general superintendent; but in the rapidly changing structure of American railroad operation his office is fast losing its individuality—is today in real danger of utter extinction. On some railroads he is hardly more than a chief clerk to the general manager a rubber-stamp, whose signature goes mechanically upon papers bound upward from division superintendent to general manager. At the most he is today an outside man, getting up and down the line and making constant reports to his boss, the general manager.

### Dealing With Delegations

The general manager is really king of the entire situation. He has come up the ladder, rung by rung – station assistant, telegraph operator, dispatcher, trainmaster, assistant superintendent, superintendent, general superintendent, general manager; he knows railroading, stick and wheel. His own railroad he knows as he might know the fingers of his hand.

When we come into his office, the last of a committee of well-dressed citizens is slipping out of his door. They have been asking for an additional train in on the Valley branch. The general manager has said that the road cannot afford it—the train would have to be operated at a loss. He proves his statement.

"But," urges the spokesman of the party, "you will make traffic by it and eventually the train will pay."

"Eventually isn't today," says the general manager staunchly, "and it is on today that we are being judged. You gentlemen come here and ask me to place a train in service that is a sure loser; then you will go down to your office and, when the difference between my net and gross comes to you upon your ticker sheets, you will damn me as being a rank incompetent."

"But this one train?" protests the spokesman.

"Violates that very principle," replies the general manager. "Not another car that does not pay its way."

And as that little group files its way out of the big office, uttering sundry threats about going to the commission, the general manager stretches his leg over his big desk. Under the glass top of that desk is a big map in colors of his system—miles and miles and miles of first-class railroad.

"They come to me and tell me of their troubles," he says, "as if I did not already know of them. I've a reconstruction plan for every ten miles of our main line." His finger traces upon the map to a great division point.

"Take Somerset, here, and take Somerset Yard. That is some yard—as the boys say. We have one hundred and ten miles of track in it—enough for a good-sized side-line division, and that yardmaster has to be the equal of a superintendent.

"You would take a good look at that yard, with its roundhouses and its shops,

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its gravity humps and its classification sections; and you would think it big enough to handle every freight car that goes between here and Chicago. It isn't. It isn't really big enough to handle our decent share of that traffic today. We're trying to pour the business through it today and are succeeding only by the narrowest measure. It's a weak valve in our biggest artery and some day it's going to clog.

"It won't be five years before Somerset has me throttled again. Five years ago it was as bad. It took us three to four weeks to put a carload of freight through it in winter, and the shippers were howling bloody murder. They got mad enough then to scare our directors and I got separate eastbound and westbound classification yards—relief that I'd been fairly down on my knees for, three years at least. I was the goat in that thing. I always am—that's part of the job of general manager."

A secretary tiptoes in. This railroad king looks up and smiles quite frankly at us.

"Committee from the Chamber of Commerce of Zanesburgh," he announces. "They want a new depot in Zanesburgh and they're entitled to a new one—costing at a fair ratio about forty thousand dollars. A forty-thousand-dollar depot would give them every comfort and convenience, but they demand that we spend one hundred thousand dollars because Great Midland has spent eighty thousand dollars in an architectural wonder in Stenton—and old-time town rivalry makes Zanesburgh want to go Stenton one better."

"You've got a lot of these delegations?" we venture.

"I lose track of them," says the general manager. "It's all a part of the day's work—it's railroading."

We know. Last night this general manager was at a big freight terminal in the headquarters city, seeing with his own eyes until midnight the fast freight and the express traffic under handling. The night before he was there and the night before that he was there also; and the three days before that he was out pounding over the line in his car, working eighteen hours a day. That's railroading too.

The freight house in this terminal city is one of his big problems. His biggest local freight yard is in a narrow valley between high hills; and these together with fearful realty values absolutely circumscribe its area. The traffic is growing all the while and all the local freight for his road—running in strongly competitive territory—comes to this terminal. Three hundred and fifty cars must be dispatched every night for different points, and yet a dray coming into the yard must be able to find any one of those cars without an instant's delay. And still the narrow physical limitations of that yard prevail. There is a big problem for a big man.

### *A New Chief With Four Eyes*

The big man—general manager of several thousand miles of railroad—must understand the lesser men beneath him—any one of whom is apt in some future day to supplant him. Here is a man who has been known as one of the best general managers in the whole land. Soon after he was first made operating head of a really big road a certain train on which he was traveling was much delayed. The new G. M. took pains to inquire the exact reason for the trouble. He was not so much concerned for his own convenience as he was curious to know why one of the road's best through trains should have halted until assistance should come from the nearest roundhouse.

"The fireman lost his rake," was the somewhat perfunctory report that the G. M.'s secretary returned to him. But if that young man thought that his boss was going to be satisfied with that report he was mistaken—decidedly.

"Bring the fireman to me," commanded the chief.

That fireman was not of the sort that is easily feazed. He stood stockily and in a low voice gave a very circumstantial explanation of the whole occurrence. It seemed that he had missed the rake that morning when they had started out from the yard roundhouse to take the limited down over the division. He had just been going back for another when they had been called to lift a hand at a small yard wreck. When they were done shoving and bunting there, they had no time to run back to the roundhouse and get a rake. They had barely enough time to get to the passenger station for the engine change. That was a good story, with a deal of explanation, and the fireman thought that the G. M. must be impressed with it.

The G. M. was not in the least impressed. He looked the coal-shover up and down—from head to feet—then said:

"How about those seven freights that you passed on sidings? You could have forced any one of those engineers to lend you his rake rather than lay out this train."

The effect of that slight observation from the G. M.'s car was not lost on a man on the system. The new man made good. From that time forth word went out to the far corners of his road that the "new boss" knew railroading, that he had four eyes in his head, and that you had to be pretty careful what sort of a story you put up to him.

Calculate, if you can, in dollars and cents the moral effect of such a stand upon the rank and file of the king's army. The general manager, as we have already said, must know men.

You are back with your first general manager again. He is tired of all these problems and yet he is now turning to another. This is formally entitled "the situation." It is placed upon his big desk every morning. It is a morning paper, if you please, prepared for a single reader. The general manager is "Old Subscriber" in good measure, and if the paper lacks both editorials and advertising it is none the less interesting to its star reader. Its news is as exclusive as its reader—and exclusively the news of his system.

### *The General Manager's Daily*

By it he knows first of the traffic that has been handled in twenty-four hours—by cars and by trains. He knows by it the reserve forces of the railroad—in cars and in locomotives—and just where they are located. By "the situation" he can discover the overmassing of equipment upon one division, the shortage upon another. After that he can begin to give orders to his general superintendents and his superintendents of transportation—these last the men who are directly responsible for car movement—toward bringing about a better balance between traffic and equipment. "The situation" is on his desk at ten o'clock in the morning. By eleven whole brigades of locomotives may be under way, moving from their stalls in some giant roundhouse out toward another division, whose superintendent is fairly shrieking for power.

But "the situation" tells more than this. It goes into history and in its own cold-blooded fashion tells what the road is doing by comparison. It gives weather conditions and traffic for the corresponding day, one year, two years, three years, five years, before; and the general manager will do well if he avoids giving mere cursory examination of such tables. "The situation" not only notes weather conditions, it brings to the notice of the man whom we have called king in railroad operation the more important train delays and the reasons for them. Every fact or incident that may affect the traffic or the operation of the road is noted in its fine-filled pages. It is in every way a guide and a barometer of the condition of a great property up to the very hour that the general manager comes to his desk.

But "the situation" does not tell the entire story. Out in the nearest passenger yard is a big private car—almost as handsome and as well equipped as that of the president of the road—and that car is in service as many days as it stands idle there upon the siding. This general manager has four thousand miles of railroad empire in his domain—there are nearly seventy thousand faithful privates for his army. To cover that territory means constant travel—there are side lines of lesser importance that sometimes do not see him for six months at a time.

Of lesser importance, did we say? We had better not let him hear us breathe that, for there are men in his employ who remember the first council of the operating department staff after this general manager came to the road. They were gathered there for timetable meeting—a general superintendent, a whole round dozen of division superintendents, serious traffic-minded folks from the passenger department, an auxiliary corps of chief clerks and stenographers. Division by division the passenger timetable problem was adjusted.

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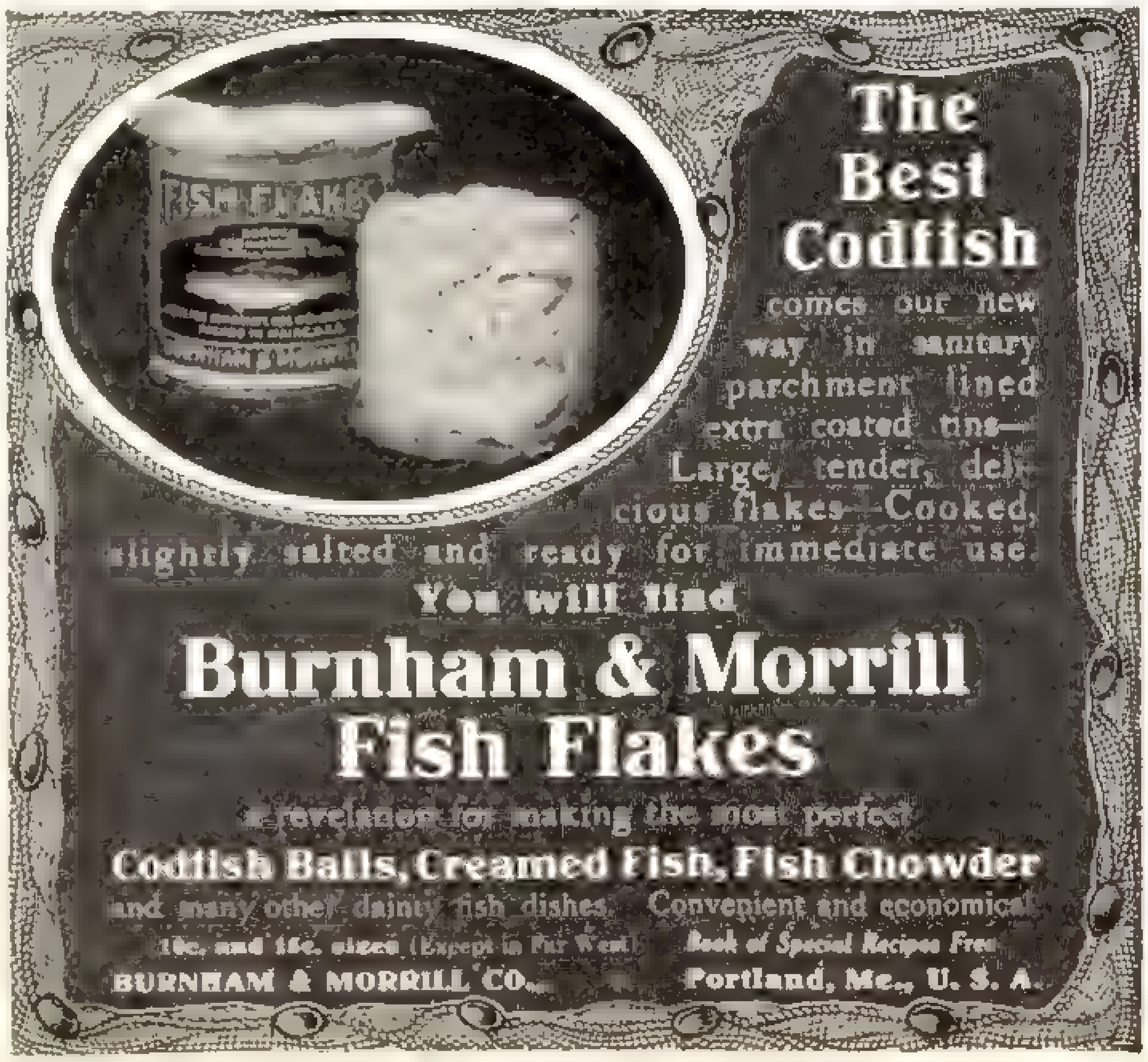

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This superintendent asked a little more running time—they were putting in a cluster of new bridges which made slow orders necessary; another was thereupon forced to shorten his schedule, for the total running time between main-line terminals of a road in hot competitive territory could not be increased a single sixty seconds. Finally, after a vast amount of argument, the main-line divisions were settled; attention was to be given to the side lines. The first of these ran through a section purely rural—but there was not a busier five hundred miles of single track in the East.

The general superintendent called attention to it, with a laugh.

"We'll now tackle the hoe-jack," said he.

It was an old joke and the division heads began to laugh. They stopped laughing the next instant. The new general manager was on his feet and pounding thunderously upon his tabletop. His face was crimson as he demanded attention.

"Gentlemen," said he scathingly, "there are no hoe-jacks or peanut branches or jerkwaters upon this system. The man who is hauling a train on the most remote corner of this railroad is doing its work quite as much as the biggest trainmaster here at the terminal. I trust you follow me."

They followed—implicitly. To that general manager has been finally accorded the credit for bringing an operating department torn by inefficiencies and by jealousies into one of first rank among the railroads of the land.

But he admits that he is going out upon a side line—and that particular side line brings a story to the mind of his chief clerk. When he has us quite aside he tells it to us:

"The next to the last time the boss went up the Upper River Division they got his goat. We halted at the depot up at West Lyndonbrook—to fill the tanks. The boss thinks that he will get out and stir his feet for a minute on the right-of-way. Up comes a villager. 'Are you the general manager of this 'ere road?' he says to the boss. Boss thinks he was some gentle bucolic soul and he says 'Yes,' and offers him a real cigar. But the gentle bucolic doesn't smoke anything cleaner than a pipe and he just up and says, 'Well, general, here's somethin' fer ye,' and shoves a paper with a big red seal into the boss' hand.

### *When Diplomacy Won*

"It seems that up in that neck o' woods they get grade-crossings removed, as a last resort, by going to the county court; and the paper that the constable served was one ordering the boss to come down there in a fortnight for a hearing on an order to put a flagman and gates at our crossing in West Lyndonbrook. The boss was mighty mad and almost discharged the agent for letting that constable hang around the depot.

"He went down on the appointed night—to the old Town Hall. Before he got there he started a guessing contest in that smart-aleck burg. The crossing was right 'in the heart of the community,' as they put it themselves, and the big citizens' houses were all within an eighth of a mile of our right-of-way. Three days before the big flight of oratory down at the Town Hall—and the boss starts something. They hardly get away from their houses in the morning before there is a bunch of those bright tech-schoolboys, with their rods and sextants and steel tapes, measuring lines over the front lawns; and the next thing they were planting bright new stakes in all the flower-beds. There hadn't been so much excitement in West Lyndonbrook since the last time Theodore Roosevelt talked there and the townfolk hustled down to the depot. The agent didn't ease their minds. The boss wasn't working hand-in-glove with him.

"When the night came for the big time at the Town Hall it was a regular standing-room-only business. The boss kept in the background while the great minds of the township did their best. When it came his turn he clumped across the platform like an avenging angel. He is a big fellow and that night he looked seven-foot-six, sticking his long fingers out over that intelligent body politic and asking it what it meant by trying to cow the only first-class railroad that had ever had enough energy to put its rails down in that township. Then he calls up an engineer from our construction department.

"'Mr. Blinkins,' he says, in a voice that you could have heard across the public square, 'this railroad has decided to temporize no longer in this highway-crossing situation on its lines. How much will it cost to put a subway under our tracks at this crossing?'

"The engineer dove into his drawings and said: 'It'll be quite a big job and we'll have to cut quite a way into some of the front yards to get the foundations for our abutments. My estimate of the cost of the proposed improvement is one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.'

"Then it was the boss' turn again. 'Under the state law work on abolishing a grade-crossing begins by the railroad expressing its willingness,' he told them. 'The cost is divided—half being borne by the railroad, the other half being divided between the township and the state. West Lyndonbrook's share will reach forty thousand dollars.'

"Forty thousand dollars!—why, forty thousand dollars would have built either the new union school or the waterworks that burg had been hankering for and thought it couldn't afford. When the boss breathed about that forty thousand dollars it started the old feuds between the waterworks crowd and the school crowd. They forgot all about the crossing and our sin-filled railroad and got to hammering anew on the old issue. We slunk out while they were still at it—had the car hooked on to the rear of thirty-eight and got started while the oratory was taking a fresh turn.

"The boss? The boss is a diplomat. That's how he keeps his job."

### *A Bitter Pill to Swallow*

Several years ago a general manager sat alone in his comfortable office—thinking quietly. The road's newest timecard—"published for the information of employees only"—lay unopened upon his desk. On its cover was the signature of the first vice-president and that of the general superintendent. The name of the general manager was omitted.

You did not have to draw diagrams for that G. M. He kept his temper, but he thought—thought as only a man in dire distress can think. Confound it! Did Jim Whittaker—his general superintendent—think that he was getting decrepit? Just because the G. M. had brought Whittaker all the way up the ladder with him? The G. M. knew how to run that property. He had been with it through all its vicissitudes, through all of its periods of marvelous growth—had nursed it like a sick baby, had steered it straight to the sunshine of its full measure of success. He reached over for the working timecard, made a slight notation upon the cover and sent it out. In the mail of the next morning were profuse apologies from both the general superintendent and the first vice-president, together with a corrected proof of the timecard. The issue was called in and rebound. The general manager's name was then on the cover.

Yet, only six months later, when the road again changed its time with the changing of the seasons, the same mistake was repeated. This time the general manager did not pay attention to the seeming error. He went straight to the office of the president of the road—they had stood their tricks together at a telegraph set in the very beginning of their railroading. He placed his resignation upon the president's desk. That officer raised his hands, as if in mute protest, and pushed the letter away from him. But the G. M. was firm.

"I've been an old fool, Phil!" was what he said. "And they had to put a bomb under me to let me know it. Why, think of the hurrah I've made about our pension system! I've worked and connived to get our old fellows out of service and into retirement without hurting their feelings. I've known they were too old to give the best sort of service to the road and I've wondered that they were too thick to see that —— And here I've been—the worst thick of the lot! I've grown old and I've not been enough of a man to see it—not even enough of a man to take that decent hint from Jim Whittaker. Now I've got it." His voice died to a whisper and he talked with an effort. "I've got it—full between—the eyes."

His honest old hand shot out to that of his long-time chum.

"Forgive me, Phil," he said, "and accept that thing. I'll stay with you. You can make me an advisory officer or something of that sort, so that I can still know I'm with the old road; but the general manager steps down and out—today."

I Sold $9,068.00 worth of eggs from this one house —
from July 1-1909 to July 1-1910
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I HAVE written a book which tells how I made a flock of 1638 chickens net me in 12 months a profit of $11.09 per bird. It tells how I made $3,600.00 in one season from 30 hens, on a city lot 24x40, just by feeding the scraps from my table three times a day. I'll give you the names of those who paid me over $2,000 for the eggs alone from these hens. You may write to these people.

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I Made $18,178.53 Net Profit in One Year Selling Chickens and Eggs

My book [illegible] that you should know in con[illegible] egg business. It cov[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ever 50 full-page [illegible] my farm. It was [illegible] [illegible] from those who have received my book—see what they have to say.

[illegible] City, Okla
MR. ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo.
[illegible] and I have re[illegible] [illegible] I believe [illegible] [illegible] Yours respectfully, T. W. SHACKELFORD.

Best [illegible]
[illegible]

I have a [illegible]
[illegible]
LAWRENCE [illegible]

Burnett, Cal
KELLERSTRASS FARM, Kansas City, Mo.—I received your [illegible] It would have been worth to me $[illegible] if I had had it last spring. "Good Book," common sense [illegible] hard-earned experience. Worth $1,000 to me. Respectfully, L. R. HAYWARD.

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***It took me years to write this book; it is the result of practical, hard-earned experience. There is not a thing that would make you successful in the poultry business that is not fully shown and explained in this book.***

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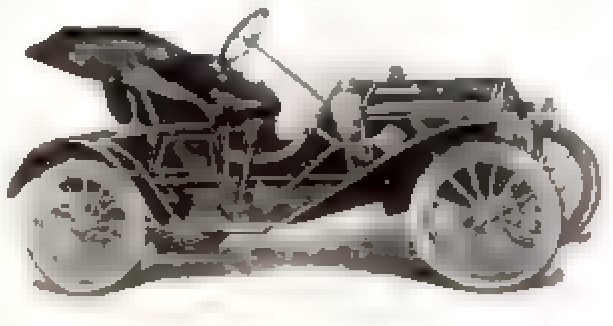

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## Making Insurgents

Continued from Page 16

every operation obtained a percentage of available empties in proportion to its tonnage. Thus, if cars were plenty, a mine that needed fifty cars a day would get fifty. If empties were scarce, however—if, say, there were only half enough cars to supply the various mines—then the mine that needed fifty daily would get only twenty-five. This regulation is enforced by the Federal Government.

There are, however, many ways of evading it. One is to give a favored mine a false rating. If its maximum capacity is, say, ten cars a day, interested officials may rate it as requiring fifteen. It never loads the fifteen, of course; but when cars are short the false rating enables the car distributer to give it more than its lawful percentage of empties.

In the first year my mine reached a maximum requirement of seven gondolas a day. It was a dull time in the trade, cars were plenty, and the Bando pit adjoining got all it could load; yet day after day my supply ran short. Usually we'd lack one, sometimes two; as time progressed the shortage grew. By this time I'd learned to stay away from the general offices, but when my car shortage grew chronic I wrote to the general manager.

The day after, an assistant trainmaster in charge of the car-distributing office called me up on the telephone.

"What's wrong with you?" he demanded.

"Nothing," I answered frankly, "except that I can't get cars."

"Well, we'll fix you all right tomorrow," he promised; but, in the light of after events, I learned it was less a promise than a threat.

### Too Much of a Good Thing

Anyway, on the day following I saw he'd made good his word. Twenty empties had been placed for loading. That night sixteen more were set off on my siding. Again, in the morning, a way freight dropped eleven others; a draft of ten additional floated in at four P. M.; and at nightfall, when a big road-hog puffed up to the crossover switches and kicked back an extra eighteen, the pit boss in charge of my operation hurried to the telephone.

"Man alive! but we'll be shut again!" he cried disgustedly.

"What's the matter now?" I demanded, and added: "Why, you've got cars enough to run you ten days or more."

"Sure!—but you've not heard about the loads," he retorted; and in a few words he explained the situation.

Like most mine sidings, the one at my pit had a switch at each end. By this arrangement empties were sent in at the head end and when needed for loading were dropped down under the tipple screens. Then, as each car became filled, it was shoved along to make room for another empty, all the loads being ultimately hauled out through the lower switch by a shifting engine.

What they'd done to me now was to leave the loads standing. For two days no engine had cleared out the siding; and, as a result, the short track below the tipple was so clogged with loaded cars that we could not make room at the screen to load others. We were, in fact, forced to shut down for two days and a half. This, of course, meant a heavy extra expense for me; but, though I complained vigorously, time and again the same dose was handed out to me.

Later on, when the car situation forced me and others to complain to the authorities the incident was used against me. It was given to show that I'd been allotted more cars than I could load. Naturally I showed up the trick, when they retorted with other figures to prove I'd had too many cars at other times also. The figures were right too. They had, indeed, given me more cars than I could use, but at the same time they were cars I couldn't use. This paradox illustrates another method of juggling the distribution.

In the coal trade each order requires a certain type of equipment. Some consumers prefer hoppers and others are unable to handle them. Then again the customer may be on a railroad that will accept only cars of a specified class and capacity. As it happened, the majority of my orders were placed on foreign roads—that is, lines not controlled by the B. & S. W.; in

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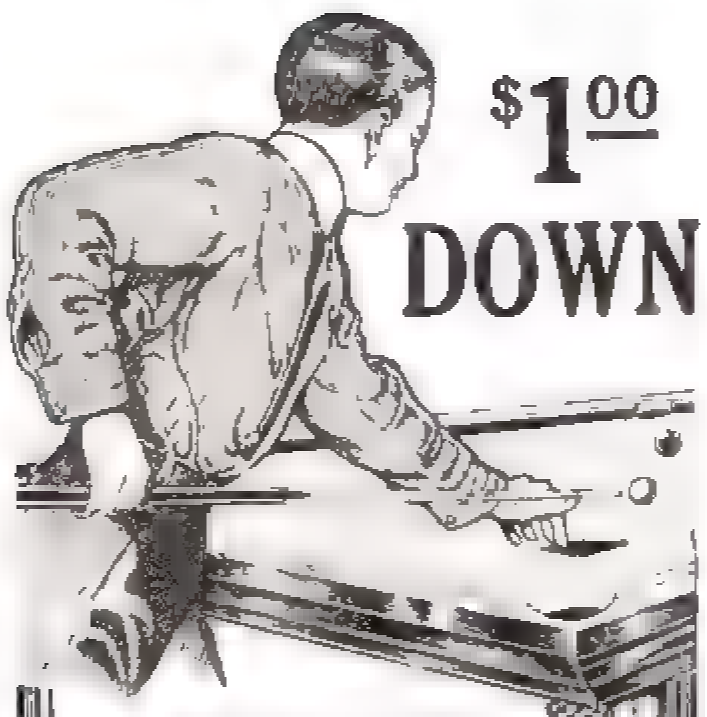

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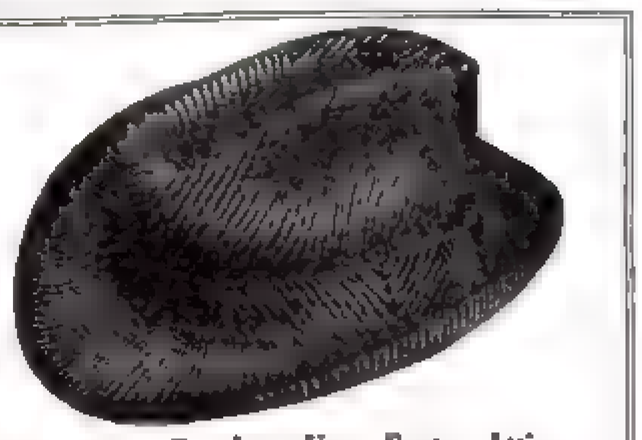

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addition, my customers required small-capacity cars. But, though there were many of these cars in our district, I couldn't get them. Instead, I got exactly the kind of cars I didn't want. At the same time, this thing happened to others that were interfering with the Belmont Company's trade.

Of course I made the effort to load every sort of car. Afterward I sold the coal in open market; but, though I did, it is to be remembered that my contract trade suffered accordingly for the want of that same coal. Furthermore, there came a time when the market was overstocked. It got into one of those dry spots when coal could be sold only at a loss, so that I was no longer able to load the variety of "slum" cars that were placed on my siding. Though I had plenty of orders that could be filled with the proper equipment, the car distributer turned a deaf ear to all my requests. This didn't prevent him, however, from setting off on the Bando siding string after string of the same class of cars I was denied.

This was not the only way the car supply was corruptly juggled. There was the private-car game. I call it that because private cars are a standard means on the coal roads of evading many laws.

Nominally, by law, a private car counts in the car distribution exactly as any other car—that is to say, the owner accepts it as a part of his allotted percentage. Only recently this was brought about; but, though it did much to remedy an abuse, it by no means ended it. In the first place, almost all private-car lines stand as a means of evading the laws against rebating. They are the playthings of protected concerns; and in this respect the Belmont Company is a fair example.

Like a majority of these favored concerns the company owned a big string of "individuals," as they are called. Furthermore, this equipment, though used exclusively in the Belmont trade, was said to have been bought with the money of the railroad's stockholders. Whether this was so I cannot say; but I do know that they were paid for by the railroad. How this was achieved is simple. The B. & S. W. merely paid into the coal company's treasury six mills a mile for every mile the cars traveled, whether loaded or empty. In other words, the road paid mileage to the coal company for the cars the coal company itself exclusively used.

### *The Railroad Net Tightens*

After all, this was a small matter. What stirred us up was that, though many restrictions were placed on ordinary system cars, the Belmont Company was allowed to bill its individuals anywhere it saw fit to send them.

Again and again by this scheme we little fellows had our trade cut out from under us. For example, I got wind of a rise in prices at a certain market. As it required hopper cars, with which I'd been stuffed up of late, I jumped in on the market and sold a little jag of coal. So far, so good; only, when I and others tried to route our coal to this market an equipment order was issued by the general manager's office that completely blocked us. Briefly explained, the order ruled that equipment of only one sort might be routed to the district. Need I say it was a type of car we rarely saw? The order, however, said nothing about individuals. Therefore we independents had the pleasure of watching train after train of Belmont cars sail by into the market from which we were helplessly barred.

By this time my days on the B. & S. W. were numbered. No effort had been spared to cripple me and my capital was dwindling; but don't think I was failing because I couldn't drum up trade. All things being equal I had on my books almost to the last all the orders I could handle. Until the last, too, my customers stood by me handsomely; but, since I wasn't allowed to deliver the goods, naturally I couldn't protect my trade. However, I was not alone in the boat. In one district alone fourteen different operators were up in arms. Eventually they banded together in bringing proceedings against the road.

This suit was instigated as the result of one especially shabby trick. In the trade a railroad fuel order is an exceedingly desirable thing to have. It insures a steady supply of cars for one thing; then again, after the cars are loaded one doesn't have to worry about deliveries. In passing, I may say, too, a fuel order is used often as a

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blind in rebating to protected companies. If coal is selling at one dollar a ton, f. o. b. mines, it is an easy matter to pay the favored concern two dollars a ton. Do you see?

At any rate, just before April first an operator was approached by a B. & S. W. high official. It was at the season when all yearly coal contracts are renewed and the operator was asked whether he would contract his entire output for engine fuel. To edge him along further, the official stipulated that the contract was not to be signed until the market price had become established. There is always a flurry before April first, but a few days later the price settles.

"Sure, I'll take the contract," answered the operator; in fact, he was tickled to death to get it. "I'll be in to see you about April seventh."

Naturally, as the fuel order would take all the coal his mine would produce, he had to abandon his former customers. As a matter of fact, they were about to abandon him anyway, since he was always out of cars. But, when April seventh arrived, he went up to the general offices with a blank contract in his hand.

"I'm ready to sign," said he, pleased as Punch.

"Sign what?" inquired the official.

"Why, the company fuel contract, of course," answered the visitor, somewhat staggered.

"Oh!" responded the official; "but we've decided not to sign any contracts this year. We're going to buy in the open market."

To make this perfectly clear, when the operator tried to get back his old customers he found that each one of them had been secured by the Belmont Company.

### *Back at the Old Job*

In the suit he and the others brought there was one laughable circumstance. The attorney who drew up the first papers was what I would call a very crafty lawyer. Instead of attacking the B. & S. W. officials' connection with the Belmont Company he named that concern as among those that had suffered from a want of cars. Why the officials were unable to see through this dodge I can't say. At all events, they put the Belmont's traffic man on the stand.

"Is it true that you haven't had cars enough?" asked the railroad's lawyer.

"No, sir," said the witness. "We've had all we wanted—and more."

At this the crafty lawyer smiled cheerfully. "Thank you," said he. "We now amend our complaint to show that cars have been supplied to the Belmont Company that lawfully should have gone to my clients."

Though this suit did much to improve conditions on the road, it was too late to save me. Others, who knew how to make opportunity, had made me theirs. That year I was sold out under foreclosure proceedings and my little property went into the hands of the Belmont Company.

Before I went home that day I walked into the office of my old employers.

"Want a hired hand?" I asked the senior partner.

"Come in tomorrow morning and hang up your hat," he answered pleasantly.

Then I went home and owned up to my wife. After I'd told her I was cleaned out I asked her a question.

"Sis," said I, pretty solemnly, "do you think I'm only a failure?"

For a moment she looked at me with a queer, smiling twist of her lips.

"That depends," she answered. "It depends on what you're going to do from now on."

I thought for a moment. "First of all," said I, "you're going to have a housemaid—maybe two. And then ——"

"And then what?" asked my wife quietly.

I told her that then, if she still wished it, we would begin all over again. Upon this she answered my question:

"I don't think you're a failure—not yet, anyway, I'll admit."

That's why, if I am a failure, you've got yet to prove it to me.

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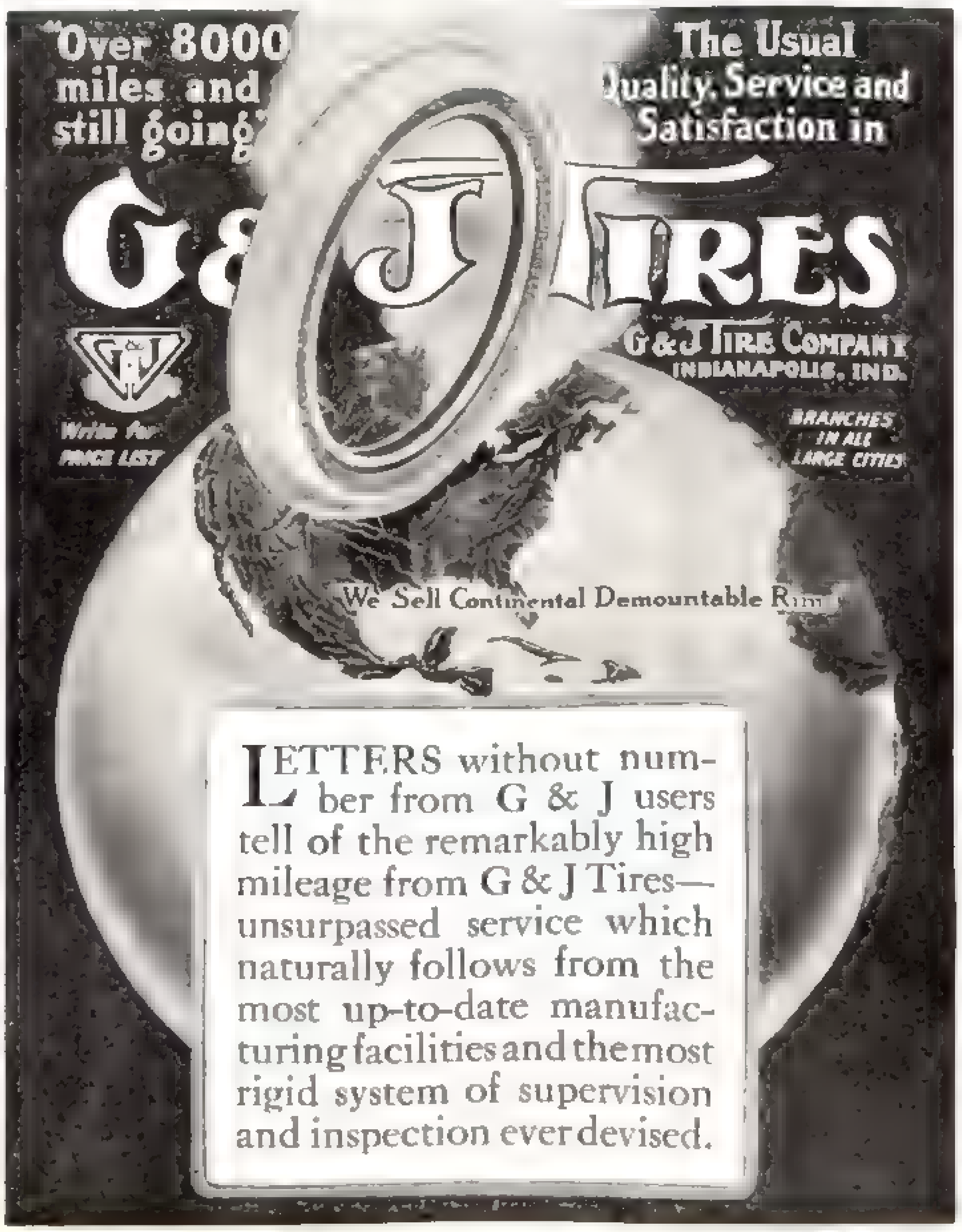
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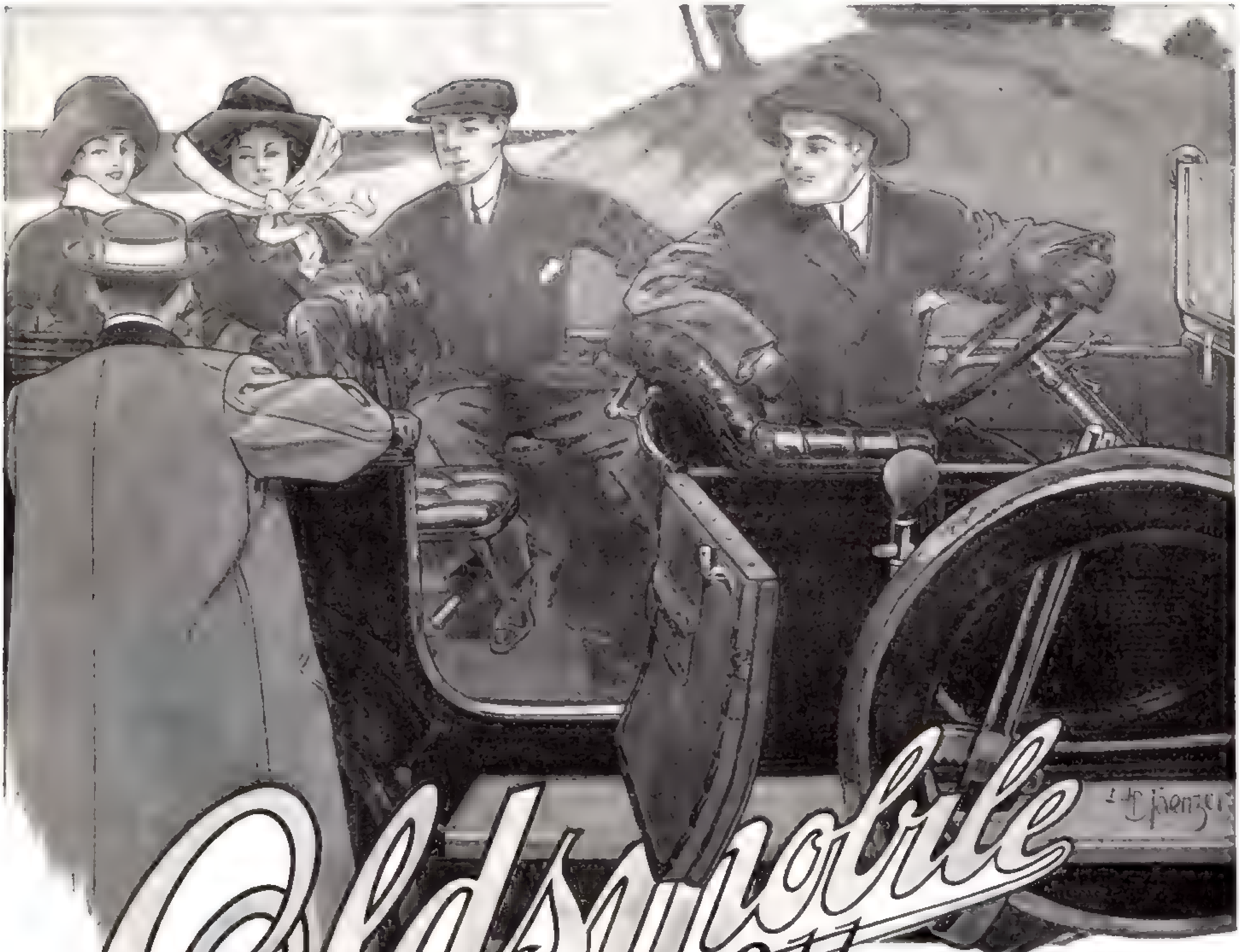
G&J
Write for PRICE LIST
G & J TIRE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES
We Sell Continental Demountable Rims

LETTERS without number from G & J users tell of the remarkably high mileage from G & J Tires—unsurpassed service which naturally follows from the most up-to-date manufacturing facilities and the most rigid system of supervision and inspection ever devised.



# Oldsmobile 1911 Autocrat

## Engine Luxury and Upholstery Luxury

Put a deep armchair on wheels behind any kind of an engine and you have "upholstery luxury" . . . Your comfort in the richly padded seat is still dependent on whether the **engine** runs quietly, smoothly and powerfully, or the reverse.

In the 4-cylinder "Autocrat" or 6-cylinder "Limited" the great **flexibility** of the motor gives a phenomenal range of speed on direct drive. This flexibility is produced by its long stroke and the large valves and manifolds.

**It is the most flexible motor for its power—and the most powerful motor for its flexibility.**

You slow down to a walk without shifting gears,—you spurt ahead again,—always silently, without any "choking," jerking or hesitation.

That is "engine luxury."

This motor, in a car with large wheels and tires, shock-absorbers and an admirable spring-suspension, produces the very poetry of motion.

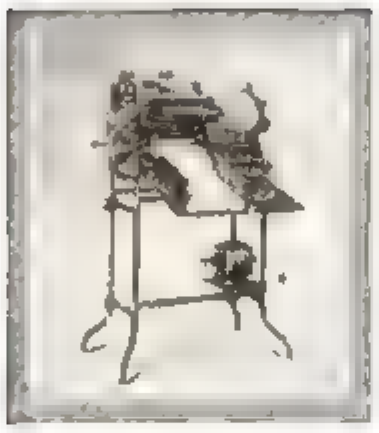
That is **complete** luxury.

THE "SPECIAL"
4-Cylinder, **$3000**

THE "AUTOCRAT"
4-Cylinder, **$3500**

THE "LIMITED"
6-Cylinder, **$5000**

**OLDS MOTOR WORKS** *Licensed under Selden Patent* **LANSING, MICH.**



# THE MULTIGRAPH

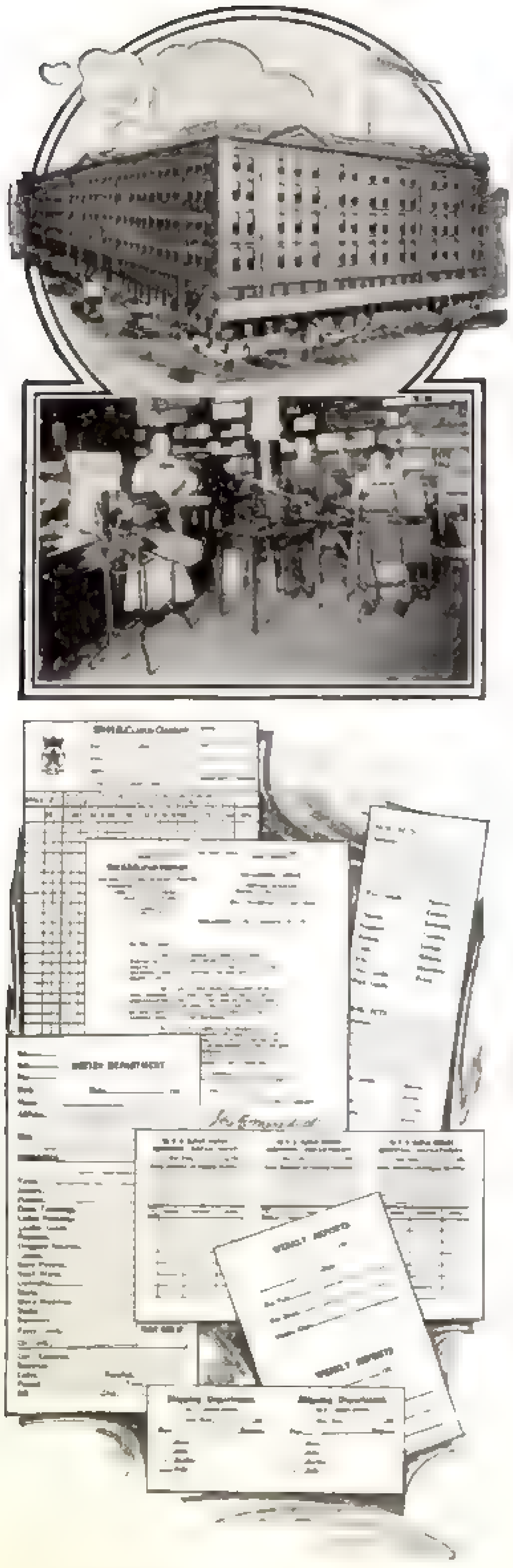
## How it Adds to the Profits of Wholesale Houses

The th[ird] of a series of [advertisements] dealing with Multigraph applications in various lines of business. The first two dealt with retailing and manufacturing. Others will follow, but don't wait. Write us now for the application to your own business.

WITH selling-margins shaved as close as they are in the wholesale business, there are practically but two ways in which a jobber can increase his profits: by selling more goods, or by reducing expense. The Multigraph will increase profits in both ways—to an extent that will seem incredible until you see it demonstrated.

The Multigraph is a multiple typewriter and rapid rotary printing-press that requires about the space of an ordinary typewriter-desk. It can be operated by your own employees, in the privacy of your own office.

At the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour it produces typewritten forms and real printing—both of proven profit-making efficiency in getting more business and in reducing expense. For example:



The H. B. Claflin Co., New York; their building, Multigraph room, and specimens of Multigraph work

### Selling More Goods

MULTIGRAPHED letters are a quick and effective means of communication from house to road-men—general orders or instructions, ginger letters, advices of new goods, points in salesmanship, stock-lists, notices of price-changes, and the like. Planned with the same sort of wisdom that has brought your business to its present point, and sent out with the facility the Multigraph assures, such letters will make the road-men better business-producers.

Multigraphed letters are also a remarkably effective way of gaining new customers and tying old customers to you more closely than ever before. You can multigraph the letters to match your typewriter ribbon, and even match them to the touch of the operator who fills in the name and address. In this personal manner you can convey news of special drives, job lots, and new arrivals; furnish market reports, selling-helps, price-quotations; make it impossible for the retailer to forget you.

Multigraph printing is another help to more business. It is real printing, with real printing-ink; and by means of electrotypes you can print cuts or any size or style of type you wish, in a manner creditable to a good printer. You can imprint your address on the advertising sent you by manufacturers. You can print your own advertising—circulars, folders, letter-slips, bill-stuffers and booklets—and you can gauge the importance of these things when you remember that the wholesaler must rely much more than the manufacturer or retailer upon direct mail advertising.

### Reducing Expense

ALMOST any wholesale house can make the Multigraph pay for itself in a short time by the saving in printing alone. It will save 25% to 75% of the average annual printing-cost of stationery and system-forms—letter-heads, bill-heads, envelopes, order-blanks, shipping-tickets, time-cards—in quantities as small or as large as you like.

You don't have to make big runs to secure low cost; don't have to carry a big reserve stock of printed-matter; don't run so much risk of loss through obsolete forms. You can reprint any form quicker than you'd get it from the printer—and to save time is to save money.

**How The H. B. Claflin Co. Uses the Multigraph**

THE engraving at the left shows reproductions of Multigraph printing and typewriting produced by The H. B. Claflin Company, New York City, one of the largest wholesale dry-goods houses in the country.

They show a business-getting use of the Multigraph in the typewritten letter to customers. Multigraph money-saving is represented by the blanks—shipping ticket, parcel pass, [illegible] [illegible]tor's weekly report, and two styles of order-blanks.

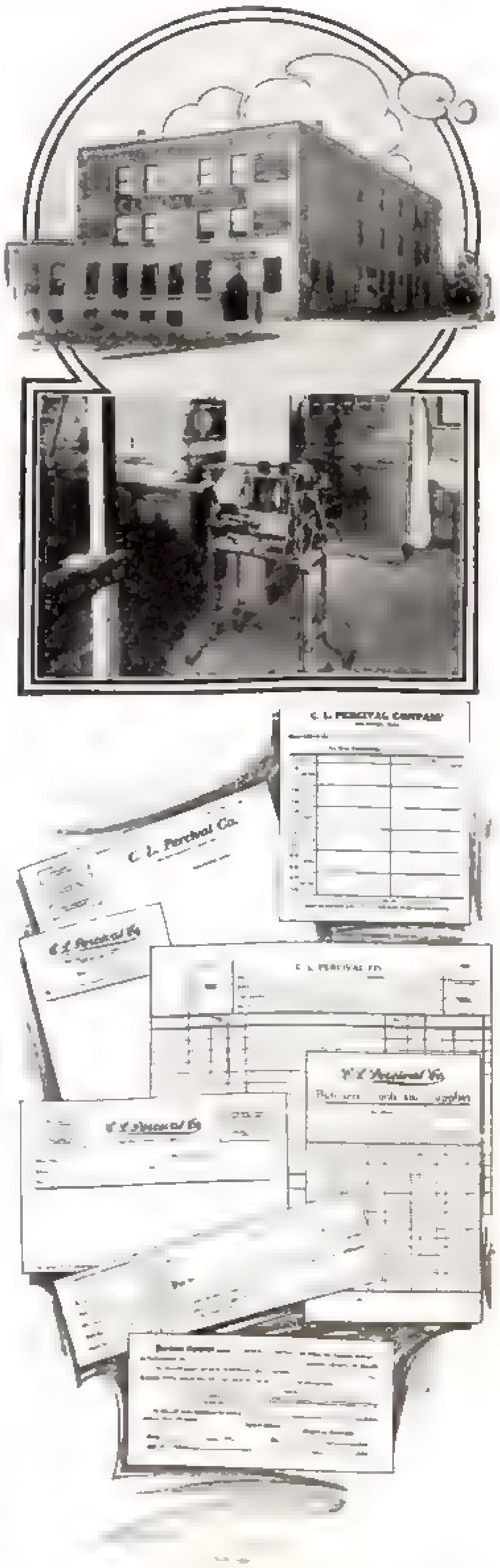
**How the C. L. Percival Co. Uses the Multigraph**

MULTIGRAPH adaptability to varying wholesale needs is shown by contrasting the lines represented by these two big users. The C. L. Percival Co., Des Moines, Iowa, are dealers in wool, hides and [illegible] supplies.

The samples reproduced at the right give but a faint idea of the excellent printing being done on the Multigraph by the Percival Co. It includes letter-heads, bill-heads, statements, checks, wool contracts, salesbook-leaves, salesman's route-list.

### You *can't* buy a Multigraph unless you need it

You'll see the reason when you read our free booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph." Write for it today, *on your business stationery.* With it, if you are in an executive position, we shall be glad to send some more definite suggestions that apply directly to your business. Upon request we shall also be glad to send our booklet describing the Universal Folding-Machine for office use. It makes all customary folds for letters, circulars and booklets at a cost of 2c to 3c a thousand folds, as against hand-folding cost of 10c to 45c a thousand.



The C. L. Percival Co., Des Moines; their building, Multigraph, and specimens of their Multigraph printing

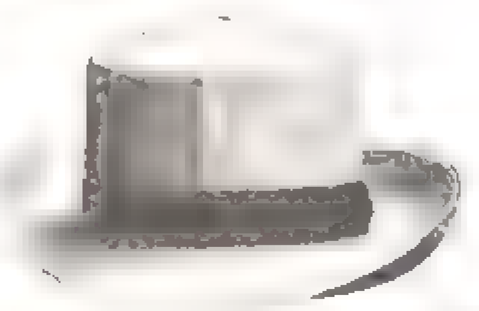
## THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

**Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio**

BRANCH OFFICES: Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala.; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Tex.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Muncie, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Orleans, La.; New York City; Oakland, Cal.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; Scranton, Pa.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kans.; Winnipeg, Man.

*European Representatives:* **The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England**

**Panamas—**



[illegible] is hat would [illegible] retail hat st[illegible] [illegible] address upon receipt [illegible]

**$4**

*Be sure to* [illegible]

**TEXAS Broncho Buster Hat** **$3**

Express prepaid
A regular $5 Hat

[illegible] **$3**

*Dealers write for our special offer*

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A Houston, Texas

CLIMBING HILLS ON A RACYCLE IS EASY

BECAUSE of the [illegible] *balanced* crank [illegible] less pressure [illegible] You can push *farther* [illegible] energy than [illegible]

*The World's* Racycle *Best Bicycle*

[illegible] Musselman Armless Coaster Brake [illegible] simplest, lightest and strong[illegible]

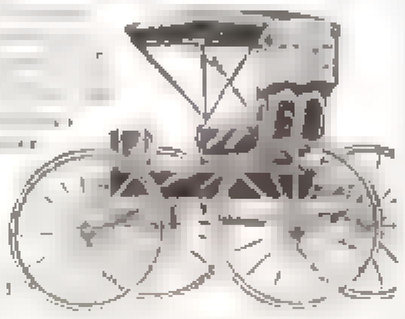
The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co.
42 Grand Ave., Middletown, Ohio, U.S.A.

IT'S ALL IN THE CRANK HANGER

**1911 Buggy Book FREE**

[illegible] and through it [illegible] the biggest factory of its k[illegible] Let him show you in his photographs [illegible] uggy should be made — what it should be made of. Phelps knows. They're all

**Split Hickory Vehicles**



H. C. Phelps President,
THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. COMPANY,
Station 105, Columbus, O.

**200 Building Plans**

MacLagan's "Suburban Homes" [illegible] Bungalows [illegible] Price 50 [illegible] specifications, $5.00 up

P. G. MacLAGAN, Architect
45 Clinton St., Newark, N. J.

## THE GRAIN OF DUST

Continued from Page 23)

"But usually your face, in spite of its smoothness and no wrinkles, has a kind of an old-young — or do I mean young-old? — look. You've led such a serious life."

"I m! That's the devil of it."

"You're looking particularly young tonight."

"Same to you, Urse."

"No, I'm not bad for thirty-four. People half believe me when I say I'm twenty-nine." She glanced complacently down at her softly glistening shoulders. "I've still got my skin."

"And a mighty good one it is. Best I ever saw—except one."

She reflected a moment, then smiled. "I know it isn't Josephine's. Hers is good but not notable. Eyes and teeth are her strongholds. I suppose it's—the other lady's."

"Exactly."

"I mean the one in Jersey City."

He went on brushing his hair with not a glance at the bomb she had exploded under his very nose.

"You're a cool one," she said admiringly.

"Cool?"

"I thought you'd jump. I'm sure you never dreamed I knew."

He slid into his white waistcoat and began to button it.

"Though you might know I'd find out," she went on, "when every one's talking about it."

"Every one's always talking," said he indifferently.

"And they rattle on to beat the band when they get a chance at a man like you. Do you really care to know what they're saying?"

"Certainly. Loosen these straps in the back of my waistcoat—the upper ones—won't you?"

As she fussed with the buckles she said: "But you don't know that they say you're going to pieces—neglecting your cases—keeping away from your office—wasting about half of your day with your lady-love. They say you've gone stark mad—are rushing to ruin."

"A little looser. That's better. Thanks."

"And every one's wondering when Josephine will hear and go on the rampage. She's so proud and so stuck on herself that they're betting three to one she'll give you the bounce."

"Well"—getting into his coat—"you'd delight in that. For you don't like her."

"Oh—so-so," replied Ursula. "She's all right, as women go."

Norman, standing before his sister and smiling mysteriously, said: "My dear Urse, let me give you a great truth in a sentence. The value of anything is not its value to itself or in itself, but its value to some one else. A woman—even as incompetent a person as you ——"

"Or Josephine."

"—or Josephine—may be pricelessly valuable to some man. And if she seems so to him, why, she is so."

"Meaning—Jersey City?"

His eyes glittered curiously. "Meaning Jersey City," he said.

A long silence. Then Ursula: "But suppose Josephine hears?"

He stood beside the doorway, waiting for her to pass out. His face expressed nothing. "Let's go down. I'm hungry. We were talking about it this afternoon."

"You and Jo!"

"Josephine and I."

"And it's all right?"

"Why not?"

"You fooled her?"

"I don't stoop to that sort of thing."

"No, indeed!" she laughed. "You rise to heights of deception that would make any one else giddy. Oh, I'd give anything to have heard!"

"There's nothing to deceive about," said he.

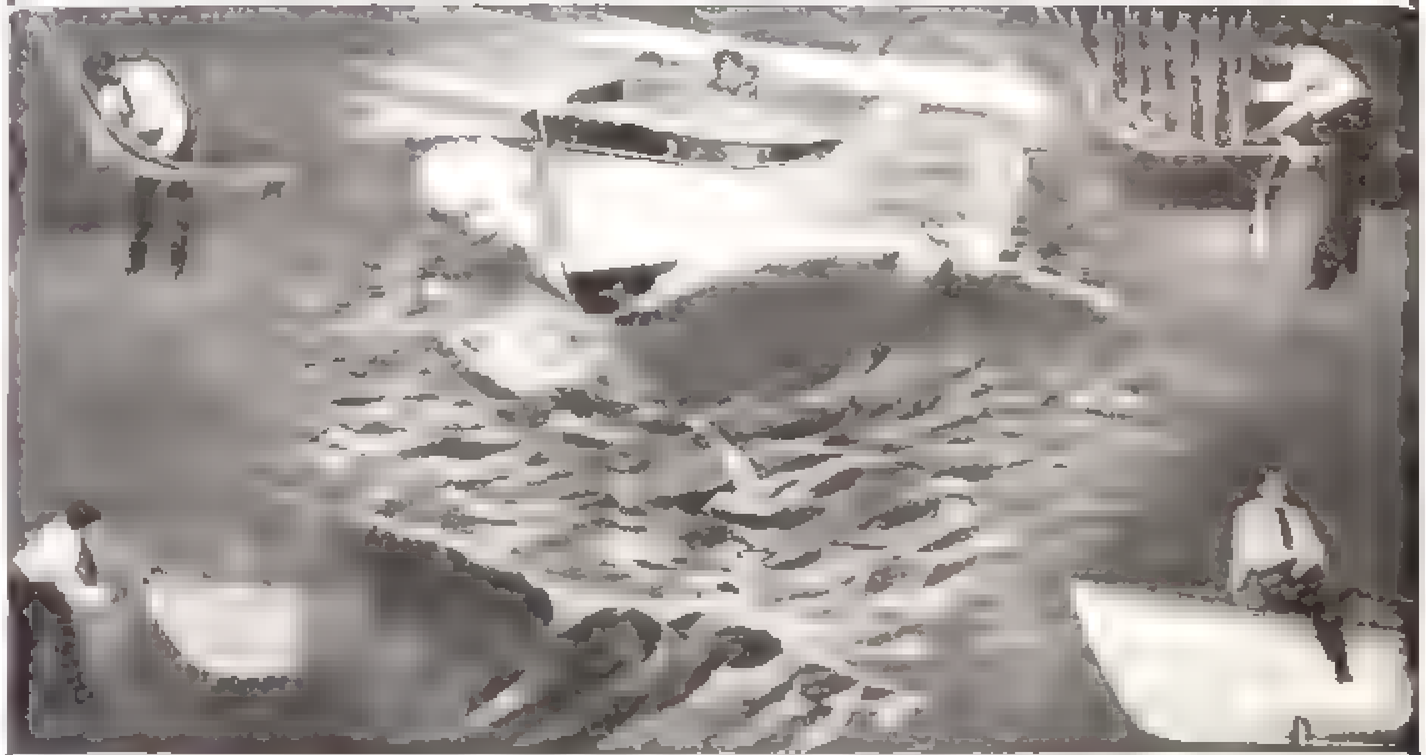
She shook her head. "You can't put it over me, Fred. You've never before made a fool of yourself about a woman. I'd like to see her. I suppose I'd be amazed. I've observed that the women who do the most extraordinary things with men are the most ordinary sort of women."

"Not to the men," said he bitterly. "Not while they're doing it."

"Does she seem extraordinary to you—still?"

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets. "What you've heard is true. I'm letting everything slide—work—career—

**Triple the Purchasing Power of Your Money**



DO YOU know that it is the health-giving pull of nature that makes every gingery water breeze, every glance at a beautiful lake or river, attract the red-blooded human being, and make him want a boat? It's your duty to yourself—to your family—to respond to this influence.

*Again*—Do you know that by adding a little of your money to a little of your spare time, you can profitably enjoy many a dull hour and own a boat at a ridiculously low cost?

**Make $1.00 do exactly the work of $3.00**

*How?* By purchasing the full-sized paper patterns and instructions for a boat, or by purchasing all or part of the material in the knock-down — that is — every piece cut to shape, machined and accurately fitted, so that it will go together but one way only—the right way.

You ask: Why does this method reduce the price? There are five reasons:

*First:* You are spending a few pleasant hours instead of money in assembling the boat, which reduces the cost to you over half.

*Second:* You do not pay—but wait—space in this publication is mighty expensive. Why tell only part of the story? Our new catalog No. 25 goes into detail, and a *postal card* will bring it to you. It shows an extensive line of boats, from canoes to cabin cruisers—every one backed by a *guarantee of satisfaction* or your money refunded.

SEND THAT POSTAL NOW—RIGHT NOW

BROOKS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
203 RUST AVENUE, SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

**GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES**

solve your library problem at the least expense.
Get our new handsome catalogue M, illustrated in colors.

**Our prices are lower than others**

with quality guaranteed. Be sure you know about our Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission and Standard styles, and what our exclusive features mean to you—absence of iron bands easily taken apart for economical moving easily removable non binding doors. Sold by dealers or direct.

Gunn Furniture Company, 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
*Makers of Gunn Office Desks and Filing Devices*

**Miss Steno—**

take this letter, and get it into the next mail:

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Dept. D-810, Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Send me your book, "Filing and Finding Papers" so I can see how

**Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment**

will save time in my office by enabling me to file accurately and find quickly letters, invoices, orders, catalogues or documents of every kind used in my business.

**The Globe-Wernicke Co.**
Dept. D-810,
Cincinnati,
U. S. A.

Filing & Finding Papers

**An Opening for a Retail Store**

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store

**Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.**

**"AMERICA" Bicycles! Guaranteed 10 Years!**

Also New Special Offer of 30 Days' **Free Trial!**

The double-strength "America Truss Frame [illegible] are guaranteed twice as long [illegible] wheels. No other bicycle is guaranteed 10 years "America" Bicycles are insured! See catalog.)

**Manufacturer's Factory-to-Rider Prices!**

To introduce the "America" in certain sections we are [illegible] ALL AGENTS' PROFITS! [illegible] the BIGGEST [illegible] CLE in the world at LESS [illegible] than other [illegible] bicycles come fully equipped—NO EXTRAS TO BUY! A postal or letter brings you Special Offers and Catalog by return mail. That PENNY SAVES YOU DOLLARS on your wheel. Write today to

AMERICA CYCLE MFG CO., Dept. 109 [1]
210 Michigan Ave. (The Old Reliable Bicycle House) Chicago, Ill.

**BRIGHTEN UP** *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using*
WASHBURNE'S PATENT
PAPER FASTENERS.
75,000,000
*SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.*
Trade **O. K.** Mark

Made of brass, 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100. Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER! All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. No 1B

**JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.**
Reduced rates and quick time on household goods to all Western points.
443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
736 Old South Bldg., Boston | [illegible] Bldg., St. Louis
342 [illegible] Bldg., New York | [illegible], San Francisco
Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia | 516 Central Bldg., Los Angeles
Write nearest office

everything. I think of nothing else. Ursula, I'm mad about her—mad!"

She threw back her head, looked at him admiringly. Never had she so utterly worshiped this wonderful, powerful brother of hers. He was in love—really—madly in love—at last. So he was perfect! "How long do you think it will hold, Fred?" she said, all sympathy.

"God knows!"

"Yet you can go on and marry another woman!"

He looked at his sister cynically. "You wouldn't have me marry *her*, would you?"

"Of course not," protested she hastily. Her passion for romance did not carry her to that idiocy. "You couldn't. She's a sort of working girl—isn't she?—anyhow, that class. No, you couldn't marry her But how can you marry another woman?"

"How could I give up Josephine?—and give her up probably to Bob Culver!"

Ursula nodded understandingly. "But—what are you going to do?"

"How should I know? Perhaps break it off when I marry—if you can call it breaking off when there's nothing to break but—me."

"You don't mean ——" she cried, stopping when her tone had carried her meaning.

He laughed. "Yes."

Ursula gazed wonderingly at him, drew a long breath. "You!" she exclaimed. "Of all men—you!"

"Let's go down."

"She must be a deep one—dangerous," said Ursula. "Fred, I'm wild to see her. Maybe I'd see something that'd help cure you."

"You keep out of it," he replied curtly, but not with ill humor.

"It can't last long."

"It'd do for me if it did."

"The marriage will settle everything," said Ursula with confidence.

"It's got to," said he grimly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Oldest of the Senses

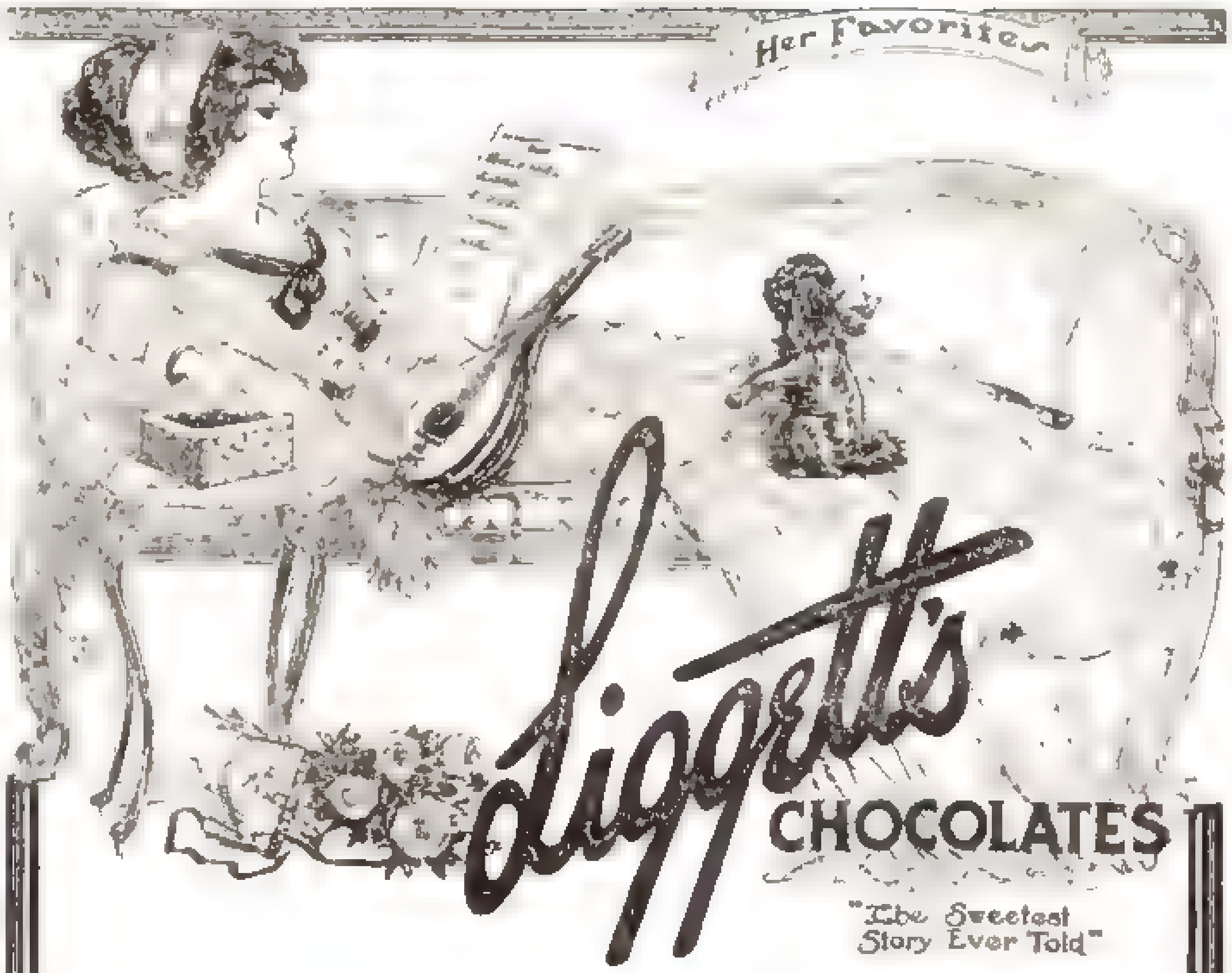
SMELL, say the scientists, is the oldest of all the senses. But the most interesting point about it, perhaps, is that it is chemical. Its sensations are produced by means wholly different from those concerned in any other of the faculties of physical perception. They are attributable to the effect of gases upon certain exceedingly minute nerve ends that project above the surface of the mucous membrane lining the nasal passages.

Nothing of this kind occurs where any of the other senses are concerned. The nerve ends having to do with taste perception, for example, are beneath the surface and covered up by the mucous membrane. But those of smell—inconceivably delicate and sensitive hairlike processes—are exposed to the chemical influence of whatever gas may happen to pass over them.

These olfactory nerve ends project upward from cells of smell sensation, which are beneath the mucous membrane. When a whiff of something comes along the smelling cells send news of it to a bunch of brain stuff known as the olfactory bulb—a ganglion situated back of the upper nose. But this ganglion is merely a relay station, its business being to forward the sensation to the base of the brain where the true center of smell is located.

Just as we see with the back of our heads, where the center of vision is located, so do we smell with the base of the brain—or, more accurately speaking, with a portion thereof. The fact that this sense in human beings is so poor, as compared with that of many of the lower animals, is due largely to inferior development of the turbinated bones. In the bear, for example, these bones are folded in and out with such complexity as to look, when cut through, like a section of honeycomb—the object of the structure in question being to augment the area of mucous membrane lining the nasal passages.

A polar bear has been known to scent a ship from a distance of seven miles. But there are many other animals, such as the dog and the deer, whose sense of smell is so acute as to appear actually supernormal from our standpoint. A cat derives so much pleasure from the perfume of catnip as to become intoxicated thereby. Only very intense smells are at all perceptible to a human being, and too many of those, alas! are disagreeable.



Liggett's Chocolates have a charm of flavor all their own,—They create a taste for more which nothing else satisfies.

*Liggett's Chocolates are not sold everywhere—but by select shops—The leading druggists of 4000 towns and cities in United States and Canada.*

The Rexall Stores

If there is no Rexall Store where you live remit $1.00 and we will send you a pound box, delivery charges prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada. *Pounds 80c and $1.00.*

*Liggetts, Boston, Mass.*

COLGAN'S VIOLET CHIPS THE GUM THAT'S ROUND

Gooder than candy—and a lot more fun!

**Colgan's** Mint or Violet **Chips**

"The gum that's round"

Pure gum chicle and sugar, flavored with fresh natural mint or sweet violet.

*Ten Chips 5c*
In a handy metal box

If they're not sold near you, send us 10c in stamps for a full box of each
COLGAN GUM CO., Inc.,
Louisville, Ky.

# Shoes at Cost, Plus Five Per Cent.

## The Regal Shoe Company Makes an Announcement

As most of you who read this will know, the Regal Shoe Co. has built a rather sizable success on the original "Regal Idea."

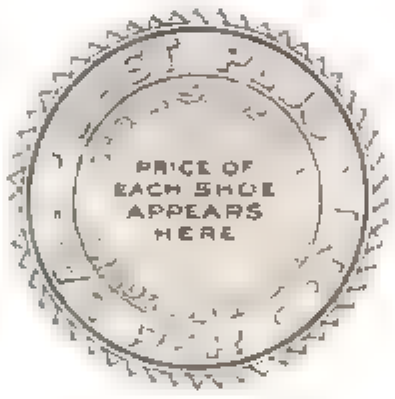
The "Regal Idea" was simply this:—to build shoes the best they *could* be built and to get those shoes to the public in the shortest, straightest, most economical way.

Whenever we found a fusty old trade custom blocking this economical, straight-line path from our factories to you, we smashed that custom, same as you would walk through a spider-web stretched across the road.

This was why we cut out the "jobber" years ago. The trade thought him an essential. We considered him an unnecessary and costly loop in the road. So we omitted him and his profits from our straight-line route and sold Regal Shoes direct to you, through our own stores and agencies.

The trade was horrified—but the economy loomed large in the shoe values it enabled us to give you—and the step was probably the foundation of our success.

Of late we have been looking very hard at another shoe trade custom which has been so much a part of the system that it has taken us fifteen years to see that it has no business in it.



This is the stamp that will hereafter be found on Regal Shoes. It is your guarantee that the price appearing in its centre is the lowest for which a shoe of such quality can be bought.

That is the custom—universal in the trade—of building all good shoes to fit "even money" prices—$3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, etc.—prices always multiples of the half dollar

You often see odd prices on so-called "bargain" shoes, but you have never seen fine shoes of a standard make regularly priced otherwise than in full dollars and half-dollars.

The custom is so old and so universal that many shoe-dealers say of it, as they said of the jobber, "It is forever fastened on our backs, *the shoe business can't be done without it.*"

We don't believe it.

Anxious friends tell us that you—the public—*don't care* to save as little as 15 or 20 cents. That is, that you would rather pay, say $4.50, even if you could get exactly the shoe you wanted for $4.35.

We don't believe that, either

The theory that good shoes necessarily *must* be manipulated to fit certain arbitrary prices fixed in advance, seems to us to be wrong in a dozen different ways, all of them costly to you.

So, we have abolished the practice altogether, and for the first time in history you will be able hereafter to buy shoes, just as you buy sugar or beef or flour or potatoes—*at a small percentage above actual cost.*

**Hereafter, the prices on Regal Shoes will be their cost of manufacture, plus five per cent. profit for us, and what it costs to sell them to you.**

**The price of each model will be figured out as above, verified by public chartered accountants and stamped on the shoes at the factory.**

## Regal Prices are now $\$3^{\underline{35}}$ to $\$5^{\underline{85}}$

Perhaps you don't realize how simple, economical and scientific this plan is—nor how much the old, "even price" system may have cost you.

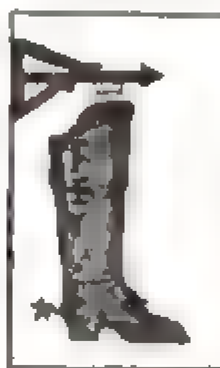
Under the old system, if leather went down 20 cents a pair, did you then get your $4 shoe for $3.80? You did not There was no such price as $3.80 You continued to pay $4 for shoes that could have been sold for 20 cents less, if custom had not stood in the way.

Under the old system, if you were paying $4 for shoes, and leather should go *up* 20 cents a pair, would you then pay $4.20? No. Unless the maker gouged the amount of the advance out of the shoe somewhere and held the price at $4, you would have to pay the next higher recognized price—$4.50.

Under the old system, if our factory designer submitted a new model that could be sold at a fair profit at $4.35 we had either to add unnecessary expense to that model, to bring its price UP to the customary $4.50, or else cut the quality to bring the price DOWN to the customary $4. Either is economically and industrially wrong. We are not going to do it any more.

A model that we *can* sell at $4.35, will be sold at $4.35, and the trade custom may go hang. We expect a howl of protest from the shoe trade, same as in other cases where we have defied tradition for the benefit of the public. The shoe-trade will probably call us "Price Cutters." We are not cutting prices at all—we are merely clearing the road of a useless custom and *allowing natural, economical forces to reach the consumer.*

### This is the Sign of the Square Deal in Shoe Selling



The famous "Regal Boot" sign is over the entrance to nearly 1,000 Regal Stores and Agencies in all parts of the civilized world.

It marks the store of the most progressive and up-to-date shoe dealer in the town—a dealer who prefers *large sales* and small profits—a dealer who insists on selling shoes that give the largest possible measure of value to the consumers.

Regal Shoes are profitable for our agents because they sell easily and *keep on selling.* No other line builds business so fast or keeps its business so surely.

**In Regal Shoes you can get exactly what you want and you pay only for what you get. Excepting the allowance for cost of selling (very small under the Regal system) all but 5% of your money goes into leather and labor.**

# REGAL SHOE COMPANY

*Shoes for Men and Women*

**Factories: Whitman, Mass., Milford, Mass., Philadelphia and Brooklyn**

# This is to You, Mr. Automobile Tire Buyer

**Look to what counts most, what costs the manufacturer most, and what determines the service you are going to get for your money. It is the quality and quantity of materials used, the quality of workmanship employed in their assembling, and the knowledge and character of the men behind the guns.**

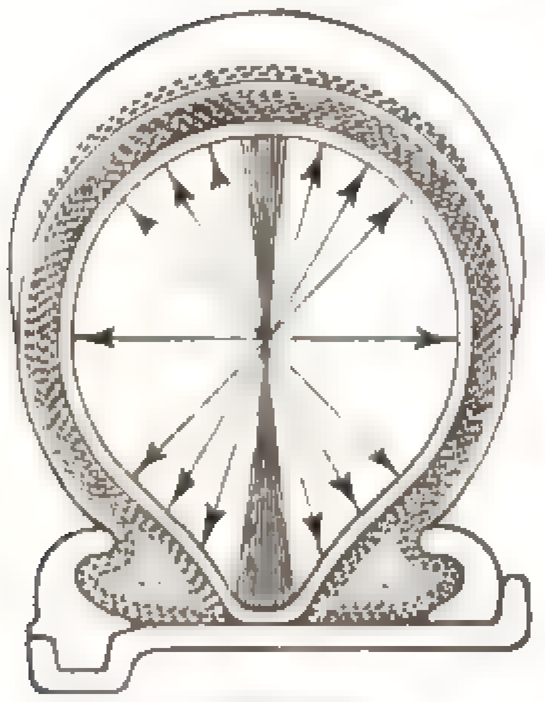
**We make the assertion that with the reduced prices on Diamond tires now in effect, even the manufacturer of low-priced cars will not resist giving you Diamond tires if you specify Diamond and stand firm.**

## Their Twelfth Triumphal Year

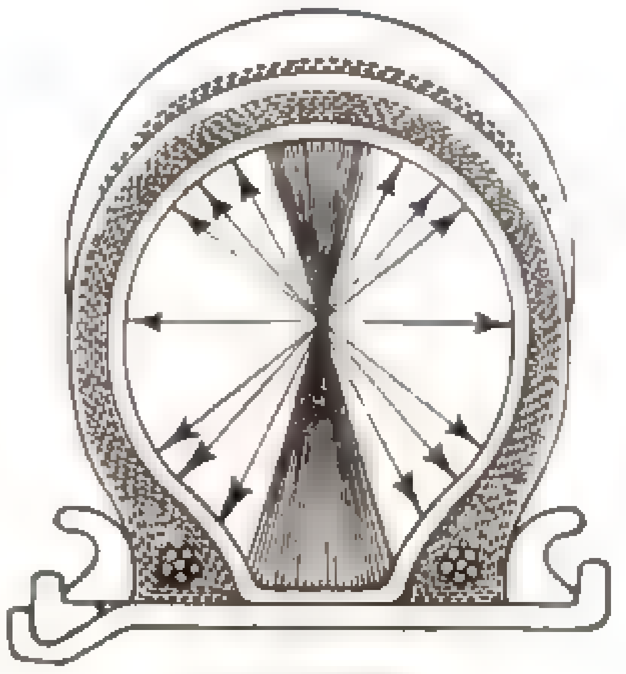
## Diamond TIRES

## Have yet to offer a feature adopted as a mere Talking Point

### A Correct Presentation of the Clincher and Straight Side Tire Subject



**DIAMOND**
**Quick Detachable**
**Clincher Tire and Rim**



**DIAMOND**
**Straight Side or Hookless Tire and Rim.**
**Also called Mechanical type and Dunlop type**

Arrows in both tires show the radial lines of air pressure working from the center and how the radially acting forces balance each other. The black portion shows that part of each tire in which this pressure is not equally balanced.

**The relative merits** of these two types of construction, which differ only in method of attachment to the rim, have never been correctly presented to the public so far as we know. It is our purpose to correct some of the misapprehensions which have been heretofore current on this subject.

**The clincher tire is the STANDARD OF THE WORLD.** It has the benefit of ten years of development as an automobile tire by the leading manufacturers of the world and stands today a construction without a fault. It employs a simple and mechanically correct principle of the utilization of the pressure of inflation as a means of retention on the rim.

The general design and relation of the tire to the rim is such that the radial lines of force tending to cause the tire to leave the rim are almost entirely neutralized by the radially acting forces which almost balance them, thereby reducing the strain on the beads to a minimum, which is well within their capacity. The lateral lines of force in a **properly designed** clincher tire are all active in keeping the bead of the tire engaged in the hooks of the rim.

We emphasize the words "properly designed" because it is a fact readily seen that if a tire is badly out of balance—that is, too large in cross section for the rim—the active forces will not balance perfectly. In a properly designed clincher tire it is a fact that the higher the pressure, either from inflation or temporary shock, the greater will be the force acting to hold the tire on the rim.

### Diamond Tires are Made in both the Clincher and the Straight Side or Hookless Type

The latter was at one time quite popular because of ease in removing and applying. That was before the advent of the Quick Acting Clincher rim. Diamond Straight Side Tires are offered users of Straight Side rims who want **DIAMOND QUALITY.**

**There are no inherent points** in the construction of the straight-side tire which prevent its production in first-class quality. This type of tire has never ranked in quality, however, with the leading clincher tires, because its sales have been limited almost exclusively to manufacturers of low-priced cars, who could not afford to pay the price of **DIAMOND QUALITY.**

**The straight-side rim** has a wider base between the flanges than the clincher rim, therefore, a given amount of tire material will enclose a greater air space. These tires are, therefore, slightly larger than clincher tires. We do not wish to deceive the public, however.

The difference in size does not mean more high-cost materials, it means more **INEXPENSIVE AIR.** The carrying capacity of a straight-side tire of any given size is exactly the same as that of a clincher tire of corresponding size. For attaching to the rim we vulcanize in the edges of the tire accurately formed retaining bands braided from the finest piano wire.

These retaining bands have a tremendous strength, since the strains in this type of tire, owing to the greater width of the rim and lack of the clincher hooks, are unbalanced strains and the tire must be retained on the rim entirely by these braided wires. These braided wire bands are rigid, **they neither stretch nor constrict to grip the rim, nor do those of any other tire manufacturer constrict. The Diamond Straight-Side Tire will not creep on the rim, however, owing to the frictional contact under pressure of inflation between the edge of the tire and the retaining flanges of the rim.**

**The Diamond Straight-Side Tire** is the best of its kind. It is constructed not to secure initial equipment orders at a low price, but **TO HOLD YOUR BUSINESS.** It is built with a clear understanding of the principles involved.

Neither the Diamond Clincher Tire nor the Diamond Straight-Side Tire will creep on their rims. Neither of these tires will rim cut unless they are used on seriously imperfect rims. Any tire of any type will rim cut if it does not fit the rim properly, and an imperfectly fitted straight-side tire is quite as susceptible to rim cutting as a clincher.

For many years, however, rim cutting is something which has figured much more largely in advertising matter than it has in cost to the user, and is to-day a negligible quantity.

The effects of riding deflated are extremely bad, either on a clincher or straight-side tire, and it is folly to represent otherwise. We would not advise any of our customers to run a tire flat twenty miles or one mile. As a matter of fact, rim-cutting is not ordinarily one of the results of riding deflated, but instead bruises, loosening of the tread and injuries to the fabric are likely to result. We do not guarantee tires not to be injured by deflated running, nor does anybody else make such guarantee.

**PATENTS.**—Neither the clincher tire nor the straight-side tire is covered or controlled by any valid patent.

### Tire Sizes—What Constitutes Correct Sizes?

We wish it distinctly understood that Diamond Tires are neither **OVERSIZE** nor **UNDERSIZE.** The size is fixed **intelligently** and **scientifically** by **engineers** who understand the problem involved, and Diamond Tires are all the right size for the rims on which they are to be used.

Diamond Tires are made to win and hold your business. Manufacturing practice in their building has never been framed to give "talking points."

Specifically, regarding **"OVERSIZE,"** let us repeat there is no larger straight-side tire made, as compared to the clincher type, than the Diamond, although, as we have frankly told you, this means principally more air, not more rubber.

The point is, you must not fix your undivided attention on immaterial points. Remember that it is quality only which counts. A tire made of inferior material, with a thin wearing surface, is a poor thing and dear at any price, no matter how it may be attached to the rim or what its exact dimensions may be.

**What counts most, what costs the manufacturer the most, and what determines the service you are going to get for your money, is the quality and quantity of material used, the quality of workmanship employed in their assembling, and the knowledge and character of the men behind the guns. It means more to you that we are offering tires containing BETTER RUBBER, MORE RUBBER, THICKER TREADS,—TIRES THAT WILL LAST LONGER, PUNCTURE LESS EASILY, STONE-BRUISE RARELY—than that we are going to give you a little larger tire,—that is, a little more air.**

**Tire literature really worth while for the asking. A postal will bring you Booklet AA.**

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Compare This Sweeper
With Any Other

The easy running, clean sweeping, strong construction and satisfactory service throughout of the

**National Roller Bearing Sweeper**

place it far in the lead of all sweepers.

It was built for the express purpose of lightening household labor. Its roller bearings make it the easiest running sweeper in the world. [illegible] tipping device prevents spilling the sweepings.

Has genuine imported Hankow Chinese bristle brushes. Sweeps thoroughly; outwears others at the same price.

Dust pans empty separately—brush is quickly and easily removable for cleaning—replaced in an instant.

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With fittings including propeller and shafting, stuffing box, wiring, etc.

Ready to install in your boat

This is a powerful engine [illegible]

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Schweizer & Co. 106, 5th Avenue NEW YORK

# A PERILOUS PHILANTHROPY

(Concluded from Page 13)

"And I sat on the steps and smoked me pipe till dark. Whin the Emperor was gone I wint inside and sint wor-rd to her room. The flunkey came back superciliously and waved at me. 'The lady says she niver wants to see yez again,' says he.

"Thus I knew that I had put a short spoon out to a pot beyond my reach across a hot fire; and I wint and got me a place to sleep, and sat up the night wonderin' at the ways of philanthropists.

"'Twas three days later that I saw Lelia Toomey again. She sint for me and whin I saw her I was for tur-rning away, but she called to me softly. I stood before her like a boy wid broken eggs in his little shirt-bosom and the fear of the switch across his shoulders. 'Mickey,' says she, 'will he think I'm worth the price?'

"'If he does not ——' I began.

"'If he does not,' says she, 'nayther you nor he will iver know the truth. And may Hivin save yez, Mickey!'

"Six days passed and once more I stood in front of her. 'Mrs. Diamonds is more lovely and is his equal,' says she. 'I was a fool and I hate yez, Mickey O'Rourke!' And wid that she turned her face full of sorrow away from me.

"I wint out and walked along the beach. I walked into the night and the moon rose; and I remimbered that I was an ould felley, long past love and soft looks. Wirra! 'Ye are fit for nothing but handling the machinery of an ould tub of a lightship,' I thought. 'And ye have meddled with the wor-rks of a woman's hear-rt.'

"But me thoughts stood still, for a man wid salt on his beard and trouble in his eyes stuck a heavy fist under me mousers and said: 'Mickey O'Rourke, where is me wife?'

"'Twas Tommy Stubbs, dirty, forlorn and desp'rit. I swelled wid joy, but concealed it. 'She loves ye no more,' said I. 'Therefore I advise yez to lave her be. She despises ye.'

"'Where is Lelia?' he persists, taking hould of me coat.

"'She is at the hotel,' I responds. 'She is waiting for a steamer to take her back to Ameriky.'

"'What hotel?' says he.

"What is the need of stirrin' a hot fire? I tould him, and he turned and wint off, leaving me to look into the eyes of a poor mechanic in jumper and overalls. 'Who are you?' I inquires. 'Who are you, to be listenin' to the speech of your betthers?'

"'I was an oiler on the Emperor,' says he; 'but I have been the keeper of an insane man for four days and four nights.'

"I drew him aside. 'Spit it out!' I encourages him. 'Where did yez leave the Emperor?'

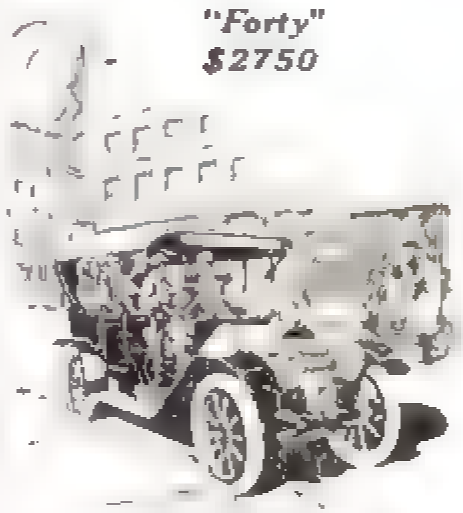
"'Five hundred miles at sea,' he tould me. 'That crazy felley lost his wife and made the skipper stop the steamer and give him a gasoline launch and mesilf as engineer; and for four days and four nights have we been traipsin' across the deep watthers back to Honolulu. And now he is gone widout payin' me wages nor givin' me the price of a drink!'

"'Ye drink on me,' says I. And I dragged him to a café and ordered wid insolince and joy.

"Out of that poor engineer I drew the story of what happened on the ould Emperor; and it was more than sleep to a tired man. Tommy had missed his wife and discovered only after dinner where she had gone, whin the steamer was out of sight of land. 'Twas his money and his reputation as a philanthropist that kept him from being put in irons as a crazy man. In the end he bought the big gasoline launch from the skipper and hired the fool of an oiler as crew and set back to Honolulu.

"Whin the man was full I gave him a dollar and wint to the hotel and asked for Mrs. Stubbs. The flunkey returned wid Tommy at his heels. He stared at me haughtily. 'Me wife doesn't care to see you again, Misther O'Rourke,' says he. 'And I'll thank ye to keep out of me way hereafter. What did you mean by informin' Mrs. Stubbs that I tould yez I cared little for her? Ye are a liar!'

"So I came away, knowin' that if he hit me 'twould be from a full hear-rt—and I niver yet let a happy man hit me; for I am ould and me fighting days are past—wid all the rest of it!"



Chalmers' Talk, Number Three

SUPPOSE the man around the corner has a motor car and you haven't. He is your business competitor, perhaps. He saves an hour a day going to and from work, which you spend on trains or street cars. That, alone, is two weeks in a year. And it not only saves time. While you often go to and from work in discomfort, he goes always in comfort. You may travel in cold; he is always in warmth; you in bad air; he always in good air; you in a jostling, worrying crowd; he always in serene exclusiveness.

The motor car way is the better way—there is less waste about it, greater efficiency. The business man with a car meets more people than the man without one. His influences, those unseen strings which draw and hold business, reach out farther and into more places.

A Chalmers Car is a particularly good investment. It has been our constant aim for a number of years to build cars of unusual fitness and beauty and yet sell them at prices not unusually high. Not because we are philanthropists, but because we want to stay in business a long time and think that this is the best long time policy. So far we have been able to sell all our cars and we have made a fair profit. That is making a business success and it leads us to feel we are making the right kind of cars at the right prices. You can see these cars in any city in the country. Catalogue on request.

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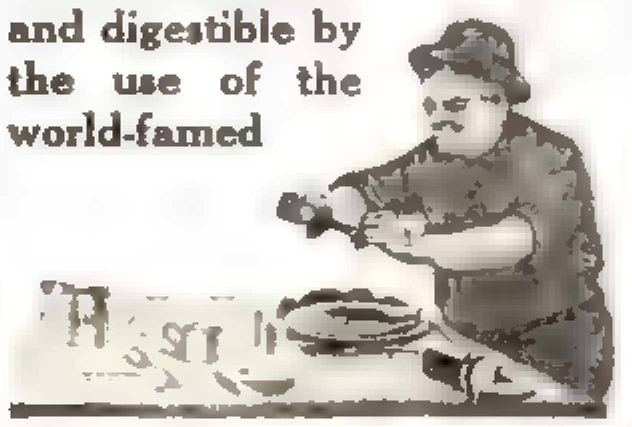

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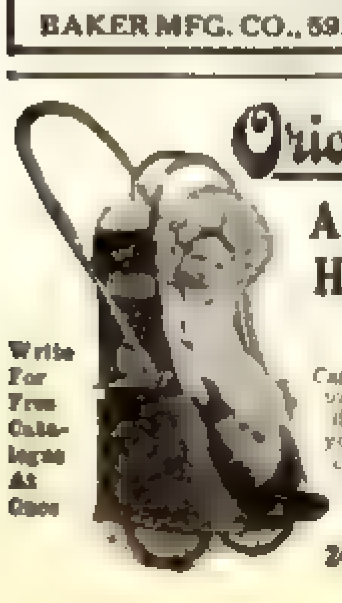

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## MADE IN GERMANY

(Concluded from Page 21)

"All right," said the German. "I'll take a bedroom here and hire a sample room outside somewhere."

"No, no; don't do that, Mr. Zorn," said the clerk. "Wait an hour and we'll see that you have all the room you want."

The German waited. In an hour that big sample room was empty, ready for him. They had simply gone up and put the English salesman out. He protested like a thorough Johnny Bull. It was more or less of an outrage—putting an Englishman out of his room to make space for a German in a British colony; but he had to go.

Not long ago one of the South American Governments invited bids on heavy machinery. Tenders were sent by an English house, an American house and a German house. The English sent their bid in English, quoting prices in pounds sterling, free on board Liverpool. The Americans sent theirs in American, with prices in dollars, free on board New York. But the Germans first drew up their proposition in their own language and got it absolutely clear and right. Then they had it translated into French, the diplomatic language, as a compliment to their prospects. Third, they put it into Spanish, so it would be plain and forceful. They quoted prices in both marks and *pesos*, and gave the round cost, first, free on board Hamburg, then laid down at the most convenient South American port, and finally with the whole outfit installed on the job, ready for work. Moreover, they submitted three distinct propositions; so that, when it came to comparisons of one bid with another, their tender, besides being absolutely clear, offered the greatest variety of options. They got the contract.

### A Knowledge of Novelties

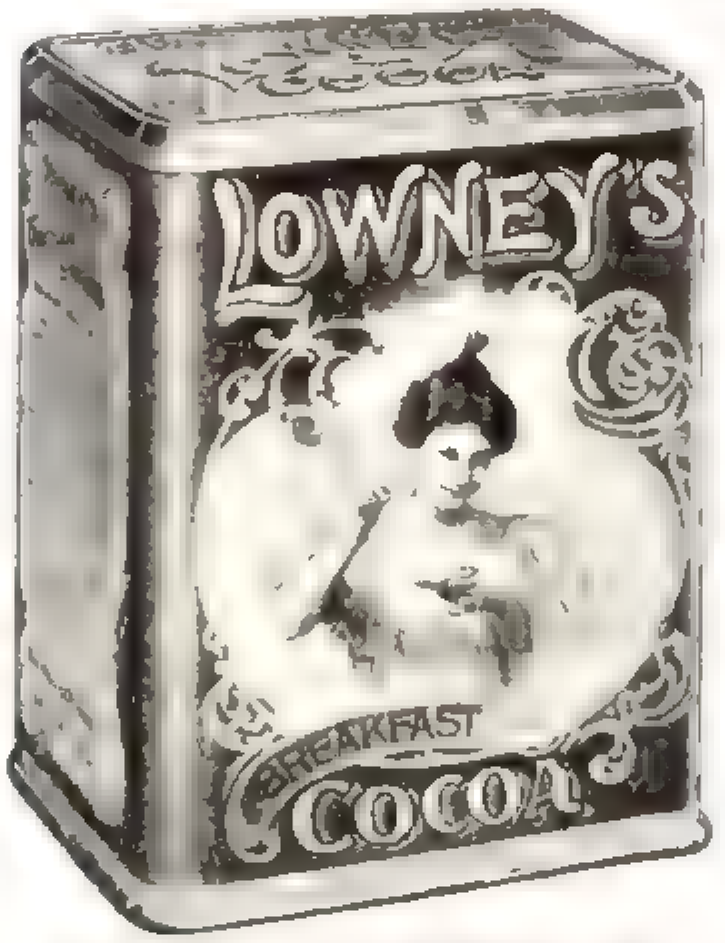
An American, on a vacation in Germany, bought a handy little pocket tool that had just turned up in the shops. When he showed it at home everybody wanted one of the same sort. So he sent over to a wholesale house that handled vast quantities of German goods bought through the regular export channels. The wholesale people said that they had not stocked this novelty. Some time ago a sample had been shown them by a German house, but they had said there was no demand yet for that contrivance in the United States. When demand appeared they would stock it. Then the American sent to a leading department store and found the device on sale. It had been picked up immediately by the store's Berlin buyer and sent over as soon as the Germans had it themselves.

In Germany this method builds up manufacturers. For the latter, by keeping close to department-store buyers who, in turn, are close to the American consumer, are stimulated to produce newer and more profitable goods than are made by the German houses that devote their efforts to the conventional staple things suited to every country alike. Such manufacturers, by this direct contact with the demand for novelties, get better profits and are less subject to competition.

Here at home, in the United States, such buying has put the department stores at great advantage over the smaller merchant whose "Made in Germany" stuff comes through the old-time export channels; and they are often buying at closer prices than the smaller merchant obtains, because they know values in the Fatherland. The results have been so good, in fact, that now several large importing houses in New York buy novelties in Europe by the same plan, selling to large and small merchants alike. One of these New York houses has an immense building of its own, full of nothing but samples of European goods. A whole floor is devoted to dolls. Its buying branches in Berlin, Paris, London and other centers keep in touch with practically every manufacturer in Europe. Its men know what the manufacturer's plant looks like, what he is most successful in producing, what his facilities are for turning out a given novelty, and so forth; and stimulate him by paying cash. In the United States, merchants buy from this concern's samples, shown in New York and by traveling salesmen; and goods ordered are shipped direct to these merchants from the factory abroad.

**Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The sixth will appear in an early issue.**

CARGOES from Trinidad, Ecuador and Java of the Best Cocoa Beans Grown for LOWNEY'S COCOA



We receive the choicest beans grown in the countries where soil and climate produce the richest flavor.
We know how to roast and blend them so as to get a delicious natural appetizing aroma and flavor. The taste of a cup of Lowney's Cocoa is a thing to look forward to and deeply enjoy. There is nothing like a cup of good cocoa well-made; nothing so good for children before school and before play; no beverage that nourishes and strengthens as Lowney's Cocoa does without stimulus and without after effects. Every atom of Lowney's is Cocoa.
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The PECK Patented
PENCIL SLOT MACHINE.
Price, $15.00
The only machine of its kind in the world.
A Few Sales Per Day Quickly Pay For It.
Machine sells lead pencils of any standard size or make. Can sell 25 to 50 pencils a minute. Each pencil sold yields 100% profit. Can be set up in stores, news-stands, cafés, railroad stations, Y M C A rooms, schools and other public places. Holds 144 pencils in sight of buyer. A trifle larger than a standard size dictionary. Sold outright—no royalties. Order 1, 2 or 3 machines as a trial. Express or freight charges prepaid on orders accompanied by remittance.
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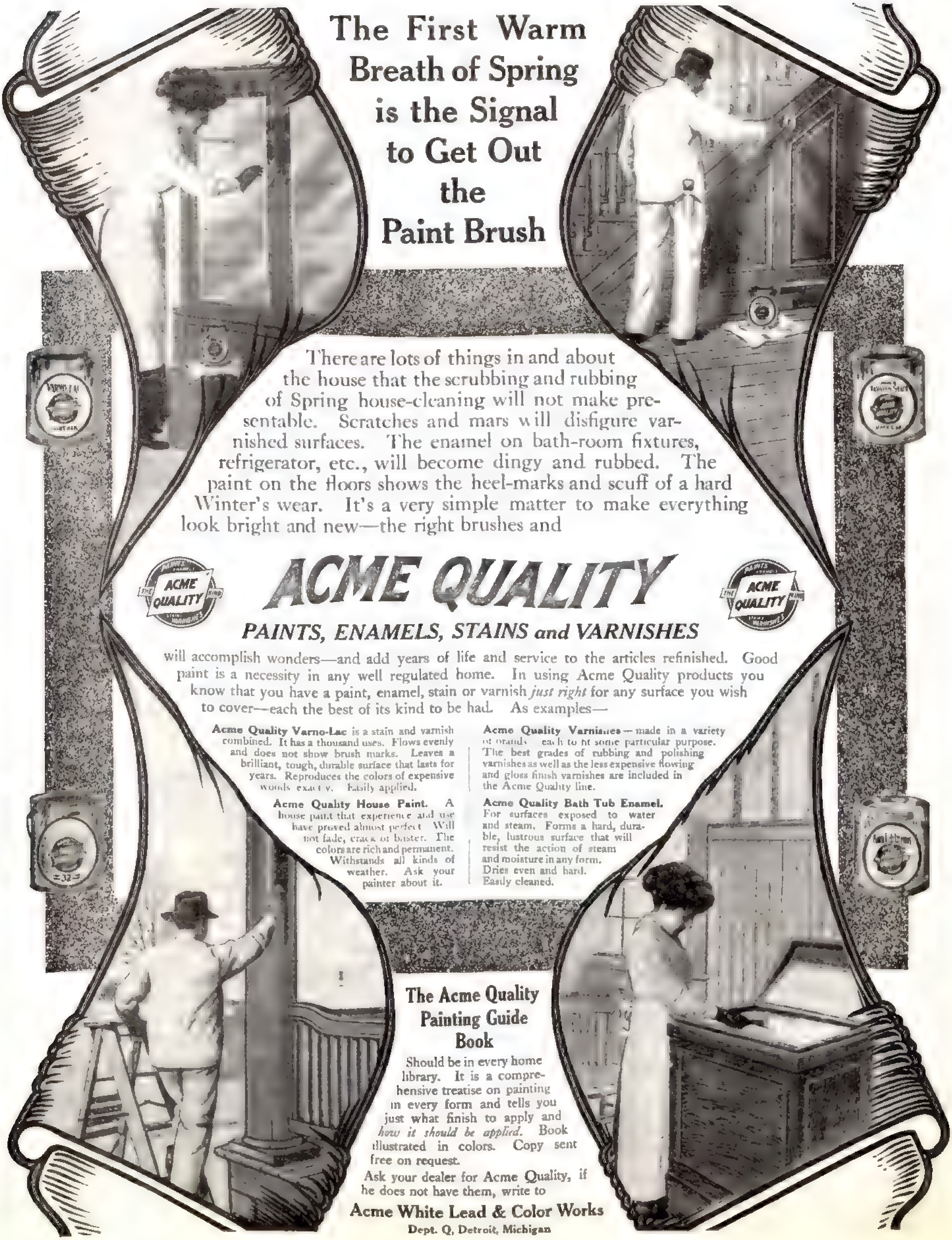

# The First Warm Breath of Spring is the Signal to Get Out the Paint Brush

There are lots of things in and about the house that the scrubbing and rubbing of Spring house-cleaning will not make presentable. Scratches and mars will disfigure varnished surfaces. The enamel on bath-room fixtures, refrigerator, etc., will become dingy and rubbed. The paint on the floors shows the heel-marks and scuff of a hard Winter's wear. It's a very simple matter to make everything look bright and new—the right brushes and

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will accomplish wonders—and add years of life and service to the articles refinished. Good paint is a necessity in any well regulated home. In using Acme Quality products you know that you have a paint, enamel, stain or varnish *just right* for any surface you wish to cover—each the best of its kind to be had. As examples—

**Acme Quality Varno-Lac** is a stain and varnish combined. It has a thousand uses. Flows evenly and does not show brush marks. Leaves a brilliant, tough, durable surface that lasts for years. Reproduces the colors of expensive woods exactly. Easily applied.

**Acme Quality House Paint.** A house paint that experience and use have proved almost perfect. Will not fade, crack or blister. The colors are rich and permanent. Withstands all kinds of weather. Ask your painter about it.

**Acme Quality Varnishes**—made in a variety of brands—each to fit some particular purpose. The best grades of rubbing and polishing varnishes as well as the less expensive flowing and gloss finish varnishes are included in the Acme Quality line.

**Acme Quality Bath Tub Enamel.** For surfaces exposed to water and steam. Forms a hard, durable, lustrous surface that will resist the action of steam and moisture in any form. Dries even and hard. Easily cleaned.

### The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

Should be in every home library. It is a comprehensive treatise on painting in every form and tells you just what finish to apply and *how it should be applied.* Book illustrated in colors. Copy sent free on request.

Ask your dealer for Acme Quality, if he does not have them, write to

**Acme White Lead & Color Works**
Dept. Q, Detroit, Michigan

# Making Over the Public Schools

(Concluded from Page 8

that these coöperative students make the best apprentice-engineers they have ever had. The college professors find that the apprentice-engineers make the best students. On the average they do, if anything, more intellectual work than the engineering students in the courses that do not include work in the shops; and they pass the same examinations with twenty-five per cent better grades. The fact that for half their time they are doing real work and getting real pay for it seems to give these boys from the start that serious view of life and their profession that the ordinary college boy rarely gets until after he has been turned out into a cold, busy and hungry world.

Coöperative courses on the same general plan, but adapted to secondary education, are now offered by the Lewis Institute, in Chicago, where boys are prepared for technical colleges or for business. The courses cover a period of two years and are open to pupils of from sixteen to twenty years of age. The boys work in two divisions—one in the shop and the other in the classroom for five days of each week, every Saturday and all of the summer vacation, only a couple of weeks being devoted entirely to shopwork. Some twenty Chicago manufacturers, in whose shops the boys spend more than half of their time, pay their tuition fees and five dollars a week as wages.

It is in the public high schools of the country that the idea of cooperative industrial courses has its widest application. Under existing conditions Johnny Jones quits school at the end of the grammar grades—if not before. It takes the law and a big force of truant officers to keep him at his books even to the end of the compulsory period. Usually his sister Sue goes with him. The hopper of an automatic machine swallows him up, tires him out, makes him narrow and sullen and discontented; or he gets a "white shirt" job in an office or department store—and becomes a half-baked youth, with a smattering of more or less useless information and no ability to think in terms of the work about him.

That is one of the big problems of the public schools.

Of the five or ten per cent of grammar-school pupils who go on into the high school, the majority are planning to go to college. The average high school has therefore been—naturally enough—a somewhat unsatisfactory college preparatory school.

### Johnny a Bone of Contention

Manual training was the first step in the right direction; and even before that was generally adopted there were a few wise teachers who had learned how to spread what is called "general culture" by an appeal to the hands of their pupils.

Manual training, however, is one thing and actual preparation for a specific work in life is quite another. Sometimes, particularly when manual training is taught by a charming young woman who specializes in hammered brass, it is a most snobbish performance. Even when parents and teachers are not afraid of honest sweat and dirt, manual training cannot hope to provide anything like mastery of tools—and Johnny Jones has smattering enough already.

At about this point in the proceedings the great unions of capital and of labor begin to quarrel over little Johnny, like two large and savage dogs over a very small and helpless bone. The capitalist, feeling the need of more intelligent and skilled labor, demands that trade schools be established, in which boys and girls leaving the grammar grades may be thoroughly trained in various specific trades and turned out ready to go to work at once as journeymen. The labor unions declare that such trade schools as have been established—chiefly through the efforts and by the munificence of the employers—are, naturally enough, centers of anti-union or at least non-union sentiment; and that in many cases their graduates have been used as strike-breakers. They point out, further, that it is frequently necessary for children leaving the grammar grades to begin at once earning their own living; and they demand that opportunity be provided for such children to study the special branches relating to their trades without cutting off the needed income.

So far as the continuation schools are concerned they are supported most loyally by the manufacturers of Cincinnati; and wherever they have been tried employers seem to be in favor of them. That they are not opposed by the labor unions is indicated by the fact that in Chicago, where a continuation school for carpenters' apprentices has been opened, the unions fine the boys that do not take advantage of this education.

At the present time coöperative courses, like those in the University of Cincinnati, have been adopted in only a few high schools. The high school of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, has had the longest experience with them, and there they have been extremely successful. At the end of the grammar grades, boys who wish to enter the industrial courses go into one of the coöperating shops as apprentices for the summer months. By the time school begins in the fall the boy has had a fair chance to decide whether he wishes to stick to the trade—the employer to decide whether the boy is fitted for the work. If the agreement is mutual a contract is signed between the boy, the employer and the officials of the high school. The first year the industrial students spend entirely in the classroom. For the remaining three years of the course the class is divided into two sections, which spend alternate weeks in school and shop.

The wages paid for the shopwork are higher than the regular apprentices formerly received and in at least one case an industrial student was the main support of his family during his three-year course. Beverly, Massachusetts, Freeport, Illinois, and several other cities have similar courses in operation or under this system of organization.

### What Other Cities are Doing

Meanwhile a number of cities have opened regular trade high schools, where both girls and boys are taught in classroom and schoolshops at least the rudiments of various trades. One of the finest of these is the new Technical High School at Cleveland, Ohio, which enrolls six hundred students yearly, more than five-sixths of whom would have left school at the end of the grammar grades but for this opportunity.

Cleveland, too, has established an elementary industrial school, which is open to children who are thirteen years old and not lower than the sixth grade in the regular schoolwork. At this school the time is equally divided between academic studies and industrial work. A gymnasium, shower-baths and a swimming pool are part of the equipment of the school.

Wisconsin, a leader in all educational reforms, has had for four years a law that authorizes any city to establish trade schools as part of the regular public school system. In Milwaukee there is such a school, which is open fifty-two weeks a year, three-quarters of the time being devoted to actual shop practice. Menomonie, Wisconsin, offers to boys in the last two years of its high school an opportunity to take work at a regular trade in place of the prescribed manual training. That this has been effective in keeping boys in school is shown by the fact that all but two of the boys graduating from the eighth grade during the past two years have entered the high school.

Whether continuation schools, coöperative courses or trade schools proper are to solve the problem of industrial education it will take years to tell. It is probable that all three systems will persist, each doing the work best under certain conditions. The fact of greatest importance is that the people now generally realize that some form of industrial training must be provided as an integral part of the public school system.

Not much longer will Johnny Jones and his sister be turned out of the grammar grades in millions, their heads stuffed with a smattering of general information, and left to face without further aid the bitter competition of present-day life. Education must put on its overalls and give them at least an opportunity to get really ready for their waiting jobs.

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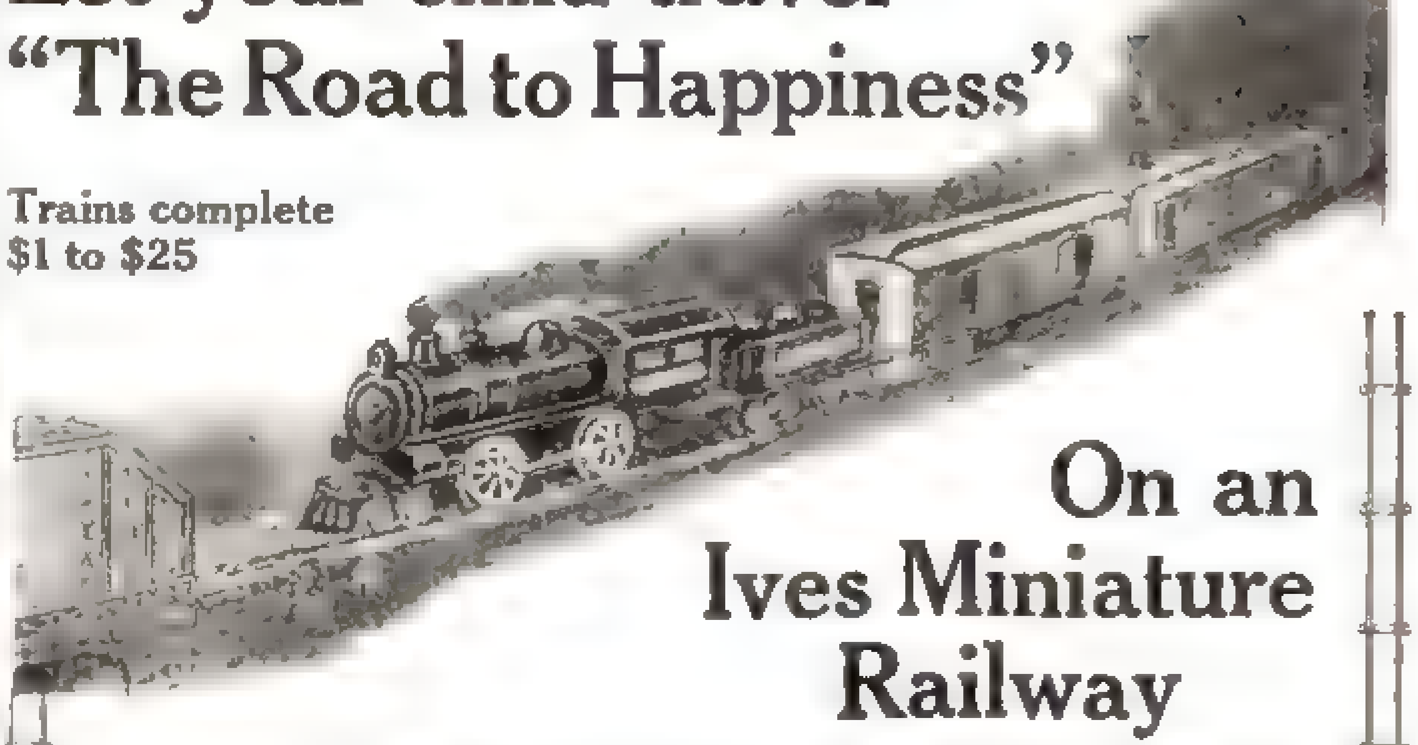
Editor's Note — This is the second of a series of articles by Henry M. Hyde. The third will appear in an early issue.



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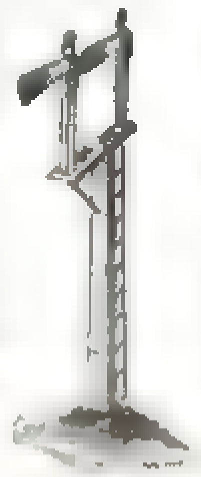

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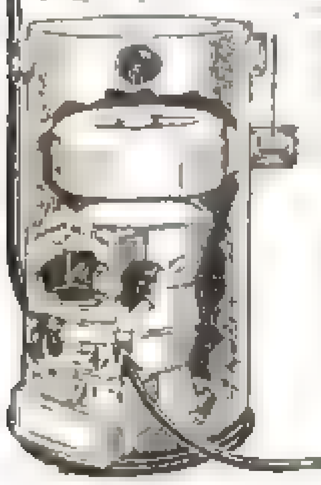

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## MR. POTTLE'S PASSENGERS

(Continued from Page 5)

getting pitch dark too; and rather than have any further argument I helped to strap the box on the trunkrack. There he goes again!"—as the tiger let out another yell. "Nobody but the man talked to me. The others talked in some foreign language—except the little man, who must be dumb."

"It's all very wonderful," commented Mr. Dellenbaugh solemnly. "We must give them some supper and warm them up; then probably the rajah will explain. I am glad, after all, that I am at home instead of absent in the city. If it had not been for the storm I should have gone on the train to New York this afternoon to attend the banquet of the Pan-Slavic Society, which is being held tonight. But we shall have our own banquet now, and doubtless a very interesting one. She is a most beautiful woman, is she not, Mr. Pottle?"

Mr. Pottle was about to inform Mr. Withers of his great good fortune in being privileged to gaze upon such feminine loveliness as he was about to meet, when Matilda, who, in addition to her preparations in the dining room, had been assisting the countess upstairs, came to Mr. Dellenbaugh to say that supper was ready and that she had made tea—and should she serve any champagne? Mr. Dellenbaugh said that she certainly should, and Matilda went again about her business with a most satisfied smile upon her broad countenance, twirling meanwhile in her hand a gold coin the like of which she had never seen before. The young lady was certainly as generous as she was lovely.

To Matilda, who was of a phlegmatic temperament, there seemed nothing particularly remarkable about a beautiful young woman out for an automobile ride with a gentleman in a red silk dressing-gown. In her previous experience as maid in other families she had seen many sprightly young women; and she had known hilarious and exuberant young men to do more eccentric things than to set forth clad in crimson and gold—if they had it. Furthermore, it was delightful to have such nice people get lost in the rain and drop into the dull old house. And if it pleased the tall, dark-complexioned young man, waiting outside in the car, to make loud noises like the cry of a wild animal while his friend informed old Mr. Dellenbaugh that it was a Bengal tiger—why, that, too, had its obviously humorous element. So Matilda was perfectly satisfied with things as they were; and she infused enough of her own enthusiasm into Martha, the cook, to inspire that benevolent person to prepare a most delectable repast.

### IV

A SOFT rustle of feminine garments floating in from the stairway and the subdued voices of men announced the approach of the uninvited guests. They entered the library so brilliantly, so majestically, so spectacularly, that Mr. Dellenbaugh, in the pride of such pageantry, quite forgave Mr. Pottle for what, half an hour before, he had considered an unpardonable offense.

Mr. Withers had been prepared to look upon a pretty woman, but Mr. Withers had not the imagination capable of soaring to the conception of such actual beauty and perfect grace as that of the young goddess who now presented herself before him. The countess, unhampered by furs, freed of the stains of travel and faultless in every little touch of feminine daintiness, stepped into the presence of her host as if she had known for weeks in advance that she was to grace his board that night. She wore a light-colored summer gown—none of the men could remember afterward exactly what color it was—of some soft material which seemed to cling to her as if in dread of the hour when it should be removed. It was fastened at the waist with a belt of golden weave, buckled with a great pink jewel. A similar stone caught the lace together at her throat and nearly a dozen bracelets of oriental design tinkled and twinkled on her arm as she reached out her hand again in greeting to her host.

"I am nearly starved for a cup of tea," she said, with girlish enthusiasm.

"It is steaming even now at your plate," returned the gallant Mr. Dellenbaugh, offering his arm and leading the way into

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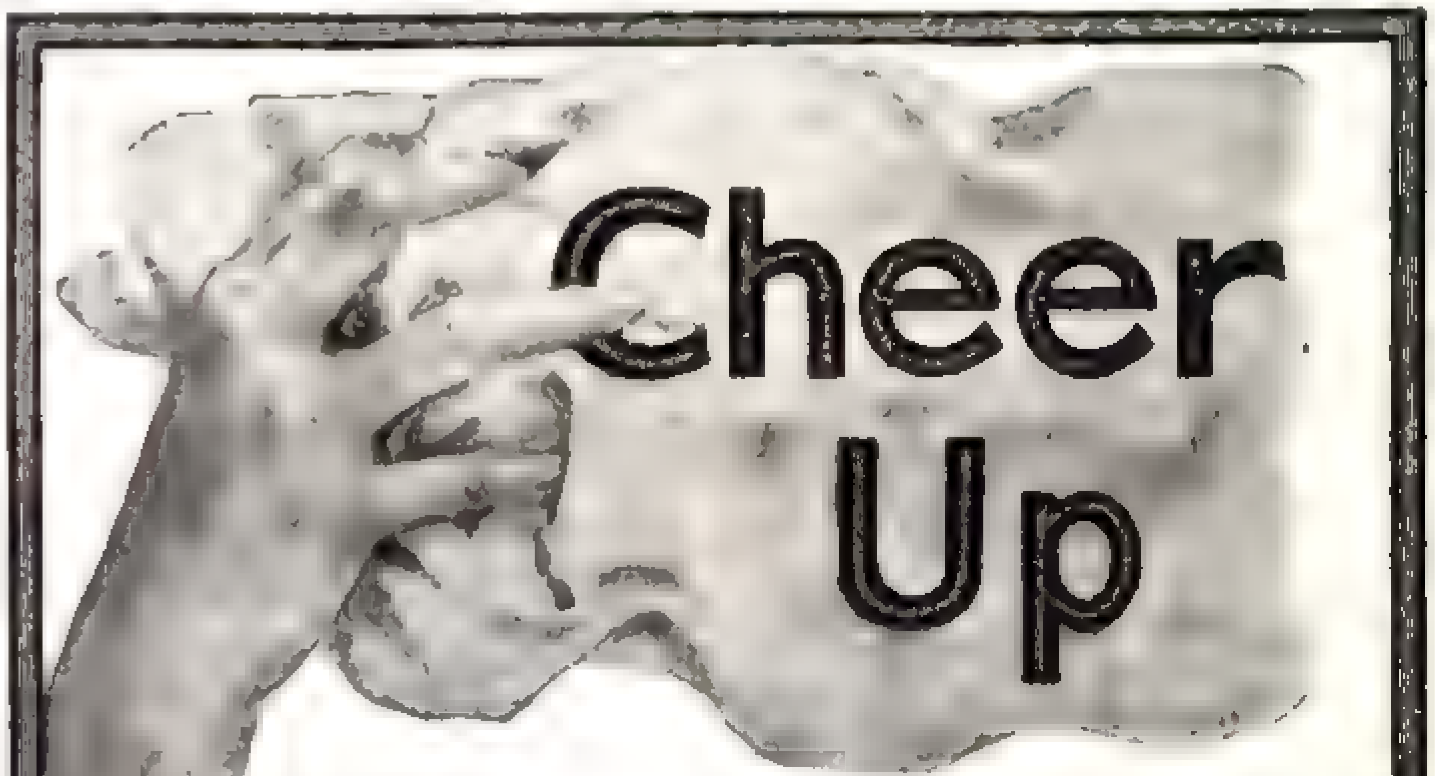

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the dining room. "You must all be hungry after your trip."

"I am sure I can answer that we are—all of us," replied the rajah as they seated themselves quite informally about the table. "I think we have not eaten—we have not even taken tea, I believe—have we, Sonia?—since—was it Germany or France?"

"It was right over Paris! Don't you remember?" And the Countess Sonia's merry laughter rippled with the tea that she was now pouring for her circle of admirers.

The remark about time and place and tea had the effect the speaker no doubt intended it should. Mr. Dellenbaugh assumed an air of quiet attention, Mr. Pottle's brows puckered in mental calculation, while Mr. Withers leaned frankly forward on both elbows and gaped open-mouthed at the rajah. And the rajah was certainly an object of glory for Mr. Withers to gaze upon.

In addition to the gorgeous costume and the orders and jewels that had already been observed, the Indian prince wore an elaborate white turban, from the front of which blazed a diamond of wonderful water and from out of which there seemed to jut into the air a stiff spray of hundreds of delicate iridescent pearls.

With a smile the rajah lifted his teacup and, bowing to the countess, spoke a few words in Russian. Then turning to Mr. Dellenbaugh he explained:

"I have asked my friends to proceed with the repast and I beg you gentlemen will do the same; while I, as a slight acknowledgment of your courtesy, sir, will begin at once to tell you how it happens that we are here."

Neither the stout priest nor Mr. Pottle needed further encouragement; and, as the rajah talked, plates and glasses clinked a merry accompaniment to his recital.

## V

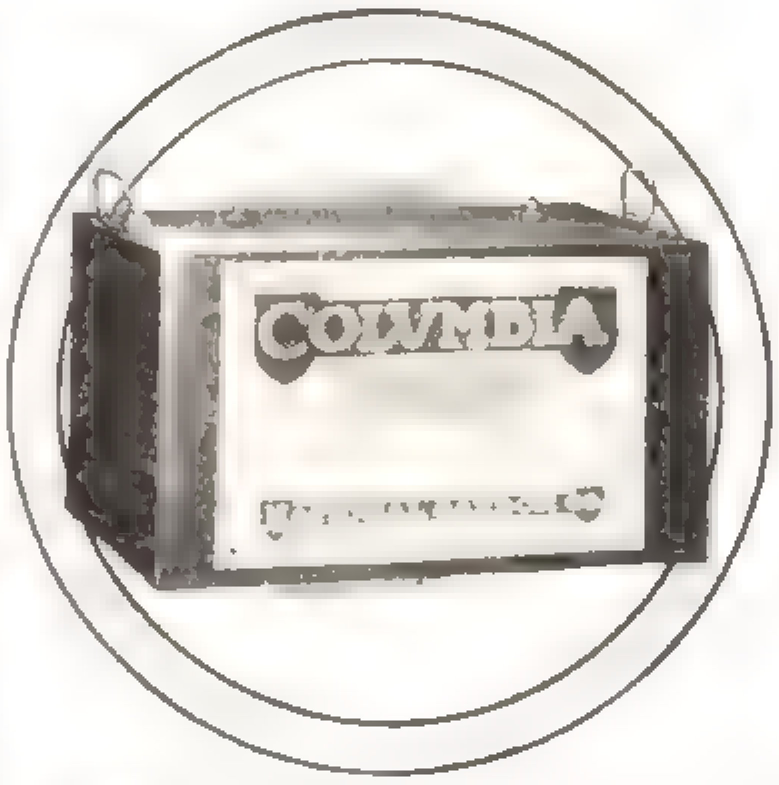
"MY FATHER is the Maharajah of Punjoudh, which of course you know is that great dependency which stretches to the north of Rajputana up to the wilds of Kashmir and runs west along the flank of the empire. It is the great pearl of India's crown. I felt it so as a boy and I have felt it even more so as a man.

"My father sent me to England to complete my education. I was three years at Oxford, five years I traveled, and for the past five years I have dwelt at my father's court at Tajpore. My interest, however, has never turned so much to politics and government as to investigation and experiment. While at Oxford I became greatly interested in flying machines, in aviation, in the conquest of the air. I made several balloon ascensions. Count Zeppelin took me with him once. But I had ideas of my own; and in the working out of some experiments in England I met Winslow—and the rajah nodded toward the silent little man on his left—a countryman of yours who seemed to me to have more of the feeling that I had than any other man I knew. So I took him back to Tajpore with me; and there in a park of the palace, a mile from any buildings, we set up our shops and made our experiments, seeking what we were after—and we were considered, to say the least, eccentric.

"Of course I did not devote all my time to this work, for the duties of state demanded much of me. But Winslow worked all the time and two or three of my Tajpuris developed wonderful skill. We had several explosions and some fires, which served us well, for these trifling accidents banished the curious from our vicinity. At last I found what I wanted, after nearly seven years. I knew I should and I knew if I did find it Winslow could build the engine. I discovered negatine. Negatine is a fluid, or rather a compressed gas, which to a very great extent counteracts the effect of gravity. It would take me too long to go into an explanation of its action now, except to say that the greater the compression the greater, much greater, its power; so that a cylinder of negatine compressed to a fixed degree will lift thousands of pounds, just as hydrocarbon gas in a balloon will lift six hundred pounds of basket and passengers.

"Then Winslow perfected an engine—a negatine engine of thirty-two cylinders, two propellers—that developed a speed beyond any engine yet constructed and the weight of which is no greater than that of two Antoinettes. To be brief, our ambitions were realized. We constructed an

(Continued on Page 60)



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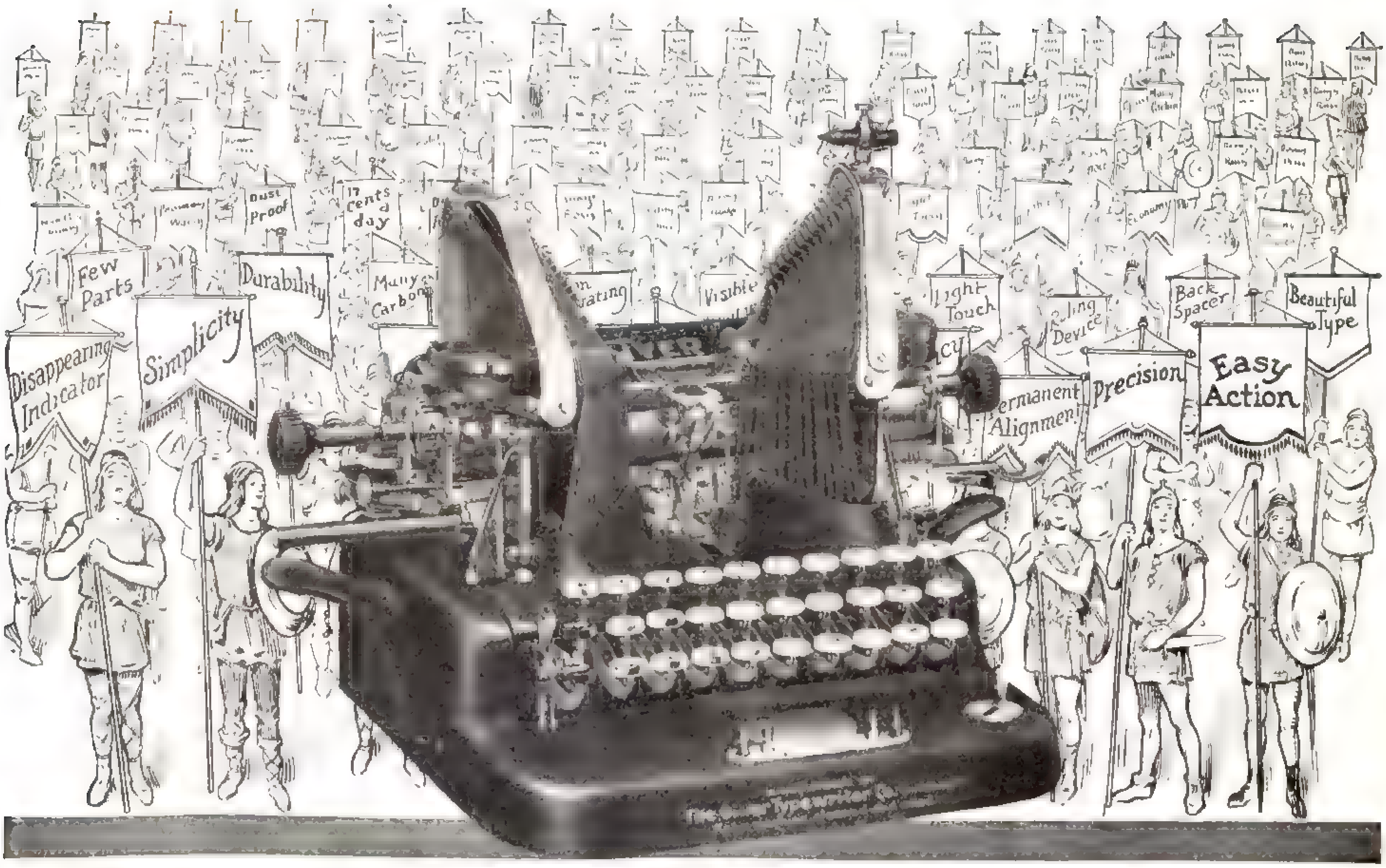

# Backed by a Brilliant Array of Exclusive Features!

The Oliver Typewriter, which brought about the Era of ***VISIBLE WRITING—a revolutionary improvement***—has persistently carried the standard toward the summit of Highest Efficiency. The many brilliant innovations that have been introduced in rapid succession, overturning typewriter traditions and precedents, have kept the Typewriter world in a ferment since the Oliver entered the field.

***"VISIBLE WRITING,"*** the central thought around which revolve these many startling improvements, encountered tremendous opposition from our competitors who considered the innovation as "unnecessary," "impractical," "visionary." Time has shown that we were right.

***Today—all standard manufacturers make "VISIBLES!"***

Do you wonder that The Oliver Typewriter is so tremendously successful?

***Why not buy a typewriter that has—AT THE PRESENT TIME—all these time-saving, result-getting innovations?***

***Why not own the typewriter that gives 100 per cent service?***

The Oliver Typewriter ***17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan*** is in its way as great an innovation as was that of ***VISIBLE WRITING.*** It extends the ***immediate*** advantages of the use of ***Typewriters*** to thousands who must otherwise ***wait.*** The response of the public to this amazing offer is ***phenomenal.*** Sales are reaching ***stupendous volume.***

The abandonment of ***longhand*** in favor of clean, beautiful, legible ***typewriting*** is the next great step in human progress. ***The Era of Universal Typewriting is fast becoming a reality!***

The Oliver Typewriter, already dominant in the Business, Commercial and Financial world, is marching on, with flying colors, to the Conquest of the Home.

The Oliver Typewriter is just as indispensable to small merchants, tradesmen, shop and factory owners as to the largest business enterprise. It's an easy way for the merchant or tradesman to ***protect*** himself against ***misunderstandings,*** because he keeps a ***carbon copy*** of every typewritten letter or document. The ***legibility*** of typewriting prevents mistakes, disputes, delays.

You don't write a letter for your own pleasure, but to favorably impress the man who ***reads it.***

Typewritten letters get ***better attention*** than letters written in longhand. They show that you are wide-awake, progressive, business-like.

Professional people, ministers, authors—all who have to ***write,*** where typewriting would be more welcome to those who ***read it,*** owe it to themselves to own Oliver Typewriters.

The OLIVER Typewriter

*The Standard Visible Writer*

# Yours for 17 Cents a Day!

This "17-Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan makes the Oliver Typewriter as easy to own as to rent. It places the machine within easy reach of every home every individual. A man's "cigar money" a woman's "pin money" will buy it!

Clerks on small salaries can now afford to own Oliver Typewriters. By utilizing spare moments for practice they may fit themselves for more important positions.

Schoolboys and schoolgirls can buy Oliver Typewriters, just by saving their pennies.

You can buy the Oliver Typewriter on this plan at the regular catalog price—$100. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly.

And the possession of an Oliver Typewriter enables you to earn money to finish paying for the machine.

***Can you spend 17 Cents a Day to better advantage than in the purchase of this wonderful machine?***

Write for handsome Catalog and 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan. Address—Sales Department (82)

**The Oliver Typewriter Company, 648 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago**

**Send Coupon or Letter Now**

**The Oliver Typewriter Company**
**648 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago**

Gentlemen: Please send your Art Catalog and details of *"17-Cents-a-Day"* offer on the Oliver Typewriter.

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*Address* ________________

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**will**
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Your baby is a new problem in infant feeding. He is individual in his requirements. If he is to develop as he should he must have a food that not only contains all the elements required for his proper nourishment but one that may be readily adapted to his needs.

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Why then should your baby worry along on a food that is not suited to him?

Be fair with your baby; start him on Mellin's Food—today.

We have a very helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." We shall be glad to send it to you, together with a Trial Size bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

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Wanamaker's

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**We pay postage on mail shipments of $5 or more.**

**See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms.**

**Just write us, TODAY: "Send CATALOG No. 41"**

John Wanamaker
New York

(Continued from Page 58)

airship which in many respects was a combination of the dirigible and the aeroplane. Our negatine tanks, which were of metal and torpedo-shaped, could be filled with enough of the fluid to run the machine twenty-five hundred miles at the rate of three hundred miles or more an hour."

Mr. Withers' elbows slipped off the table and he very nearly upset his plate into the lap of the Greek priest.

"That is perfectly true," continued the rajah, smiling. "I have gone even faster than that. The figures of our travels, which I shall give you presently, will convince you. It all seemed so easy after we had struck it right. Here we had the power, the force, to run the engine, and this very storage of power was the force that held the machine in the air. By planes and rudders we could control and steer to any height, in any direction. We built a small car first and made many flights—always at night. Like Frankenstein, I was afraid of my own creation. I dared not even tell my father. Frequently, at dark, Winslow and I would rise from our storage bungalow, dart quickly to a height of some thousand feet and swing south to Calcutta, or northward to Tibet, or westward over Afghanistan, and be back again before dawn with no one the wiser! There could be no accident. If anything went wrong with the engine we could not fall, because of our great buoyancy; and this very buoyancy, with the aid of our horizontal planes, made of itself a propelling force; so that we could even move without the aid of the engine.

"Next we built a larger airship. The body was eight feet wide, seven feet high and fourteen feet long. It was constructed of sheets of finely woven bamboo, varnished and lacquered, one upon another, giving great strength and extreme lightness. There were two compartments, the one in the rear being a sort of cabin, with a couch, lockers and many of the appurtenances of the cabin of a yacht; so that one might rest there very comfortably. The forward compartment was the larger of the two. The car was built with a sharp nose and had a little projection overhead, forward of amidships, like a conning tower, with a six-inch band of plate glass, so that the operator could see in any direction. Half of the floor, too, was of glass, so that we could look down upon the country as we flew over it. The five negatine tanks—two for buoyancy and three for power—were fixed to a rigid frame above and the engine hung below the body, with a gyroscope amidships. At the rear, or stern, there was a small railed platform about six feet square, from which one could, if necessary, reach the tanks or the rudder or the propellers and where baggage could be carried. Two great horizontal planes stood out like wings on each side.

"But now we come to the most important element of all this introduction," continued the rajah, smiling across to the countess. "While this new machine was being built, entirely under Winslow's supervision, I devoted my time more to affairs of state and to amusement, and mingled to a greater degree in the doings of the capital.

"It was so that I came better to know the Countess Sonia, who is the daughter of Russia's minister to my father's court. We loved one another; but both Count Vaniatowsky and the Maharajah, my father, were opposed to our union. We tried everything to persuade them, but to no avail. At last I suggested to the countess that we should have to be quite commonplace and run away to be married. The countess was willing to be commonplace for once, but she assured me that she could not run so far as Russia, where was the nearest Greek priest; for the only condition she made was that we should be married by a Greek priest.

"I talked over my troubles with Winslow, and he being a man of resource figured that we could go to Russia and back in the machine in one night and get a priest. I had no doubt of our ability to go to Russia and back in one night, but I doubted our ability to get a priest; and yet"—here the rajah laughed heartily—"you see we did catch one after all! No man can tell what he can do until he tries!

"The end of it all was that I told Sonia about the flying machine and suggested that we go to Russia and be married, return and announce the event to our respective respected parents.

"As soon as she was convinced that I was not mad she consented; and it was agreed that, on the occasion of the coming garden

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Should you fail to find the Whitman Agent we will send, prepaid, the Fussy Package at $1.00 a pound, Honey White Nougat, Chocolate Covered Mint Marshmallows or Chocolate Covered Maraschino Cherries at 50c a package.

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A Disc Freezer secures the ice cream trade of the district and holds it. Puts the manufacture on an absolutely scientific and profitable basis. Does all that any other freezer can do and many things no other freezer can do. The exclusive advertising and trade building advantages of the Disc process cost the owner absolutely nothing.

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**Freezes Ice Cream in Sight Under Ideal Sanitary Conditions**

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Brine runs through revolving discs immersed in the cream. Freezes from the center outward—just the reverse of the usual method. No refrigeration wasted. The saving in ice, salt, power and labor soon pays for the machine. Its novelty builds trade—the quality holds it. Makes the ice cream business attractive as well as profitable.

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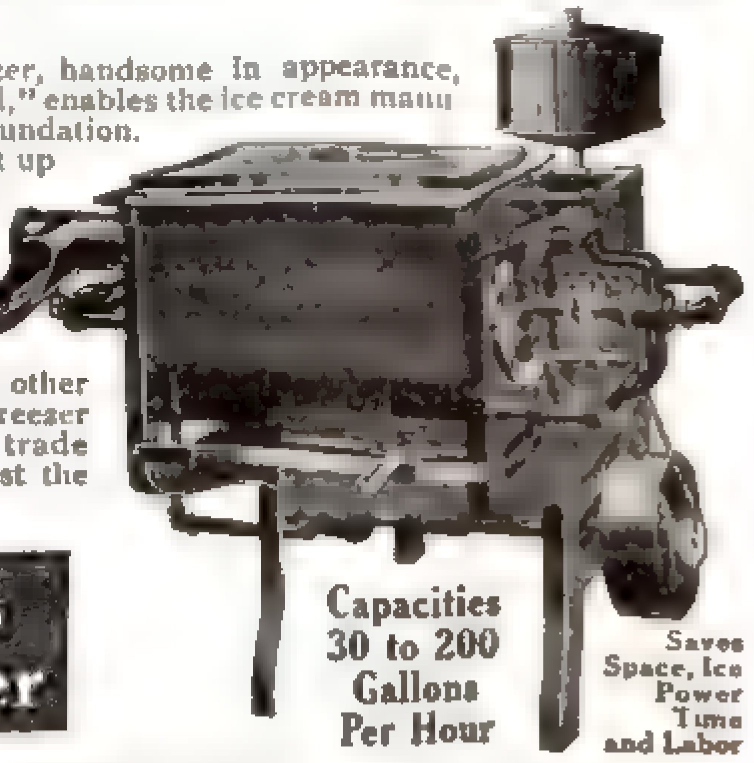

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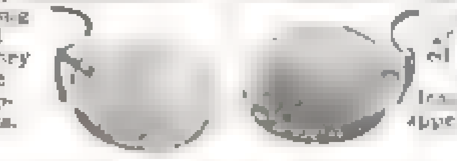
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*On 15 Days' Trial*

*Direct From Factory*

This handsome [illegible] built throughout [illegible] Southern Red Cedar.

**It is Moth, Dust and Damp Proof.**

Protects furs and clothing. No [illegible] required. Saves cold storage charges. Very [illegible] at factory prices. Freight prepaid. Write for [illegible]

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[illegible] Electric Light. [illegible] our Socket [illegible] control of light [illegible] pulls turn light on and off. Sample postpaid on receipt of 25c. Special proposition to agents.

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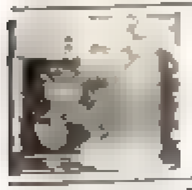
[illegible] poultry reference book [illegible] lasts 70 [illegible] 100 illustrations [illegible] prices for stock, eggs, incubators [illegible] postpaid.

**B. H. GREIDER, Box 83, Rheems, Pa.**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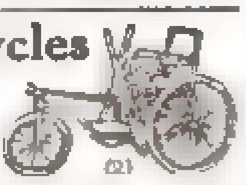
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"Visible" [illegible] makes **sold or rented anywhere at** [illegible] prices allowing rental to apply on price. [illegible] [illegible] of examination. Write for Cat. D

**Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago**

party at the palace, we should lose ourselves in the park and sail away at the fall of darkness, while the others sipped tea and ices under the Japanese lanterns.

"You gentlemen doubtless cannot realize with how much difficulty all this scheming of ours was accomplished among the countless restrictions and formalities of an oriental court. Nevertheless the day for the garden party came. That was yesterday. In the morning a trusted servant of the countess delivered to Winslow her heavy furs—for it is extremely cold at high altitudes and when going at high speed—while we ourselves appeared before the guests in costumes quite appropriate to the festal occasion, yet quite unsuitable to an elopement by airship. However, as we expected to be back next day we were little worried, I assure you, by our dress!

"Winslow had the car ready at seven, which was near the fall of twilight. With us went Singa Singh and Lalla Khan, my two most faithful men—Heaven rest their souls! Singa Singh was my body servant and Lalla Khan had learned to know almost as much about the engine as Winslow—and I believe he could steer better!"

Mr. Winslow nodded a vigorous and solemn confirmation.

"We would have taken along a maid for the countess, but Sonia feared to trust the woman's tongue! So we went to the bungalow quietly at nightfall, Sonia and I; and the engine ran so smoothly that we could not hear its song twenty feet away. We closed ourselves in the car and almost immediately Lalla Khan was heading us away from the city lights, which seemed to die out below us as a match dies out which you throw to the ground and as rapidly.

"The men had orders to make the greatest speed. I had planned to go into Little Russia, to make a landing in the darkness, find our way into the town near which we should stop, awaken the priest, get married and—allowing a couple of hours for the delay of the ceremony—set out for Tajpore again.

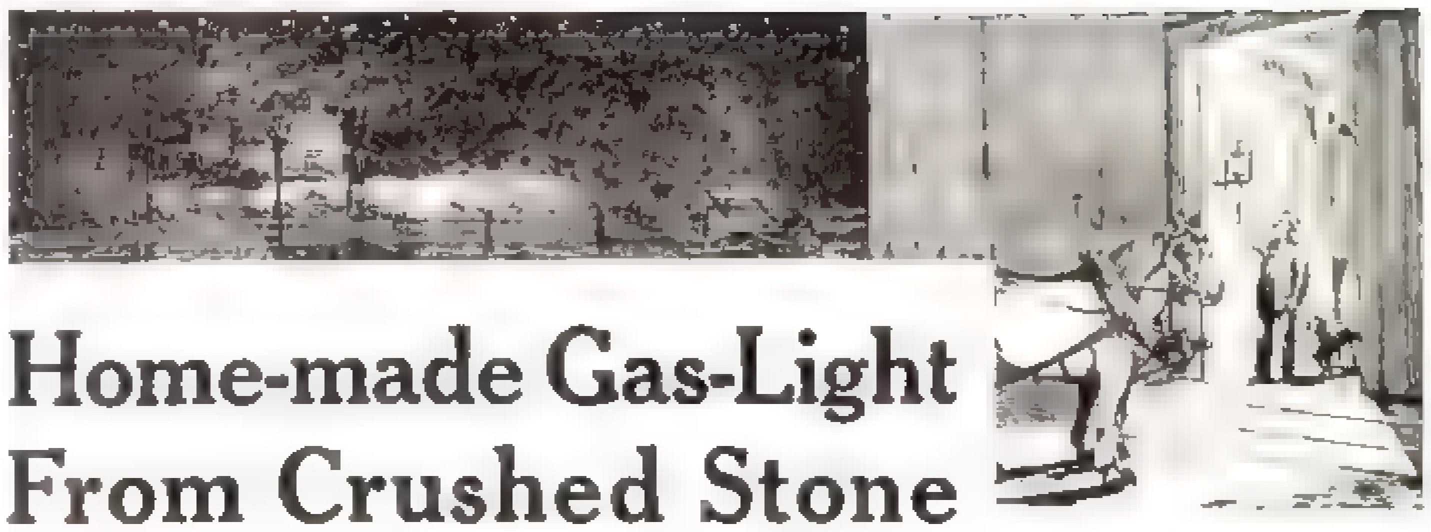
"We soared away in a northwesterly direction, keeping to a good height, for I did not wish to be seen and we had the mountains to cross. I meant to go through the Khyber Pass, which I had tried once before. It is wide there and plenty high enough, and cold, cold! After an hour's travel we passed over Peshawur. And then the moon came up and the mountains rose, black and menacing, right ahead of us. I ordered Lalla Khan to keep low now, so as to make the shortest possible tangent, as there seemed to be no possibility of our being seen in those barren wilds.

"But we were seen, and that quite suddenly and to our misfortune. We were traveling not more than a hundred feet above the road of the pass. We heard loud shouts and the cries of men. Looking down we saw a procession of Waziris; they had dropped their baggage and their weapons and were running about, many in their terror plunging over the precipice at the side of the highway. We heard wailing even after these madmen had disappeared; and the countess, her hand upon my arm, begged that I stop to see if any were hurt. This seemed to me overkind, but I ordered a halt and, as Lalla Khan brought the machine back over the spot where the panic had occurred, we heard cries again. I sent Singa Singh to the ground by the dragrope. He soon signaled to be hauled up—which took no time with our negatine engine—and reported that the Waziris had all fled, leaving a young tiger tightly boxed and bound.

"The countess then insisted that, as we were the cause of the animal being abandoned, we must not leave it to die a prisoner on the pass; and as there was no time to knock open the cage I ordered the box hauled up and tied to the rear platform, where that tiger yelled so persistently that even the countess, I believe, repented of her tenderness.

"From the Khyber we steered toward Kabul and soon we were sailing high over that filthy Afghan city. Through the glass floor we could plainly see the dull reddish spot glowing far beneath us, for it was very clear in northern India last night. Thence we steered toward Merv, which we reached in about three hours. All was quiet and dark there, yet it seemed like the last place of life as we shot out over the western plateau—dark, bleak, monotonous, cold.

"We were traveling about one hundred and sixty miles an hour according to the tachometer, so that it was a little later than four o'clock in the morning, Tajpore time,


Home-made Gas-Light From Crushed Stone

TWENTY years ago the oil lamp had already been driven out of the city into the country home where gas could not follow—so we thought.

In those days we would have laughed at the idea of a country home lighted with gaslight.

But like the telephone and free mail delivery gaslight has finally left the city to become a common rural convenience.

In the year 1911, the up-to-date villager or farmer not only lives in a gas-lighted house, same as his city cousin, but when he drives home on a cold, wet night he actually lights up his barn, his barnyard or porches on his house with this gaslight by simply turning an "ignition" button on a post or wall.

* * *

And this change seems quite like magic when you consider that this rural gaslight is home-made—made by the family itself right on the premises.

Take fifteen minutes once a month to make all that can be used in a large house.

The magic is all in the curious manufactured stone known commercially as "Union Carbide."

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100 LBS.
CRUSHED STONE

This wonderful gas producing substance, "Union Carbide," looks and feels just like crushed granite. For country home use it is packed and shipped from warehouses located all over the United States in sheet steel cans containing 100 pounds.

Union Carbide won't burn, can't explode, and will keep in the original package for years in any climate. For this reason it is safer to handle and store about the premises than coal.

* * *

All that is necessary to make "Union Carbide" give up its gas is to mix it with plain water — the gas, which is then instantly generated, is genuine Acetylene.

When piped to handsome brass chandeliers and fixtures Acetylene burns with an intensely brilliant, stiff flame, that the wind can't affect.

This flame makes light so white in color that it is commonly called "Artificial Sunlight."

Experiments conducted by Cornell University have proven that it will grow plants the same as sunlight itself.

Physicians recommend Acetylene as a germicide and a remedy for eyestrain, and it is used as an illuminant in fifty-four hospitals in New York City alone.

Then, too, Acetylene is so pure that you might blow out the light and sleep all night in a room with the burner open without any injurious effects whatever.

On account of its being burned in permanent brass fixtures attached to walls and ceilings, Acetylene is much safer than smoky, smelly oil lamps, which can easily be tipped over.

For this reason the Engineers of the National Board of Insurance Underwriters called Acetylene safer than any illuminant it commonly displaces.

In addition to all these advantages, Acetylene light is inexpensive.

An Acetylene light of 24-candle power costs only about 4 cents for ten hours' lighting, while for the same number of hours regular oil lamps of equal volume cost about 6 cents in kerosene, chimneys and wicks on the average.

* * *

Consider this carefully and you will hardly wonder at the fact that there are today no less than 185,000 town and country homes lighted with home-made Acetylene, made from "Union Carbide."

Once a month some member of the family must dump a few pounds of Union Carbide in a small tank-like machine, which usually sets in one corner of the basement.

This little tank-like machine is automatic—it does all the work—it makes no gas until the burners are lighted and stops making gas when the burners are shut off.

The lights located in every room in your house, on your porches, in your horse and cow barns, or barnyards and chicken yards if you like, will all be ready to turn on with a twist of the wrist or a touch of the button at any time of the day or night.

No city home can be as brilliantly or as beautifully illuminated as any one of these 185,000 homes now using Acetylene.

* * *

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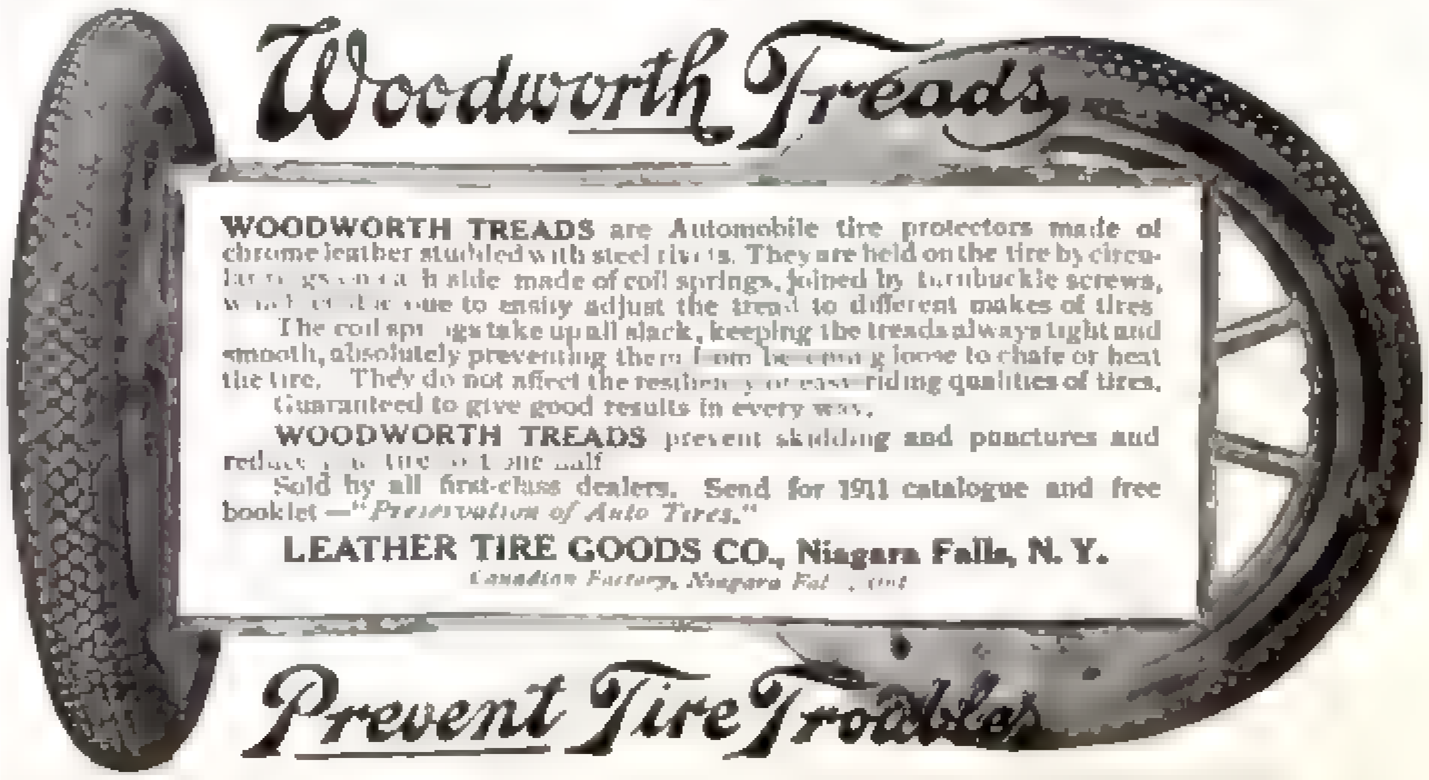
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The coil springs take up all slack, keeping the treads always tight and smooth, absolutely preventing them from becoming loose to chafe or heat the tire. They do not affect the resiliency or easy-riding qualities of tires.

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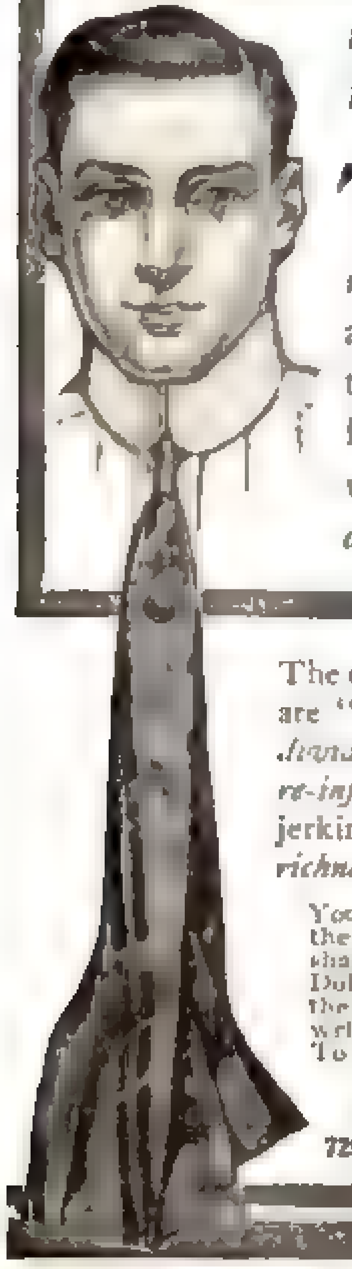

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when we sighted the Caspian Sea. Yet it was still dark, the hour there being only two, with merely the faintest streak of dawn visible behind us. Singa Singh made tea and the countess slept for three hours or more very comfortably, soothed by the swinging, eager, purring motion of the car.

"You see," smiled the rajah, interrupting his narrative, "she wanted her beauty sleep; for, even with all the novelty and excitement of this travel, she knew it was only five hundred miles across the Caspian, and then we should be in Russia and soon to earth again; and there—the priest, and the church, and the marriage!

"We passed diagonally across the quiet Caspian, flying at a good altitude, but as we came to the Russian coast we found the air below us full of mist. Thus we were able to descend quite close and sped on. You see, the distances are much shorter nearer the surface. We were passing over Astrakhan, but it was a good place to pass over, that land of wild Kalmucks, with no religion and no God.

"I had thought Kharkof or Poltava would be the nearest localities where we might count on finding civilization and a wise priest; and I had also concluded that traveling from Tajpore at a speed of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five miles an hour we should reach either place in the early morning about daylight and that we might come to the ground without attracting attention. And so, in fact, we did. But, traveling so rapidly over a country entirely unknown to us and with heavy mists for the last two hours, we were not quite certain of our position; wherefore I ordered Lalla Khan to let the car float free.

"If it had been clear the country below us would have been spread out like a huge map and we could have been quite sure of the locality by comparison with our own maps. As day was approaching, however, I judged it best to descend to earth and take our chance of landing near a town and a church.

"We slid easily down through the clouds and found ourselves above a flat, fertile country, with heavy wooded hills to the north of us, and just beyond these a village; and out of its cluster of roofs rose the round-topped towers and chained crosses that I was so anxious to discover. I could see them plainly with my glasses.

"It was decided that the Countess Sonia should rest, in the care of Singa Singh and Lalla Khan, while Winslow and I set forth to the town to find a priest. In the village we would hire a troika and all drive back to the airship. It was a good five-mile walk to Gradizsk, which proved to be the name of the town, and the morning was well along as we found our way to the church door. The skies were still overcast and I began to fear a storm, so that even more now was I in a hurry to capture the priest. While Winslow went to hire the conveyance I found the good man whom we still have with us here. I told him we were travelers, without telling him our mode of travel. I told him of my wish to be married and I handed him a purse of Russian gold coin—an amount greater probably than the pious father had ever seen in all his life.

"In ten minutes we were bounding down the rough road behind three wild horses, driven by a bearded villain almost as bulky as the priest. The wagon was a kind of farmer's hay-wagon and, in addition to Winslow, the priest and myself, there were two filthy little Russian lads in scarlet robes who were to act as acolytes at the ceremony.

"'Did you meet the Cossacks?' asked Father Alexis as the horses slackened their pace to climb a hill, giving us our first opportunity to speak—almost our first chance to breathe.

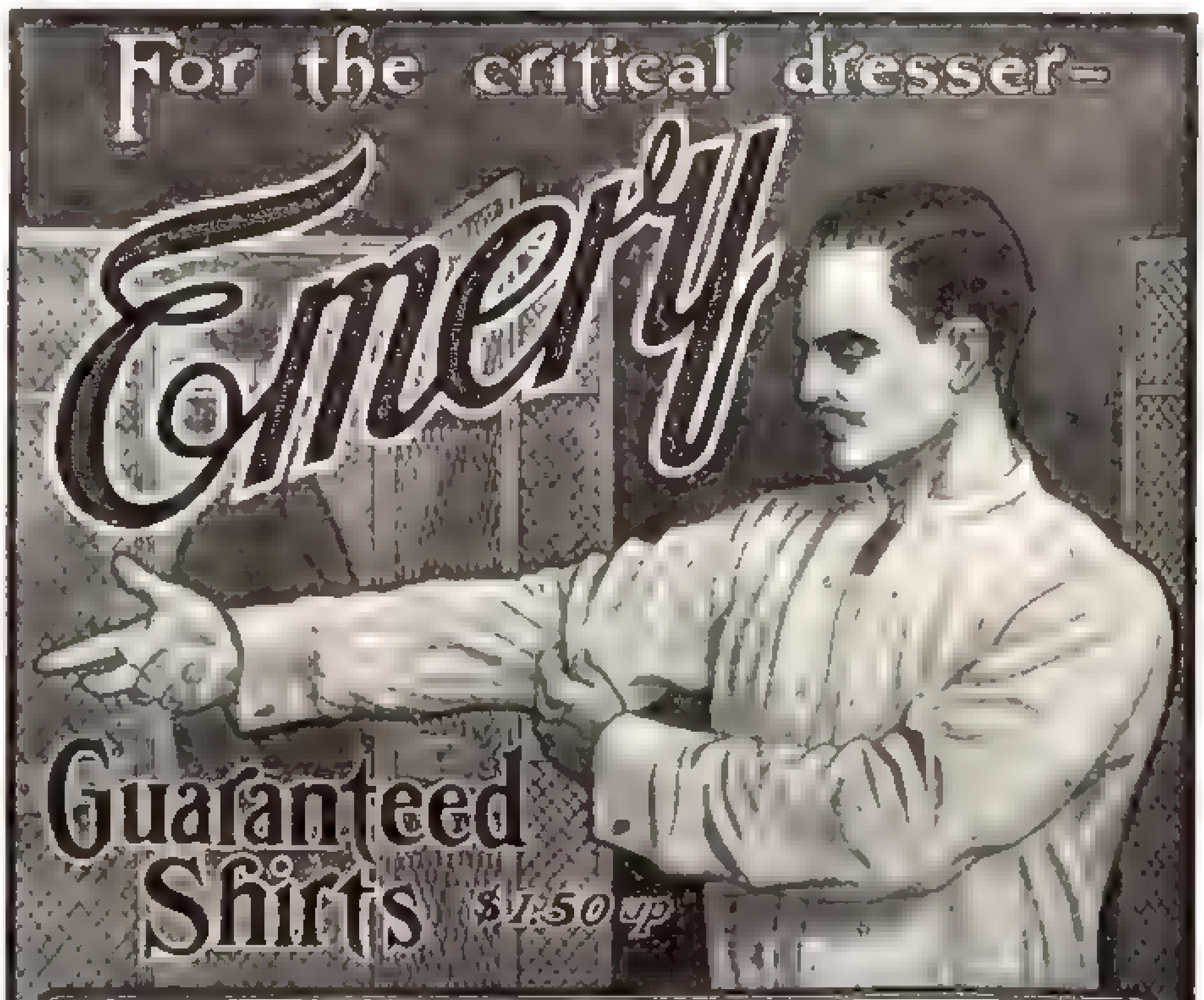
"'The Cossacks?' I repeated. 'No, we saw nothing.'

"'The beasts!' muttered the good priest; 'they must have ridden fast and far. The sodden crew only set out about an hour ago. I cannot see how you failed to meet them on the road.'

"'We did not come by that road,' I said non-committally.

"'But there is no other!' insisted the priest; and he would have said more but for the fact that our driver set his steeds to galloping again. In a very few minutes we burst out of the little woods and all saw at once the great airship resting quietly in the field beyond.

"The villain who had us at his mercy reined up so violently that the good father and I were thrown bodily out of the wagon



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into the stubble field. As I came to his side to help him to rise I saw the frightened peasant turn his horses about and gallop like mad back again toward the town, with the acolytes clinging for their lives to the sides of the cart. Winslow beat the man a good buffet on the side of the head, but seeing the uselessness of such treatment to such a bulk he vaulted to the ground and came running back to us.

"All this would have been very comical if it had not been so very serious. We helped Father Alexis to his feet. He was little hurt, but on account of his great weight he had suffered a severe shock. Singa Singh and Lalla Khan had witnessed the accident and came running toward us—at least Singa Singh came to us with alarm pictured on his face and I thought it was for fear we had come to harm. But it was not so, for the first thing he said was: 'Oh, Master, hasten! I have seen wild and bearded horsemen and they have gone for their comrades; they are coming again with guns.'

"So I knew he meant the Cossacks; and almost immediately I heard the pounding of hoofs and the sound of wild shouts and the firing of guns into the air. Winslow and I fairly dragged the good father toward the airship and thrust him with some difficulty into the opening at the side. Lalla Khan was already starting the engine, but Winslow leaped at once to the wheel and ordered the two servants to look sharp about casting loose. The good father was as frightened as the peasant had been and kept constantly moaning and shouting prayers. He was greatly in the way of our action until Sonia by sheer physical force pulled and rolled him into the little cabin, where he seemed to sink into a sort of stupor.

"Up to the present we had seen nothing: but now suddenly a mob of some fifty or more Cossacks broke out of the woods, shrieking and firing at random and galloping directly toward us. We had no weapons. I called to my Tajpuris and they answered that all was loose. Winslow started and the airship made a jump, as if moved by human instinct. Singa Singh should have held to his post on the platform and Lalla Khan should have been by the door at the side, but in the excitement, no doubt, they did not do those things which they had been trained to do, which they had done so many times before; so that as the car rose Lalla Khan lost his hold and fell to the earth. The wild riders were not twenty yards away and I was certain at any moment their bullets must pierce our negatine tanks or the body of the car. I feared for the safety of Sonia and I raged at my own impotence. Singa Singh threw the guide-rope to Lalla Khan and started to slide down to his assistance, when a bullet must have hit his arm, for he gave a cry and fell into the very midst of that cruel, howling throng. For a moment those devils forgot us above them and with sabers cut my two Tajpuris to pieces—there, before my very eyes. I rushed to the platform and in a frenzy tried to detach and cast down upon them the boxed tiger, hoping that the fall of the case would break it and that the wild beast would fight its way out and at least partially avenge my faithful men. But it was of no use. The box was too tightly lashed and Winslow put on such speed that in a few seconds the clouds hid the awful scene from my view. It was not until I called to him to lay to that Winslow knew of our tragedy."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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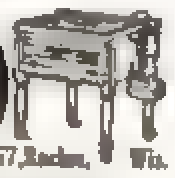

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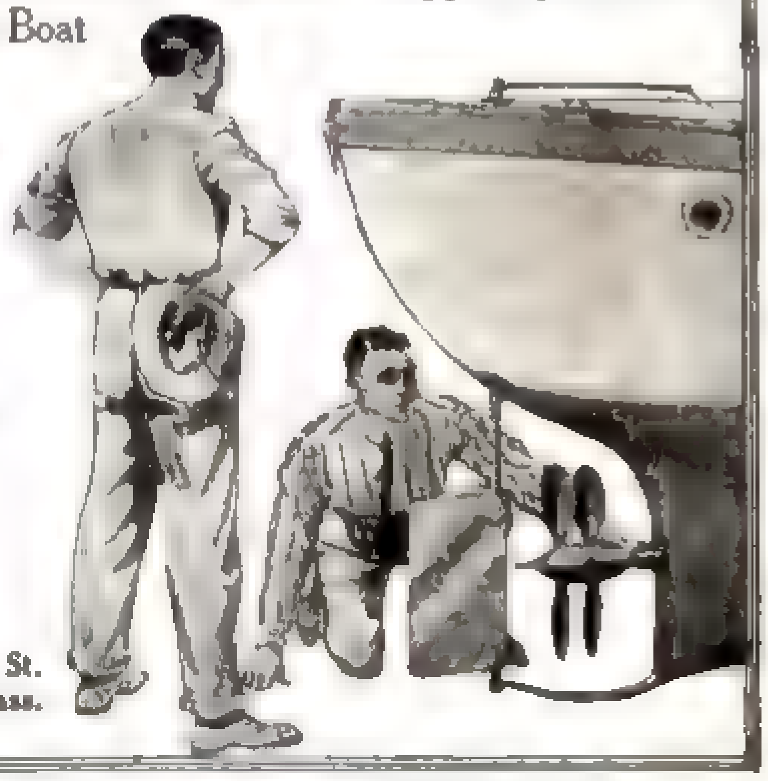

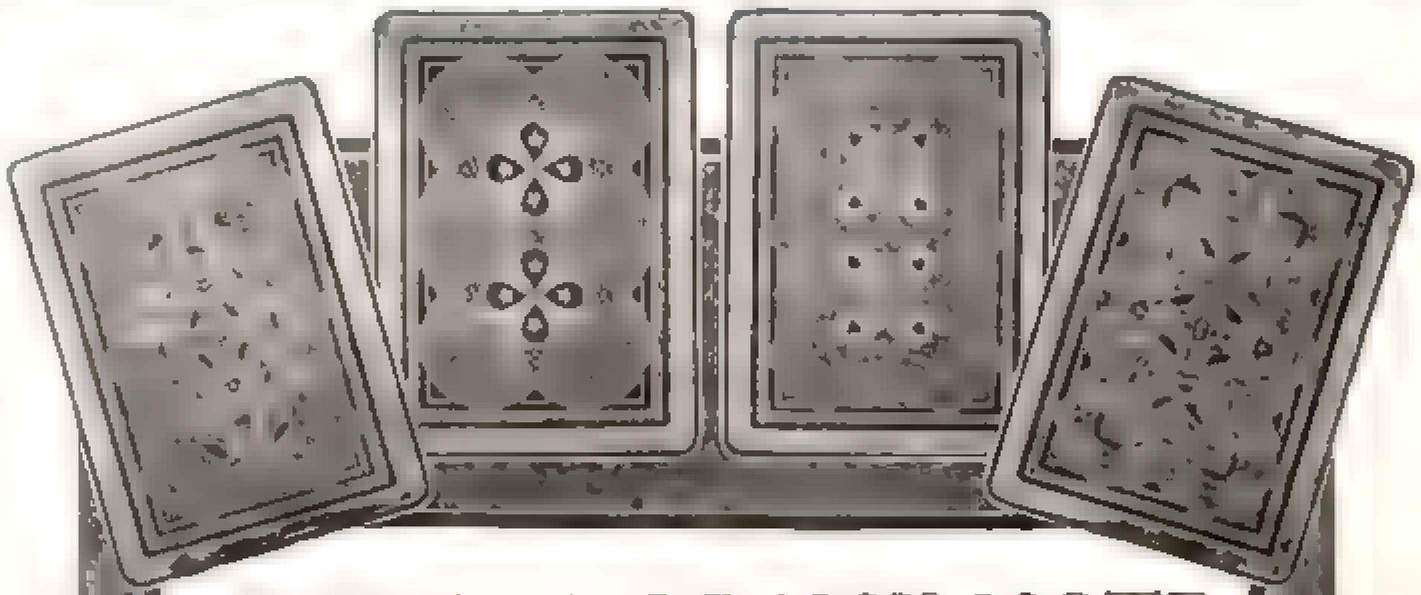

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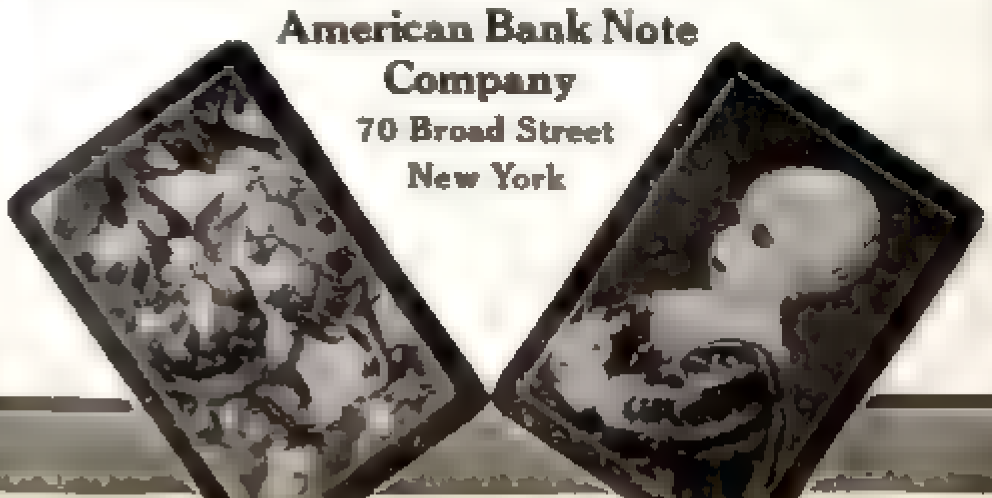

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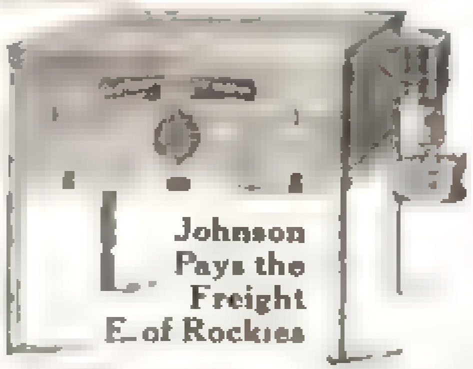

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## THE GREEK DOUBLE CROSS

Continued from Page 11

town anyway, and he might as well stay with us a while; and that the police were looking for college students downtown and locking them up, as they did each fall, to show their authority. Blanchard relieved him of his task and he came downstairs mopping his brow. Then we went to work and planned details until midnight. It was to be the plot of the century and every wheel had to mesh.

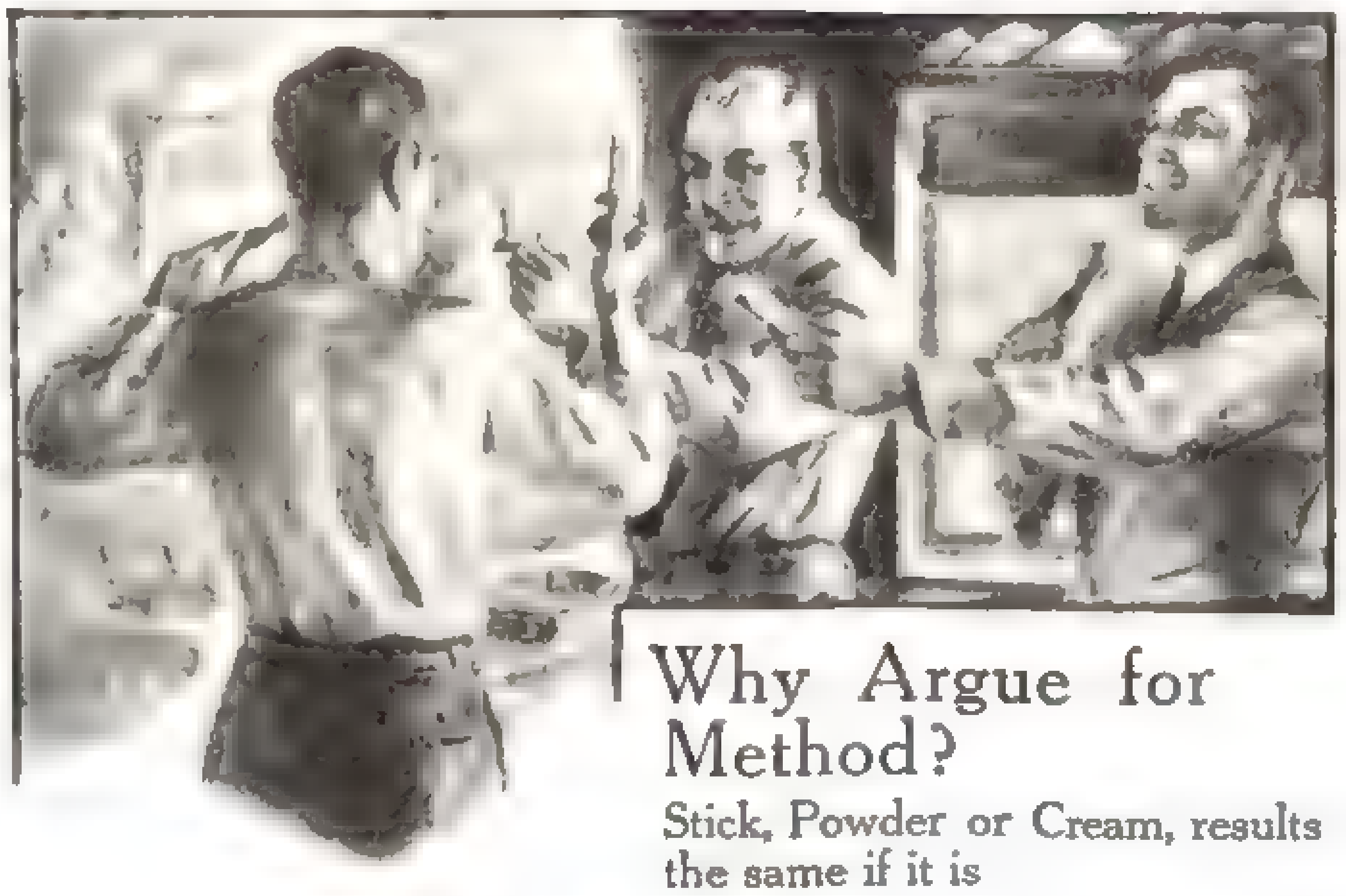
We spent the next day in a cold perspiration. Neither Alfalfa Delt nor Chi Yi paraded any pledged Freshmen. They were still hunting for the right Smith too—evidently. They fell for the Smith Club plan with such suspicious eagerness that it was plain each bunch had some nasty, lowlived scheme up its sleeves. We were righteously indignant. It was our game and they ought not to butt in. But Maxwell only smiled. He was a Napoleon, that boy was. He just waved us aside. "I'll run this little thing the way we do at Muggledorfer," he explained. "You fellows can play a few lines of football pretty well, but when it comes to surrounding a Freshman and making a Greek out of him, I wouldn't take lessons from old Ulysses himself." And so we left him alone and held each other's hands and smoked and cussed—and hoped and hoped and hoped.

Maxwell went after the three Smiths himself that night. He had taken a room in an out-of-the-way part of town and his plan was to take them over there after the meeting to discuss the future good of the Smith Club. Then about a dozen of us would slide gently over there—and a curtain would have to be drawn over the woe that would ensue for the other gangs. Meanwhile, all we had to do was to sit around the house and gnaw our fingers. Maxwell called for our Smith last and he had the other two in tow. Oh, no; we didn't invite them in. Two Alfalfa Delts and three Chi Yis were sitting on our porch, visiting us. Three Chi Yis and two Eta Bita Pies were sitting on the Alfalfa Delt porch. Four Eta Bites and two Alfalfa Delts were calling on the Chi Yi house. It was a critical moment and none of us was taking chances. We couldn't keep our Smiths from wandering, but we could make sure they didn't wander into the wrong place.

Maxwell led his flock of Smiths away and we all sat and talked to each other in little short bites. The Chi Yis were nervous as rabbits. They looked at their watches every five minutes. The Alfalfa Delts listened to us with one ear and swept the other around the gloom. The night was charged with plots. Innumerable things seemed trembling in the immediate future. When the visitors excused themselves a little later, and went away very hurriedly, we learned with pleasure from one of our boys, who had been wandering around to break in a new pair of shoes or something, that the Smith meeting, which had been called for the Erosophian Hall, had been attended by four nondescript and unknown Smiths and fourteen Chi Yis, who had dropped in casually. First blood for us! Maxwell had evidently succeeded in segregating his Smiths. We expected a telephone call from his room at any minute.

We kept on expecting it until midnight and then strolled down that way. The house was dark. A very mad landlady came down in response to our earnest request and informed us that the young carouser who had rented her room had not been there that evening; and that if we were his rowdy friends we could tell him that he would find his trunk in the alley. Then we went home and our brains throbbed and gummed up all night long.

We went to chapel the next morning to keep from going insane outright. The Chi Yis were there looking perfectly sour. The Alfalfa Delts on the other hand were riotous. Every one of them had a pleasant greeting for us. They slapped us on the back and asked us how we were coming on in our rushing. Matheson was particularly vicious. He came over to Bangs and put his arm around him in a friendly way. "I am going to have dinner with my pupil tonight," he said triumphantly. "He wants me to come over and get his trunk. Says he's got a good room now and he's much obliged to you fellows for your



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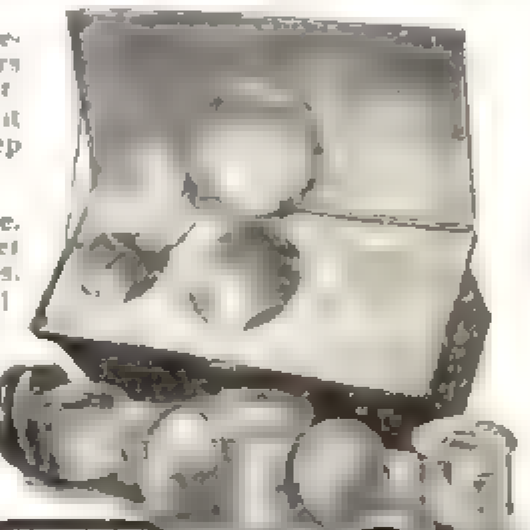

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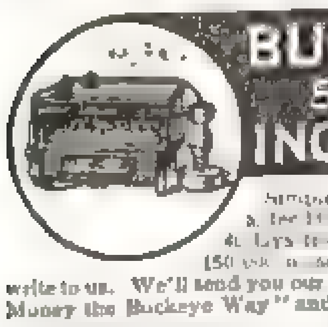
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Simple, self-regulating, complete. Guaranteed to hatch every fertile egg. 40 days trial—money back in case of failure. [illegible] If your dealer doesn't keep them write to us. We'll send you our catalogue and two books, "Making Money the Buckeye Way" and "51 Chicks from 50 Eggs." Free.

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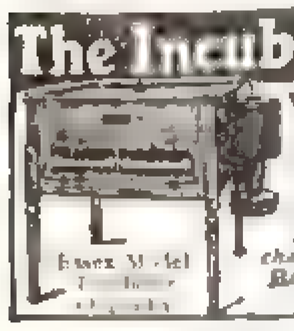
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MANKATO INCUBATOR CO., Box 844, MANKATO, MINN.

trouble. Have you heard that there's another Smith in school—son of a big Chicago man? There's some great material here this fall, don't you think?"

Bangs tripped on Matheson's pet toe and went away. Something horrible had happened. How we hated those Alfalfa Delts! They had stung us before, but this was a triple-expansion, double-back-action, high-explosive sting, with a dum dum point. We hurt all over; and the worst of it was, we hadn't been stung yet and didn't know where it was going to hit us. Did you ever wait perfectly helpless while a large, taciturn wasp with a red-hot tail was looking you over?

The Alfalfa Delts frolicked up and down college that day, Smithless but blissful. We consoled ourselves with a couple of corking chaps whom the Delta Flushes had been cultivating, and put the ribbons on them in record time. Ordinarily we would have been perfectly happy about this, but instead we were perfectly miserable. We detailed four men at a time to be gay and carefree with our pledges; and the rest of us sat around and listened to our bursting hearts. Of all the all-gone and utterly hopeless feelings, there is nothing to compare with the one you have when your frat the pride of the nation has just been tossed into the discard by some hollow-headed Freshman.

I took my head out of my hands just before dinner and went down the street to keep a rushing engagement. I had to pass the Alfalfa Delt house. It hurt like barbed wire, but I had to look. I was that miserable that it couldn't have bothered me much more, anyway, to see that wildly happy bunch. But I didn't see it. I saw instead a crowd of fellows on the porch who made our dejection look like disorderly conduct. There was enough gloom there to fit out a dozen funerals, and then there would have been enough left for a book of German philosophy. The crowd looked at me and I fancied I heard a slight gnashing of teeth. I didn't hesitate. I just walked right up to the porch and said: "Howdedo? Lovely evening!" says I. "How many Smiths have you pledged today?"

The gang turned a dark crimson. Then Matheson got up and came down to me. He was as safe-looking as somebody else's bull terrier.

"We don't care to hear any more from you," he said, clenching his words; "and it would be safer for you to get out of here. We're done with your whole crowd. You're lowdown skates—that's what you are. You're dishonorable and sneaky. You're cads! We'll get even. I give you warning. We'll get even if it takes a hundred years."

"Thanks!" says I. "Hope it takes twice as long." Then I went back home and let my date take care of itself.

III

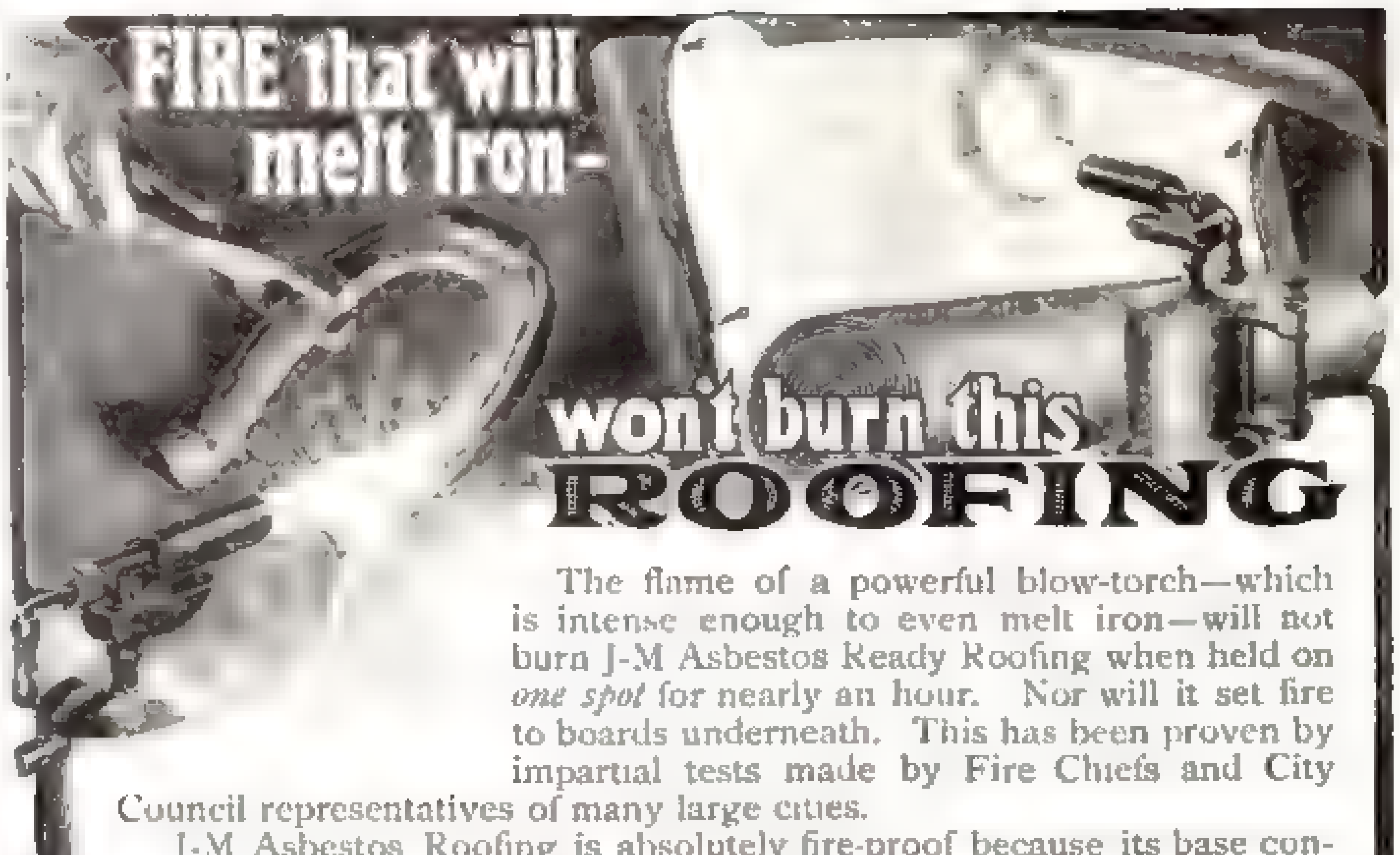
WE WENT through dinner in a daze and sat around, that night, like a bunch of vacant grins on legs. Our grins were vacant because we didn't know why we were grinning. We'd stung the Alfalfa Delts. We didn't know why or how or when. But we'd stung them! We had their word for it. Sooner or later something would turn up in the shape of particulars; only we wished it would hurry. If it didn't turn up sooner we were extremely likely to burst at the seams.

It turned up about nine o'clock. There was a commotion at the front door and Maxwell came in. He was followed by an avalanche of Smiths. There was our Smith, and a tall, lean Smith, and a Smith who waddled when he walked. They were all dirty and dusty; they all wore our pink-and-blue pledge ribbons on their coat lapels and when they got in the house they gave the Eta Bita Pie yell and sang about half of the songbook. Maxwell had not only pledged them but he had educated them.

After we had stopped carrying the bunch about on our shoulders, and had put the roof of the house back, and had righted the billiard table, and persuaded the cook to come down out of a tree in the back yard, we allowed Maxwell to tell his story.

"It was perfectly simple," he said. "Didn't expect to be kidnapped, of course; but it's all in the day's work. You've no idea what a job I had getting colors to pin on these chumps. If it hadn't been for my pink garters and a blue union suit I'd put on yesterday ——"

We stopped Maxwell and backed him up to the starting pole again. But he was no story-teller. He skipped like a cheap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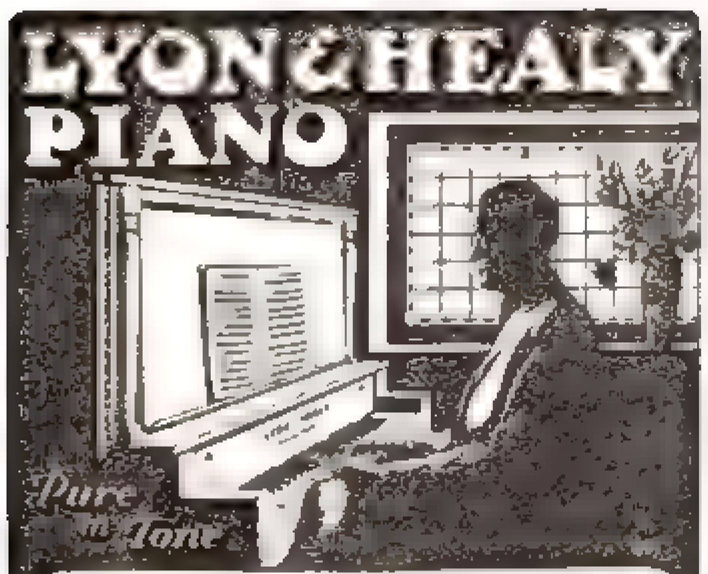

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gas engine. We had to take the story away from him piece by piece. He'd dodged his Smiths down a side street, it seems, on the plea that there weren't any more Smiths coming and they might as well go over to his room. All would have been well if one Smith hadn't got an awful thirst. There was a corner drug store on the way to the room and while the quartet were insulting their digestions with raspberry ice-cream soda a college man with a wicked eye came by. Half an hour later, just as they were crossing the railroad viaduct near Smith's home, two closed carriages drove up and six husky villains fell upon them, shouting: "Chi Yi forever!" And after dumping them in the carriages, they sat on them while the teams went off.

"After I'd got my man's knee out of my neck," said Maxwell, "I didn't seem to care much whether I was kidnapped or not. It would bind us four closer together after we escaped; and, besides, I have never found kidnapping to pay—too much risk. Anyway, they drove us nothing less than twenty miles and bundled us into an old deserted house. The leader told us, with a whole lot of unnecessary embroidery, that we were to stay there until we pledged to Chi Yi if we rotted in our shoes. Then, of course, I saw through the whole thing: It was an Alfalfa Delt gang disguised as Chi Yis. The Alfalfa Delts would send another gang out the next day, rout the bogus Chi Yis and allow the poor Freshies to fall on their necks and pledge up. That used to be popular at Muggledorfer.

"I did the talking and let my knees knock together considerably. I told them that we'd been too badly shaken up to think, but if they would let us alone that night we'd try to learn to love them by morning. So they put us upstairs and warned us that every window was guarded; then we lay down together and I began at the first chapter and pumped those chaps full of Eta Bita Pie all night.

"It was six o'clock when they finally pledged. When the gang came up they found us adamant. 'Never!' said we. 'We'll pledge Alfalfa Delt or die martyrs to a holy cause!' Of course they didn't dare give themselves away. They couldn't even shout for joy. All they could do was to wait for the rescuing party. I spent the day teaching the boys the songs and the yell in whispers; and about three o'clock I got my grand inspiration about the colors and rigged them out. Then I dug my own pin out and put on my vest and about four o'clock the rescuing party drove up. Say, you'd have laughed to see that fight! Ham-actors in Richard the Third would have made it look tame. The Chi Yis put up a fist or two, threw a brick and then cut for the timber; and the noble Alfalfa Delts burst open the door just as I got the chorus going on that grand old song:

"'*Oh, you've got to be an Eta Bita Pie*
*Or you won't get a scarehead when you die!*'

"When they saw us there, with our colors on and four particularly wicked-looking chair legs in our hands, they gave one simultaneous gasp—and say, boys, I don't believe in ghosts, but I don't see yet how they disappeared so instantaneously! And anyway, for Heaven's sake, bring out the prog. We drilled eight miles to a railroad station and my vest buttons are tickling my backbone."

Just then a telegram arrived.

"Don't look for Smith. Changed his mind and went to Jarhard!
"SNOOTY."

No wonder we couldn't blast any information out of our Smiths! Oh, they were our Smiths all right—and they weren't such a bad bunch at that. The fat one turned out to be the champion mandolin teaser in school and the lean one made the debating team; while our own particular first-edition Smith won the catch-as-catch-can chess championship of the college three years later.

Just the same I'd like to get one fair crack at that Smith who went to Jarhard. I'd get even for those three days, I'll bet a few!

Amatite ROOFING

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Here are two houses which were originally covered with shingle roofs. Modern shingles are not made like old style shingles, but are of inferior wood on account of the increasing scarcity of lumber. Accordingly, shingle roofs gave trouble, and the owner investigated the whole subject of the roofing, with the result that he found it cheaper to cover the whole roof with Amatite than to try to keep the old shingles in repair.

Amatite Roofing is so low in price, so easy to lay and so durable that it is by far the cheapest and most satisfactory answer to the problem of the leaky roof. To lay ordinary roofing over shingles and keep it painted would be just as expensive and troublesome as to keep on repairing the shingles. But Amatite Roofing requires no painting. It has a mineral surface to take the wear and tear of the weather.

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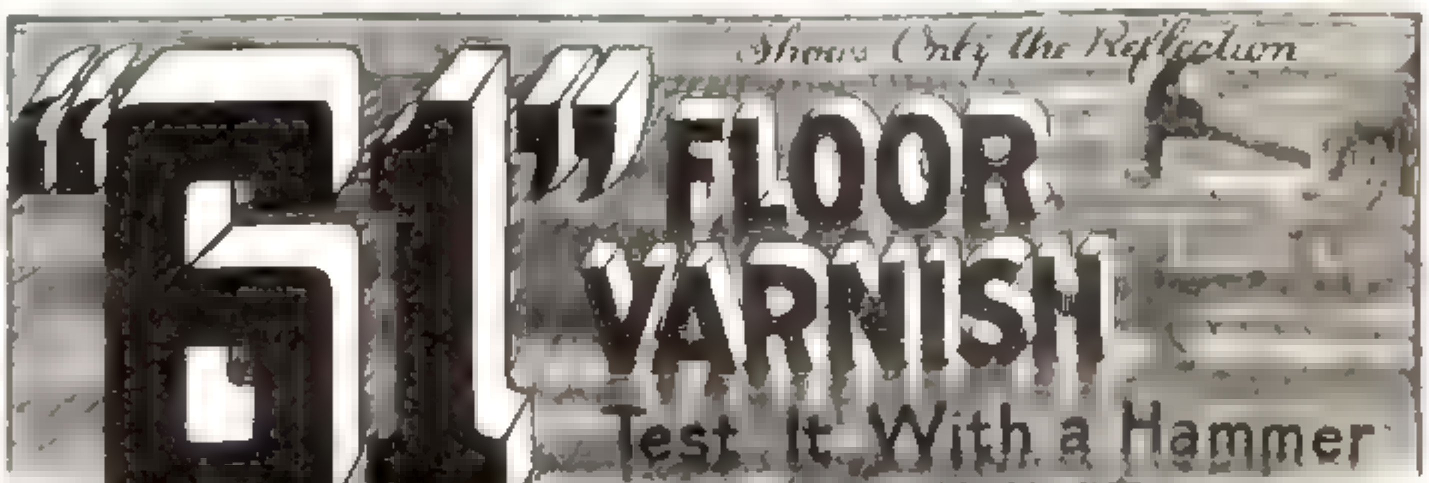

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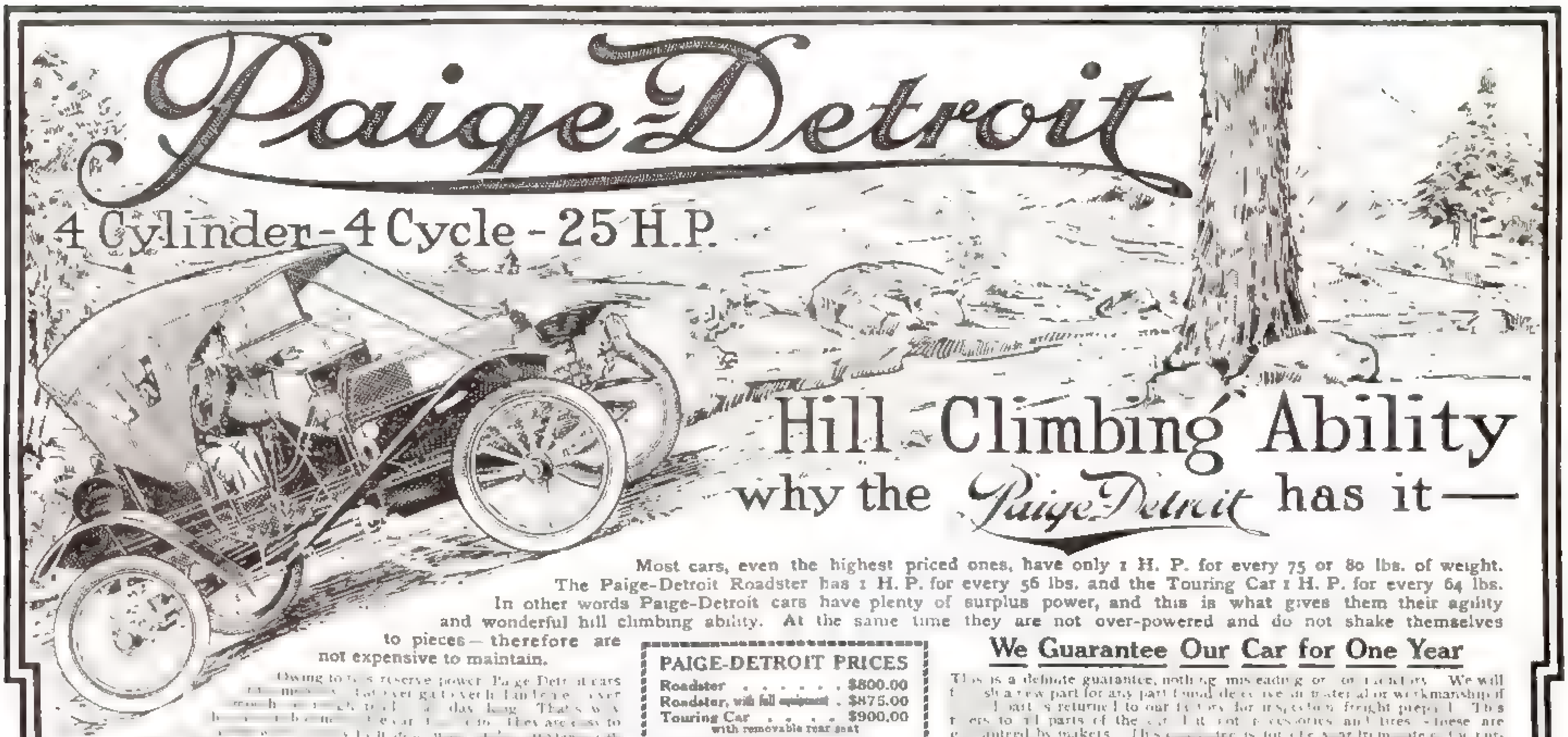

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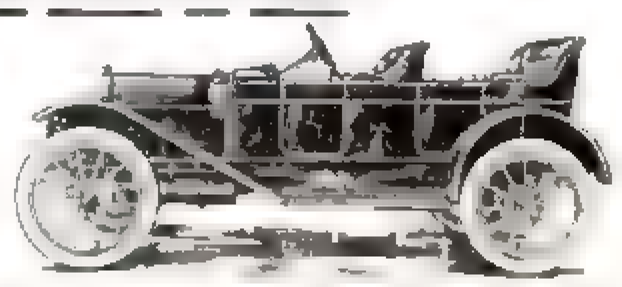

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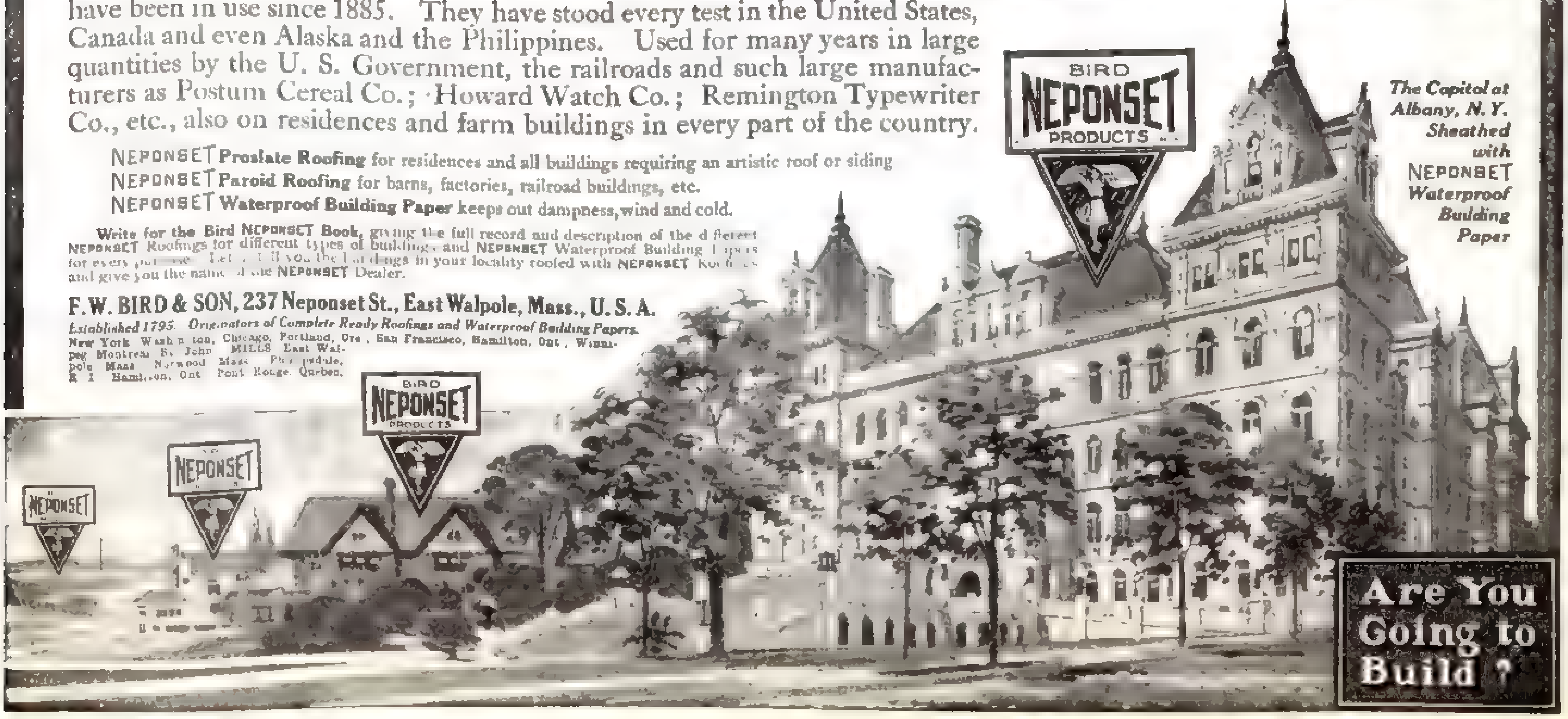

*The Capitol at Albany, N. Y. Sheathed with NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper*

**Are You Going to Build ?**

# THE SORROWS OF SEIDEN

(Continued from Page 19)

"What is the matter you are striking on me?" he cried.

"Striking!" Hillel Fatkin said. "What do you mean striking on you, Mr. Seiden? We ain't striking. Sternsilver ain't come down this morning and nobody was here he should open up the shop."

"Do you mean to told me Sternsilver ain't here?" Seiden exclaimed.

"All right; then I am a liar, Mr. Seiden," Hillel replied. "You asked me a simple question, Mr. Seiden, and I give you a plain, straightforward answer. My *Grossvater, olav hasholam*, which he was a very learned man—for years a rabbi in Telshi—used to say: 'If some one tells you you are lying, understand me, and ——"

At this juncture Seiden opened the factory door and the entire mob of workmen plunged forward, sweeping Hillel along, with his quotation from the ethical maxims of his grandfather only half finished. For the next quarter of an hour Seiden busied himself in starting up his factory and then he repaired to the office to open the mail.

In addition to three or four acceptances of invitations there was a dirty envelope bearing on its upper left-hand corner the mark of a third-rate Jersey City hotel. Seiden ripped it open and unfolded a sheet of letter paper badly scrawled in Roman capitals as follows:

"*I. Seiden:* "December 12.

"We are come to tell you which Mr. Philip Sternsilver is gone out West to Kenses Citter. So don't fool yourself he would not be at the wedding. What do you think a fine man like him would marry such a cow like Miss Bessie Saphir?

"And oblige yours truly,

"A. WELLWISHER."

For at least a quarter of an hour after reading the letter Mr. Seiden sat in his office doing sums in mental arithmetic. He added postage on invitations to cost of printing same and carried the result in his mind; next he visualized in one column the sum paid for furnishing Bessie's flat, the price of Mrs. Seiden's new dress—estimated; caterers' fees for serving dinner and hire of New Riga Hall. The total fairly stunned him and for another quarter of an hour he remained seated in his chair. Then came the realization that twenty-five commission houses, two high-grade drummers, and at least five customers, rating L to J, credit good, were even then preparing to attend a groomless wedding; and he spurred himself to action.

He ran to the telephone, but as he grabbed the receiver from the hook he became suddenly motionless.

"*Nu*," he murmured after a few seconds. "Why should I make a damn fool of myself and disappoint all them people for a greenhorn like Sternsilver?"

Once more he sought his chair and incoherent plans for retrieving the situation chased one another through his brain until he felt that his intellect was giving way. It was while he was determining to call the whole thing off that Hillel Fatkin entered.

"Mr. Seiden," he said, "could I speak to you a few words something?"

He wore an air of calm dignity that only a long rabbinical ancestry can give and his errand in his employer's office was to announce his impending resignation, as a consequence of Seiden's offensive indifference to the memory of Hillel's grandfather. When Seiden looked up, however, his mind reverted not to Hillel's quotation of his grandfather's maxims but to Sternsilver's conversation on the day of the betrothal; and Hillel's dignity suggested to him, instead of distinguished ancestry, a savings-bank account of two hundred dollars. He jumped immediately to his feet.

"Sit down, Fatkin," he cried.

Hillel seated himself much as his grandfather might have done in the house of a humble disciple, blending dignity and condescension in just the right proportions.

"So," he said, referring to Mr. Seiden's supposed contrition for the affront to the late rabbi, "when it is too late, Mr. Seiden, you are sorry."

"What do you mean, sorry?" Mr. Seiden replied. "Believe me, Fatkin, I am glad to be rid of the feller. I could get just so good foremen as him without going outside this factory even—for instance, you."

"Me!" Fatkin cried.

"Sure; why not?" Seiden continued. "A foreman must got to be fresh to the operators anyhow; and if you ain't fresh, Fatkin, I don't know who is."

"Me fresh!" Fatkin exclaimed.

"I ain't kicking you are too fresh, y'understand," Seiden said. "I am only saying you are fresh enough to be a foreman."

Fatkin shrugged. "Very well, Mr. Seiden," he said in a manner calculated to impress Seiden with the magnitude of the favor. "Very well; if you want me to I would go to work as foreman for you."

Seiden with difficulty suppressed a desire to kick Hillel and smiled blandly.

"*Schon gut*," he said. "You will go to work Monday morning."

"Why not today, Mr. Seiden?" Hillel asked.

Seiden smiled again and this time it was not so bland as it was mechanical, suggesting the pulling of an invisible string.

"Because, Fatkin, you are going to be too busy today," Seiden replied. "A feller couldn't start in to work as a foreman and also get married all in one day."

Hillel stared at his employer.

"Me get married, Mr. Seiden! What are you talking nonsense, Mr. Seiden? I ain't going to get married at all."

"Oh, yes, you are, Fatkin," Seiden replied. "You are going to get married to Miss Bessie Saphir at New Riga Hall, on Allen Street, tonight, six o'clock sharp; otherwise you wouldn't go to work as foreman at all."

Hillel rose from his chair and then sat down again.

"Do you mean to told me I must got to marry Miss Bessie Saphir before I can go to work as foreman?" he demanded.

"You got it right, Fatkin," Seiden said.

"Then I wouldn't do no such thing," Fatkin retorted and made for the door.

"Hold on!" Seiden shouted, seizing Fatkin by the arm. "Don't be a fool, Fatkin. What are you throwing away a hundred dollars cash for?"

"Me throw away a hundred dollars cash?" Fatkin blurted out.

"Sure," Seiden answered. "If you would marry Miss Bessie Saphir you would not only get by me a job as foreman but also I am willing to give you a hundred dollars cash."

Fatkin returned to the office and again sat down opposite his employer.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Seiden," he said; "I want to tell you something. You are springing on me suddenly a proposition which it is something you could really say is remarkable. Ain't it?"

Seiden nodded.

"Miss Bessie Saphir, which she is anyhow—her own best friend would got to admit it—homely like anything, Mr. Seiden," Fatkin continued, "is going to marry Sternsilver; and just because Sternsilver runs away, I should jump in and marry her like I would be nobody!"

Seiden nodded again.

"Another thing, Mr. Seiden," Hillel went on. "What is a hundred dollars? My *Grossvater, olav hasholam*—which he was a very learned man, for years a rabbi in Telshi ——"

"Sure, I know, Fatkin," Seiden interrupted. "You told me that before."

"For years a rabbi in Telshi," Hillel repeated, not deigning to notice the interruption save by a malevolent glare, "used to say: 'Soon married, quick divorced.' Why should I bring *tsuris* on myself by doing this thing, Mr. Seiden?"

Seiden treated the question as rhetorical and made no reply.

"Also I got in bank nearly three hundred dollars, Mr. Seiden," he concluded; "and even if I was a feller which wouldn't be from such fine family in the old country, understand me, three hundred dollars is three hundred dollars, Mr. Seiden, and that's all there is to it."

Seiden pondered deeply for a minute.

"All right, Fatkin," he said; "make it a hundred and fifty dollars *und fertig*."

"Three hundred dollars *oder* nothing!" Fatkin replied firmly; and after half an hour of more or less acrid discussion Fatkin agreed to accept Miss Bessie Saphir plus three hundred dollars and a job as foreman.

◆

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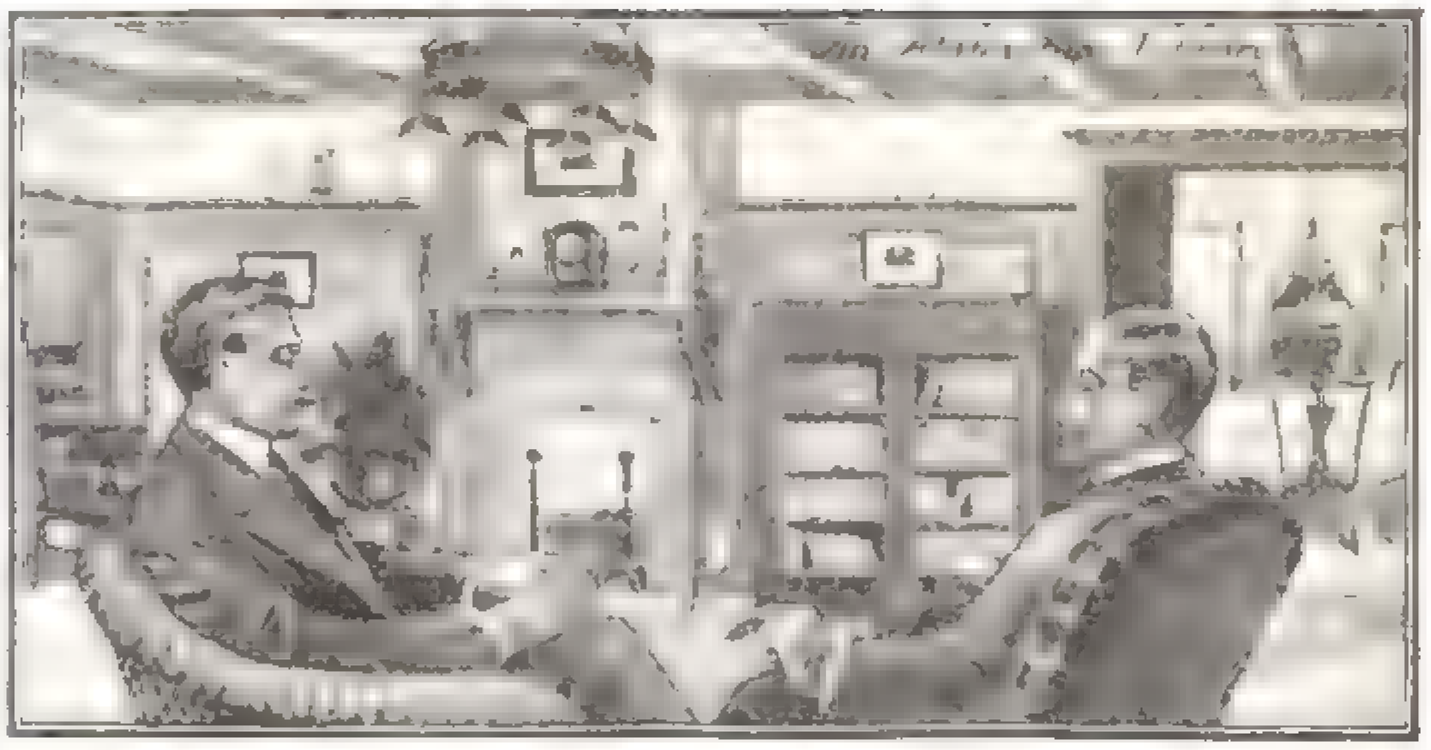

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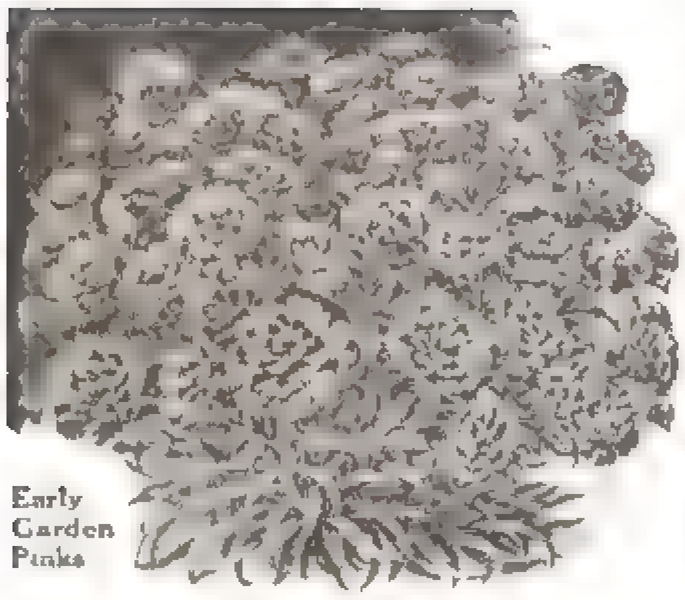

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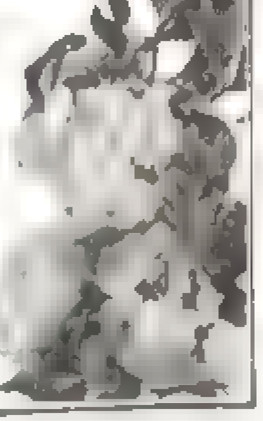

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a desire to gloat or by mere vulgar curiosity, Philip Sternsilver slunk within the shadow of an L-road pillar on Allen Street opposite New Riga Hall promptly at half past five that evening.

First to arrive was Isaac Seiden himself. He bore a heavily laden suitcase and his face was distorted in an expression of such intense gloom that Sternsilver almost found it in his heart to be sorry for his late employer.

Mrs. Seiden, Miss Bessie Saphir and Mrs. Miriam Saphir next appeared. They were chattering in an animated fashion and passed into the hall in a gale of laughter.

"Must be he didn't told 'em yet," Sternsilver muttered to himself.

Then came representatives of commission houses and several L to J customers attired in appropriate wedding finery; and as they entered the hall Sternsilver deemed that the pertinent moment for disappearing had arrived. He left hurriedly before the advent of two high-grade salesmen, or he might have noticed in their wake the dignified figure of Hillel Fatkin, arrayed in a fur overcoat, which covered a suit of evening clothes and was surmounted by a high silk hat. Hillel walked slowly, as much in the realization that haste was unbecoming to a bridegroom as on account of his patent-leather shoes, which were half a size too small for him; for the silk hat, fur overcoat, patent-leather shoes and dress suit were all hired and formed Combination Wedding Outfit No. 6 in the catalogue of the Imperial Dress-Suit Parlor on Rivington Street. It was listed at five dollars a wedding; but the proprietress, to whom Hillel had boasted of his rabbinical ancestry, concluded to allow him a clerical discount of twenty per cent when he hesitated between his ultimate selection and the three-dollar Combination No. 4, which did not include the fur overcoat.

The extra dollar was well invested, for the effect of Combination No. 6 upon Miss Bessie Saphir proved to be electrical. At first sight of it, she dismissed forever the memory of the fickle Sternsilver, who, at the very moment when Bessie and Hillel were plighting their troth, regaled himself with *Mohnkuchen* and coffee at a neighboring café.

He sat in an obscure corner behind the lady cashier's desk; and as he consumed his supper with hearty appetite he could not help overhearing the conversation she was carrying on with a rotund personage who was none other than Sam Kupferberg, the well-known Madison Street advocate.

"For a greenhorn like him," said Sam, "he certainly done well. He ain't been in the place a year, y' understand, and tonight he marries a relation of his boss and he gets a job as foreman and three hundred dollars in the bargain."

The cashier clucked with her tongue. "S' imagine!" she commented.

"Mind you," Sam continued, "only this afternoon yet, Seiden tells him he should marry the girl, as this other feller backed out; and he stands out for three hundred dollars, y' understand, and a job as foreman. What could Seiden do? He had to give in and they're being married right now in New Riga Hall."

"S' imagine!" the cashier said again, adjusting her pompadour.

"And, furthermore," Sam continued, "the girl is a relation of Seiden's wife, y' understand."

"My Gawd, ketch him!" the cashier exclaimed; and Sam Kupferberg grabbed Philip Sternsilver just as he was disappearing into the street. It was some minutes before Philip could be brought to realize that he owed ten cents for his supper, but when he was at length released he made up for lost time. His progress down Allen Street was marked by two overturned pushcarts and a trail of tumbled children; and, despite this havoc, when he arrived at New Riga Hall the ceremony was finished by half an hour or more.

Indeed, the guests were gathered about the supper table and soup had just been served, when the proprietor of the hall tiptoed to the bridal table and whispered in Isaac Seiden's ear.

"A feller by the name Sternsilver wants to speak a few words something to you," he said.

Seiden turned pale and leaving half a plateful of soup uninhaled he rose from the table and followed the proprietor to the latter's private office. There sat Philip Sternsilver gasping for breath.

"Murderer!" he shouted as Seiden entered. "You are shedding my blood."

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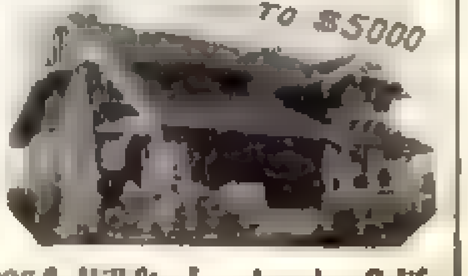

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"*Koosh.* Sternsilver!" Seiden hissed. "Ain't you got no shame for the people at all?"

"Where is my Bessie—my life?" Sternsilver wailed. "Without you are making any inquiries at all you are marrying her to a loafer. Me, I am nothing! What is it to you I am pretty near killed in the street last night and must got to go to a hospital! For years I am working for you already, day in, day out, without I am missing a single forenoon even—and you are treating me like this!"

It was now Seiden's turn to gasp.

"What d'ye mean?" he cried, searching in his coat pocket. "Ain't you wrote me this here letter?"

He produced the missive received by him that morning and handed it to Sternsilver, who, unnoticed by the excited Seiden, returned it without even glancing at its contents.

"I never seen it before," he declared. "Why should I write printing? Don't you suppose I can write writing, Mr. Seiden?"

"Who did send it, then?" Seiden asked.

"It looks to me," said Sternsilver, who grew calmer as Seiden became more agitated—"It looks to me like that sucker Fatkin writes it."

"What!" Seiden yelled. "And me I am paying him cash three hundred dollars he should marry that girl! Even a certified check he wouldn't accept."

Although this information was not new to Sternsilver, to hear it thus at first hand seemed to infuriate him.

"What!" he howled. "You are giving that greenhorn three hundred dollars yet to marry such a beautiful girl like my Bessie!"

He buried his face in his hands and rocked to and fro in his chair.

"Never mind, Sternsilver," Seiden said comfortingly; "you shouldn't take on so—she ain't so beautiful; and, as for that feller Fatkin ——"

"You are talking about me, Mr. Seiden?" said a voice in the doorway.

Sternsilver looked up and once again Wedding Outfit Combination No. 6 conquered; for assuredly, had Fatkin been arrayed in his working clothes, he would have suffered a personal assault at the hands of his late foreman.

"Mr. Seiden," Fatkin continued, "never mind; I could stand it somebody calls me names, but Mr. Latz wants to know what is become of you for the last quarter of an hour. Mr. Latz tells me during November alone he buys from us eight hundred dollars goods."

"Us!" Seiden cried, employing three inflections to the monosyllable.

Before Seiden could protest further, however, Sternsilver had recovered from the partial hypnosis of Combination No. 6 and he gave tongue like a foxhound.

"*Oo-ee tsuris!*" he wailed.

"*Koosh!*" Fatkin cried, closing the door. "What do you want here?"

"You know what I want," Sternsilver sobbed. "You are stealing from me three hundred dollars."

Fatkin turned to Seiden and gazed at him reproachfully.

"Mr. Seiden," he said, "what for you are telling me that Sternsilver wouldn't get a cent with Bessie? And you are trying to get me I should be satisfied with a hundred dollars yet. Honestly, Mr. Seiden, I am surprised at you."

"*Schmooes*, Fatkin!" Seiden protested. "I never promised to give him nothing. Dreams he got it."

Sternsilver rose from his seat.

"Do you mean to told me that a greenhorn like him you would give three hundred dollars," he asked, "and me you wouldn't give nothing?"

"You!" Fatkin bellowed. "What are you? You are coming to me throwing a bluff that you got a relation by the name Sternsilver, which he *ganvers* ten thousand rubles from Moser's Bank, in Kovno; and this afternoon yet I find out the feller's name was Steinsilver—not Sternsilver; which he ain't got a relation in the world, y'understand. Faker!"

Sternsilver nodded his head slowly.

"Faker, am I?" he said. "All right, Mr. Fatkin; if I am a faker I will show you what I would do. You and this here Seiden fix it up between you, because I am all of a sudden sick in the hospital, that you steal away my Bessie and the three hundred dollars also. *Schon gut!* I would sue you both in the courts *und fertig*."

"Sternsilver is right, in a way," Seiden said, "even though he is a bum. What for did you write me this letter, Fatkin?"

"Me write you that letter, Mr. Seiden!" Fatkin protested as he looked at the document in question. "Why, Mr. Seiden, I can't write printing. It is all I can do to write writing. And besides, Mr. Seiden, until you are telling me about getting married, the idee never enters my head at all."

There could be no mistaking Fatkin's sincerity and Seiden turned to Sternsilver with a threatening gesture.

"Out!" he cried. "Out of here before I am sending for a policeman to give you arrested."

"Don't make me no bluffs, Seiden!" Sternsilver answered calmly. "Either you would got to settle with me now *oder* I would go right upstairs and tell them commission houses and customers which you got there all about it. What do you take me for, Seiden—a greenhorn?"

"Fatkin," Seiden commanded, "do you hear what I am telling you? Take this loafer and throw him into the street."

"Me?" Fatkin said. "What are you talking nonsense, Mr. Seiden? I should throw him into the street when I am standing to lose on the coat alone ten dollars!"

Seiden looked at Fatkin and the validity of his objection was at once apparent.

"*Nu*, Sternsilver," he said. "Be a good feller. Here is five dollars. Go away and leave us alone."

Sternsilver laughed aloud.

"You are talking like I would be a child, Seiden!" he said. "Either you would give me cash a hundred dollars *oder* I would go right away upstairs to the customers."

Seiden turned to Fatkin.

"Fatkin," he said, "I am giving you this evening three hundred dollars. Give him a hundred dollars and be done with it."

"What d'ye mean, me give him a hundred dollars, Mr. Seiden?" Fatkin demanded. "They ain't my customers."

At this juncture the proprietor of the hall opened the door.

"Mr. Seiden," he said, "everybody is through eating; so, if you would give me the key to the suitcase which you got the cigars and *Schnapps* in, Mr. Seiden, I would hand 'em around."

"I'll be there in a minute," Seiden replied. He turned to Sternsilver and made one last appeal. "*Nu*, Sternsilver," he said, "would you take a check?"

"*Oser a Stück*," Sternsilver declared; but, although for five minutes he maintained his refusal, he finally relented.

"Well, Mr. Seiden," he said, offering his hand, "I congradulate you."

Seiden refused the proffered palm and started for the door. Before he reached it, however, Fatkin grabbed him by the arm.

"At such a time like this, Mr. Seiden," he said, "you couldn't afford to be small."

Once more Sternsilver held out his hand and this time Seiden shook it limply.

"No bad feelings, Mr. Seiden," Sternsilver said, and Seiden shrugged impatiently.

"You I don't blame at all, Sternsilver," he said. "I am making from my own self a sucker yet. A feller shouldn't never even begin with his wife's relations."

. . . . . . . . .

At the end of a year Hillel Fatkin left the employ of the Sanspareil Waist Company to embark in the garment business on his own account. Many reasons contributed to this move, chief of which was the arrival of a son in Fatkin's household.

"And we would call him Pesach," Hillel said to his mother-in-law shortly after the birth of his heir, "after your Uncle Pesach Gubin."

"My Uncle Pesach Gubin!" Mrs. Miriam Saphir protested. "What are you talking nonsense, Hillel? That lowlife is Mrs. Seiden's uncle, not my uncle."

"Your cousin, then," Hillel continued. "What's the difference if he's your cousin *oder* your uncle—we would call the boy after him anyhow."

"Call the boy after that drinker—that bum! What for? The feller ain't no relation to me at all. Why should we call the precious lamb after Beckie Seiden's relations?"

"Do you mean to told me," he said, "that Pesach Gubin ain't no relation to Bessie at all?"

Mrs. Saphir nodded and blushed.

"The way families is mixed up nowadays, Hillel," she said, "it don't do no harm to claim relation with some people."

Her face commenced to resume its normal color.

"Especially," she added, "if they got money."

Hunt's Quality Fruits

"The kind that is NOT lye-peeled"

There's no lie on the label

Hunt's Supreme Quality
J. H. Hunt
HUNT BROS COMPANY
HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
CALIFORNIA FRUITS

Look for this signature on every can

There's no LYE in the can

Is the finest pack of California canned fruits buyable to-day. These fruits are packed with the utmost care in every department; free from the use of chemicals. No nation's command as to Pure Food requirements is as rigid as our process of packing. The test of this statement is in every can. Get a can to-day—try it. Your grocer will supply you.

HUNT BROS. CO.

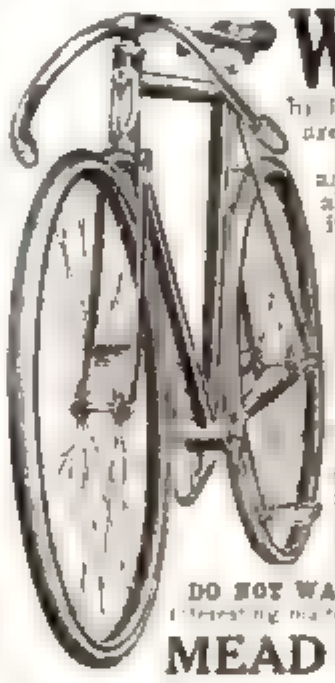
GENERAL OFFICES

112 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.

Send us the name of your grocer and the trade mark from one of our labels and we will send you a set of

3 Beautiful Calendars Free

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF PURITY IN FOOD PRODUCTS



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1911 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

**NO MONEY REQUIRED** until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

**LOW FACTORY PRICES** We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of **tires** from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer.*

**YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED** when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at **lower prices** than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

**SECOND HAND BICYCLES** – a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive **bargain list mailed free.**

**TIRES, COASTER BRAKE** rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices**.

**DO NOT WAIT**— but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

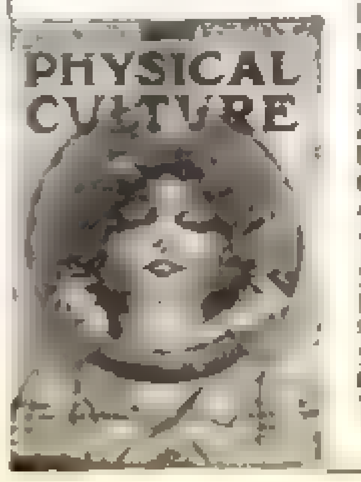
Get This Course In Physical Culture

For a limited time, to every one sending us $1.00 for an eight months' subscription to the

PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE

We'll give a complete course in body-building, specially designed for home use by Bernarr Macfadden, the world's greatest authority on health and strength-building. This course calls for no apparatus, and is adapted for use by both **men and women**. Each lesson is illustrated by a handsome chart, in colors, accompanied by plain and thorough printed description.

**March Issue on News-stands NOW**



Bernarr Macfadden

**In preparing these lessons, Bernarr Macfadden has utilized the knowledge which he has gained by a quarter-century's experience in health-building. You reap the benefit of his wide experience, and of his treatment of thousands, at his immense Healthatorium, 42d Street and Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.**

We make this unusual offer because we want to acquaint you with **Physical Culture**—a monthly magazine whose handsomely illustrated pages are brimful of entertaining fiction and useful information for health-seekers and lovers of outdoor life. You'll not try to get along without it once you become a reader. Just send us a dollar bill and say, "Send me **Physical Culture** for eight months and your free course in physical culture at once." We will cheerfully refund your money if you are not satisfied

PHYSICAL CULTURE PUB. CO., 921 Flatiron Bldg., New York City

**25 Superb Easter Post Cards For Only 5 Cents**

Every woman who sends 50 cents for a year's subscription for McCall's Magazine, the Celebrated Fashion Authority, may have for only 5 cents extra 25 magnificent, all different, Easter Post Cards. They are richly printed in 14 colors, richly finished in gold and silver and handsomely embossed. You may have the entire set of Post Cards (worth 50c), besides a year's subscription, all for only 55 cents. We give you the benefit of this extraordinary bargain to get you acquainted with

Best Easter Wishes

**McCall's Magazine**

You will be delighted with the exquisite Post Cards and you will be more than delighted with McCall's Magazine, one of the most helpful and entertaining woman's journals published. Over 1,100,000 women depend upon McCall's as their Guide in Fashions, Fancy Work, Household Matters, etc. Helps women save money and keep in style. You need McCall's.

**Special**—Any one of the famous McCall Patterns **complimentary** to every woman who accepts this wonderful bargain at least two weeks before Easter.

Send 55 cents in stamps today for the year's subscription, 25 Post Cards and Pattern.

**Address—McCall's Magazine, Dept. 263, New York**

**SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS**

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled line"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

**PATENT YOUR IDEAS**

Book, "**How to Obtain a Patent**" and "**What to Invent**" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

**Patent Obtained or Fee Returned**

**CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys**
Established 16 Years
**1001 F Street, Washington, D. C.**

**I TEACH *Penmanship* BY MAIL**

I won the **World's First Prize** for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you **Free** one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

**C. W. Ransom, 728 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

**SALESMEN WANTED**

We want a few strong, ambitious, determined salesmen to sell **Frederickson Art Calendars for Advertising**. Our line has produced a profound sensation throughout the country, and for 1912 we have eclipsed all previous efforts of American Calendar Manufacturers.

If you are a man with a record as a successful salesman in any legitimate line, with supreme confidence in your own ability to do things on a large scale, and are seeking to better your own condition—**write us.**

**THE FREDERICKSON CO., Art Publishers**
**839 First National Bank Bldg.** Chicago, Ill.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

**If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting**

**MEMORY the BASIS of All Knowledge**

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "**How to Remember**"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Address

**DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 Aud't'm Bldg., Chicago**

**BIG MONEY FOR BIG MEN**

If you are an A 1 salesman qualified to take charge of large territory, handle District Managers, appoint solicitors, here is OPPORTUNITY.

The Hoklaway "Buttnsewer" fits all sewing machines. Sews hooks, eyes and buttons on all materials *twenty times quicker than old method*. Entirely new—patented—so useful it sells like bread in a famine. We want representation everywhere—men (and women) of right timber for State Managers; also for District Managers and solicitors. If you are qualified, write quick, giving experience and reference.

**DETROIT-DELAWARE MFG. CO.**
**Department 31, 409-410 Hammond Building, Detroit, Michigan**

**Do Not Take PENMANSHIP By Mail Until**

You see my "Fresh-from-the-pen" copies. Good penmanship counts when making application for a position. *A well-written letter is always given first consideration.* Prof. L. H. Hausam, America's most noted penman, can make an expert of you by mail. Pen Art Book Free. The Hausam School, Box 3538, Hutchinson, Kans.

**MONEY**—We buy diamonds, watches, jewelry, gold or silver, new or broken—any quantity. Send by mail or express. Goods will be held subject to your approval and returned at our expense if our offer is not satisfactory, or you can save 50% in buying from us. Established 1896.

**Liberty Refining Company, Pittsburgh Life Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

# We are asking these questions of newspaper readers everywhere

**This particular advertisement and others to the same effect were inserted in 107 newspapers**

**——the first steps in a national campaign for an ideal—the ideal of true democracy.**

Collier's has already received several thousand replies from this.

Collier's will run through 1911 what we hope will be the most epoch-making series of articles ever published.

——a broad treatment of the newspaper situation in America.

Part of the series has been written by Will Irwin—after months of travel and personal investigation

——but the main portion, editorially sifted and crystallized, is written *by the American Public itself.*

This preliminary advertisement will give an idea of the scope of our purpose.

**We want the readers of "The Saturday Evening Post" to help us. We offer you a prize of $50 for the best letter of not over 500 words telling of the newspaper situation in your home town**

**——and we will pay $5 for every letter that may be published in COLLIER'S, either in whole or in part.**

## What does your daily paper bring into your home?

**This is Collier's work, for 1911**

"The American press has more influence than it ever had in any other time or any other country."

Is it for good or ill?

Collier's, *The National Weekly*, has already spent over $25,000 in preparing the first real, human treatise of this vital subject—an interesting, intense, truthful narrative, written for the public. Well-known writers are at work on a series of articles that bristle with facts and read like fiction. This series is now appearing and will continue to run about every other week throughout 1911.

These men know what they are talking about—but we want more.

We want the opinion of the newspaper readers themselves.

—— we need *your* view-point.

——and we ask you to answer these six questions:

**We want your help on these six questions**

1. What local newspaper do you read regularly?
2. How are your opinions influenced by its editorials?
3. Do you as a rule believe what you read in the news columns?
4. What feature or department do you value most?
5. What criticisms, if any, have you to make?
6. Which local newspapers exert a good, and which a bad, influence on your community?

**$50 for the best answer**

For the best answer to these questions, in a letter not over 500 words long—make it brief—Collier's will give a prize of $50.00. And for every other letter that may be published in Collier's, in whole or in part, we will pay $5.00.

Your answer will assist a splendid work. We want to tell the world not only the history of American journalism, but also

——the good that some powerful newspapers accomplish.

——the evil done by others.

——what they are doing for and against true democracy.

**Just follow these directions**

**The six questions may be followed literally, or considered merely as suggestions. Write what you feel. We want letters from you, the intelligent citizen who has the well-being of his city at heart. You know what is the important subject better than we.**

**Send letter to Collier's Newspaper Editor, 416 West 13th Street, New York City.**

## $50 for the best answer

**Contest closes April 15. Awards will be made on or before June 1**

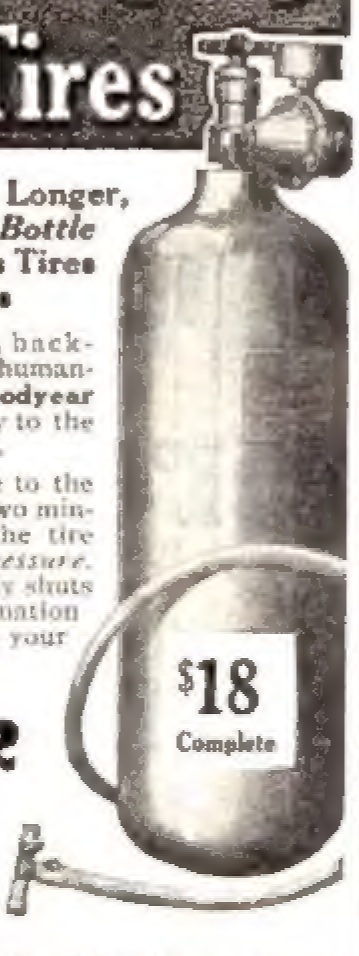
*Follow these instructions:*

**Write a brief, simple letter, answering all or part of the questions in the above advertisement—or ignore the questions altogether, if there is something more vital for you to write about. We want your honest view-point.**

**Send letter to Collier's Newspaper Editor, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.**

**Contest closes April 15th. Awards will be made on or before June 1, 1911**

**Quit Pumping Auto Tires**



**No Need to Do It Any Longer, for the *Goodyear Air Bottle* Automatically Pumps Tires in a Few Minutes**

The hand-blistering, back-breaking drudgery of human-pumping is gone when a **Goodyear Air Bottle** is fitted neatly to the running board of your car.

Simply attach the hose to the valve—turn a screw—in two minutes the bottle inflates the tire to *exactly the correct pressure.* Then the air automatically shuts off. The complete fascination of motoring is yours when your car carries a

**GOODYEAR Air Bottle**

It is a proved fact that 90% of tire troubles result from *under-inflation.* Under-inflated tires give out quickly. By allowing the *air bottle* to do your pumping *under-inflation* is impossible, for the device inflates your tires to *exactly the correct pressure ALWAYS.* This feature alone makes tires last 50% longer, and by itself is worth double the bottle's cost.

This seamless steel bottle is filled with compressed pure air—no gas. The bottle holds enough to partially inflate 75 to 100 tires—to fully inflate up to 35 tires. We refill the bottle for $1.00 at all points east of the Mississippi and $1.25 west. Simply turn it in at any Goodyear branch or agency and receive a new, already-charged bottle without waiting an instant. Fits neatly to the running board of any machine. *Cannot freeze up.*

Don't pump tires by hand any more—the Goodyear Air Bottle will do your pumping many years for $18—its cost complete. And in addition you get *double the tire mileage.* It's worth it to be free from pumping drudgery.

Send no money. Simply mail us the order below—it involves no obligation. It will bring a Goodyear Air Bottle to your office or home—then you may approve the choice or reject it. Please tear out and mail the order at once—*NOW.* Address

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.**
**Aircourt Ave., Akron, Ohio** (137)

**Order for Air Bottle**

**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.**
**Aircourt Ave., Akron, Ohio**

Send me a Goodyear Air Bottle.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City or Town ____________
Business ____________

**LIMBERT'S Holland Dutch ARTS & CRAFTS**

**Our New 1911**
**STYLE BOOK**
**Mailed Free**

IT WILL be of value to every home maker as it shows over three hundred examples of the highest type of Arts & Crafts Furniture that has been made for modern use, color plates of Arts & Crafts interiors in different color harmonies, and gives an instructive and interesting history of this charming style since the 15th Century. This furniture is made by Holland Dutch Artists and Craftsmen of recognized ability—who impart an individuality and superiority to each piece which carries our branded Trade Mark. This is a means of identification—a guarantee of excellency.

Ask your local dealer to show you Limbert's Holland Dutch Arts & Crafts Furniture. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and we will give you the address of our Associate Distributor nearest to you.

**Charles P. Limbert Company**
**Holland, Mich. Dept. S Grand Rapids, Mich.**

**MOVING WEST?**

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write **today** for colored maps and information.
*TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY*
*508 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.*
*614-29 Broadway, New York.*

# Various Apologies

## OR LITTLE PLEAS FOR TOLERANCE

### By Wallace Irwin

NEAR the tropic strand and tidal
Of a certain Southern Isle
Sits a rather horrid Idol
With a rather winning smile,
For his richly carven bosom
Is as kindly as you please;
And his name it is Exkoosem—
God of All Apologies.

To adore this ugly lummux
Come the natives small and great:
And they bow their reverent stomachs
To his majesty and state.
Loud they raise their supplication,
For his magic power is this:
He will give you Toleration
When you have a Prejudice.

If a chronic grouch offend you
Or you nurse some carking grief,
Take the pen the Priest will lend you
And upon a plantain leaf
State your reason for complaining;
Then apologize for it—
And, behold! your peevish paining
Will immediately quit.

With a mighty Toleration
All your neighbors you will judge;
You will plead extenuation
Where you once avowed a grudge.
How I wish the god Exkoosem
Had a shrine in U. S. A.,
That I, too, might ease my bosom
In the following painless way:

*AN APOLOGY FOR SWELLED HEADS*

There are numerous persons I know of
Who think themselves better than I:
There's the Matinée Actor,
The Garbage Contractor
And the Noble of Lineage high;
There's the young Politician,
The Parlor Musician,
The Heavyweight Champion Pug,
The Harvard Instructor,
The Street-Car Conductor
And the Anglicized Monoplane Bug;
There's the Broadway Head Waiter,
The Tariff Debater,
The Girl who writes Frenchy effusions—
In fact, quite a list
Of folks who persist
In their ego-developed delusions.

They greet me with haughty demeanor,
They toss me superior smiles;
Their airs patronizing
Or plainly despising,
Or graded to various styles.
I try to look pleasant,
They don't know I'm present;
My anecdotes put them to sleep;
If I make contradictions
Or air my convictions
They think me forthputting and cheap.
With mumbling contrition
I yield my position,
Regretting I ever was born
To live to the day
When I got in the way
Of the Magnified Heavenly Scorn.

When I meet such a Talking Colossus,
Don't think that I'm pettish or peeved.
Though reduced to a pulp
Or devoured at a gulp,
I am neither offended nor grieved.
Nay, meekly I greet
The supremest conceit
As I think with magnificent tact:
"If he's better than I—
Well, I cannot deny
That he ought to be proud of the fact."

*AN APOLOGY FOR THE HALL OF FAME*

You can't get in the Hall of Fame
Until a Jury takes your name.
The Candidates they praise or snub—
It's just like any other Club.

And as in other Clubs, in fact,
Its cool Distinguished Members act;
A motionless, unbending lot,
Who don't care if you're In or not.

And, like some other Clubs I know,
Its Members, planted in a row,
Dwell in the past; in fact, they're strong
On doing nothing all day long.

And yet a Club that can array
Members like Lincoln, Grant and Clay
Can well afford to have a few
Exalted Zeros in its crew.

If they admitted Poe o'er late
Because of his convivial trait,
Oh, do not chide the Hall of Fame—
Some lesser Clubs might do the same.

As Mark Aurelius might have said:
"Just keep on living till you're dead";
Then maybe you or I or Jones
Within the Hall may rest our bones.

Perhaps we'll each, on plate of brass,
Be labeled: "Famous Man, First Class";
So all the World may come and see
And ask: "Say, who the Deuce was he?"

*AN APOLOGY FOR POLITENESS*

A loathsome trait, we all agree,
Which much in Foreigners we see
Whenever they meet
In shop or street,
Is Insincere Politeness.
With their cold, mechanical bows and scrapes,
Like hypocritical jackanapes—
With their "Parlay-voo"
And their "After you"
And their conversational triteness.

It's sad to see these alien yaps
Draw in their heels and doff their caps,
And block the way
With palaverous play
Where American folks get busy;
For Indirectness is a crime
Where every moment's worth a dime,
And compliments
In a business sense
Are windy things and fizzy.

But in this land of worth sincere,
When strange umbrellas poke your ear,
When cops are curt
And shopgirls pert
And servants quite unbending;
Or, when you ask a brakeman plain
About the seven-thirty train,
And he answers naught,
As though he thought
You drunk, or else pretending;

Then I forgive those foreign apes
For all their bobs and bows and scrapes,
And wish we Yanks
Might copy their pranks
In greeting friend and stranger.
If this were overdone we might
Become too loathsomely polite.
But who's afraid?
I'm not dismayed
By so remote a danger.

*AN APOLOGY FOR GIRLS*

Girls, girls! What is the use
Of all their imperfection,
Peachy looks, giggles and books,
Romance and complexion?

Only fit for photographs,
Chocolate creams and lovers,
Opera coats and anecdotes,
And Harrison Fisher covers.

Lacking sterner mental powers,
Light their occupations—
Good, perhaps, to put with flowers
Among the decorations.

What know they of Woman's Sphere
Or Freedom's fair dominion?
On Suffrage fights for feminine rights
They have no clear opinion.

They're only fit for matinées
Or débutante cotillions;
To boss their Pas and worry their Mas
And marry men with millions.

They only seem to flit about
With no fixed plan of action,
And wreck repose of Romeos
To Shakspere's satisfaction.

They're only fit to turn the world
From quite a wise and glum thing
To a frivolous place of color and grace—
Yet, after all, that's something!

We are retail clothiers.

We know the problems that face the retail merchant.

We have solved them, successfully.

We have built up a great clientele among men and young men who demand the best clothes.

We want to branch out, want to be represented in more large towns—

By merchants who can do justice to a line such as ours.

Interested?

Then write us.

Rogers Peet & Company
New York City

258 Broadway at Warren St.
842 Broadway at 13th St.
1302 Broadway at 34th St.

**IVER JOHNSON**

SAFETY AUTOMATIC

**The Hammer Never Touches the Firing Pin**

When our patents expire, every revolver in the world will have the famous Iver Johnson Safety Action. Our catalog tells why.

**Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works**
**147 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.**

**HAMMER THE HAMMER**

**AGENTS $3 a Day**

**NEW PATENTED LOCKSTITCH AWL**

**Sews Shoes, Harness, Buggy Tops, Canvas, Grain Bags, Anything.**
Sells at sight. Astonishing low price to agents. Big profits. To show it means a sale. We want a few good, live hustlers in each county. Splendid opportunity to make big money. No experience needed. Write quick—now—for terms. A postal will do. Send no money.
**A. MATHEWS, 6068 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO**

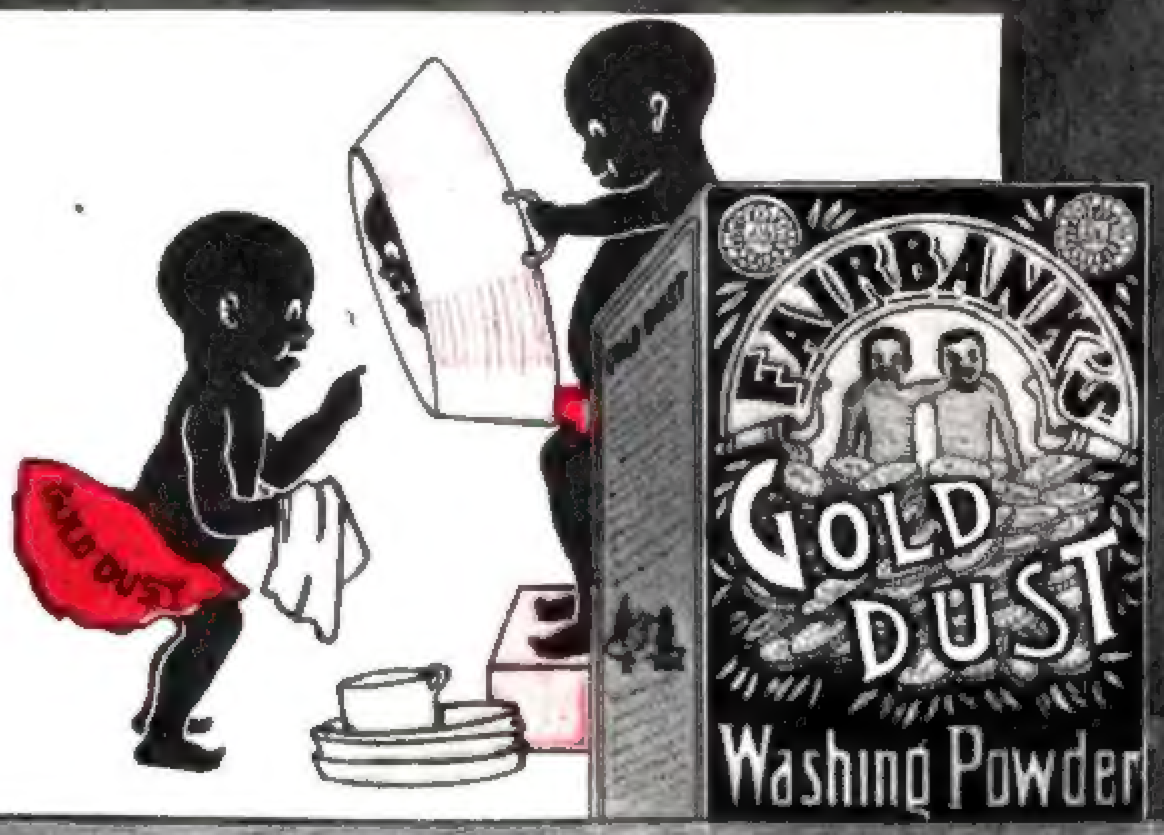
# Every household shelf should contain Fairbank's soaps

## Gold Dust

is the housekeeper's best friend and dirt's worst enemy. Its base is pulverized vegetable oil soap, with other purifying and cleansing ingredients added. It does its work quickly, thoroughly and efficiently.

There's nothing about the house that Gold Dust will not clean—clothes, dishes, pots and pans, floors and woodwork, mirrors, windows, refrigerators, brooms, brushes, oil cloth, dairy utensils, bath tubs, sinks, pipes—in fact, anything that is ever cleaned with soap or other cleanser.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your Work"



## Fairy Soap

is pure soap. It is made from edible products, and has a clean, delicate, refreshing smell. Its ***whiteness*** cannot tell a lie, as it contains no coloring matter, impurities or adulterations. Beware of soaps that masquerade under strong perfumes and dyes.

You can pay more but you cannot get more soap goodness than is found in Fairy Soap—the ***white, handy, floating, oval cake—at 5c.*** Try it and learn why.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

## Sunny Monday
### Laundry Soap

All yellow laundry soaps contain rosin, because it is cheaper than choice fats and vegetable oils. Sunny Monday Soap is white, and contains no rosin. It is the greatest laundry soap ever produced, and will wash woolens without shrinking and colored clothes without fading. It's the only safe soap to use for finer fabrics.

Sunny Monday contains ***dirt-starting*** ingredients which save half your rubbing, and take the dread out of washday.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"

SUNNY
MONDAY
SUNNY
MONDAY

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY—MAKERS—CHICAGO

"You'd Be Selfish Too"
Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg